



No 3,632

TUESDAY 9 JUNE 1998

3

32-PAGE NEWS SECTION WITH 9 PAGES OF SPORT

NEW 24-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW

45p

Rolling Stones
gather no tax

HOME NEWS, PAGE 3

Hoddle hasn't
got a prayer

EAMON DUNPHY, PAGE 30

Whatever happened to
the man in the street?

PLUS MORE COMMENT,
HEALTH, ARTS, LISTINGS & MEDIA

Plans to hit motorists and impose tax on
congestion delayed after Brown intervenes

'Prescott's car tax plan is stalled

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

The controversial transport White Paper proposing new charges on motorists to curb the use of the car is being delayed until the end of next month.

John Prescott and Gordon Brown have agreed to postpone it until after the Chancellor's comprehensive spending review, enabling the Deputy Prime Minister to unveil extra investment in roads and public transport partly financed by the new charges.

Mr Prescott confirmed, in an interview with *The Independent*, that the White Paper would propose "congestion charging" on cars entering towns and cities, but early drafts which were criticised as too "anti-car" by Tony Blair's policy advisers have been toned down to make them more motorist-friendly.

The paper, to be followed by the announcement of a reduced road-building programme, will try to cushion the blow to motorists by setting up a motorists' charter, guaranteeing action on road repairs, and proposing action against Arthur Daley-style second hand car salesmen and clamping "cowboys".

For the first time, motorists will be able to check on whether second-hand cars have been stolen or involved in accidents, by paying a fee to the Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency.

Mr Prescott also plans to let motorists breakdown services, such as

the RAC and the AA, use the hard shoulder of motorways to rescue stranded motorists making emergency calls.

The charter will guarantee levels of service by the Highways Agency, the DVLA, and local authorities.

It will be overseen by a new regulatory organisation, provisionally called Ofroad, which will have the power to reduce roadworks and force highways authorities to shorten journey times by removing obstructions.

The White Paper will herald the introduction of motorway tolls when the technology is available, and charges on parking bays in out-of-town supermarkets and offices in towns. Mr Prescott is seeking to soften the blow by reducing the charges for supermarkets that offer park-and-ride schemes to reduce car use.

Business rates for rural garages could be cut in an attempt to reduce the cost of petrol for rural motorists to that in towns.

The Tories plan to attack Mr Prescott for hitting mothers on the "school run" but he is determined to counter the criticism by proposing safer routes to schools, with investment from charging to restore school bus services.

Mr Prescott said: "We have now decided that the White Paper to be produced after the statement on the comprehensive spending review, because it is then that the allocation of resources and issues are determined, and the three-year

programme for investment."

Ministers are also studying the option of a further increase in petrol duty on top of the annual 6 per cent rise.

In an important concession in tax policy, the Chancellor has agreed that the additional money will be allocated for improvements in transport services.

"I have to fight for the principle that we can get involved in price mechanisms, in congestion charging, in pricing parking," Mr Prescott said.

"I think the time has come for that and what most people say they want for it is that money should go to the benefit of transport and not anything else. There is no argument about the principle."

Transport is to be included in the comprehensive spending review as the third spending priority with health and education for the three years up to the next election.

Mr Prescott is not proposing the early introduction of 44-tonne lorries on British roads. EU regulations require this country to move to 40-tonne vehicles, but there may be a move upwards at a later date.

Mr Prescott spoke of his "warm" working relationship with the Chancellor, underlining their alliance at the heart of the Government to finance a wide range of new public projects, possibly including future roads with private finance.

Interview, page 4
Leading article,
Review, page 3

Tartan-clad Scotland football fans in Paris ahead of tomorrow's World Cup opening match against Brazil

Brian Harris

Phantom tickets will lock out fans

BY MATTHEW BRACE
AND NICK HARRIS

THOUSANDS OF Scottish fans arriving in Paris today and tomorrow for the opening match of the World Cup may find themselves barred from the ground because their pre-paid tickets do not exist.

Several travel agents in Scotland are said to be trying frantically to contact fans who have bought World Cup packages from them to break the news that the tickets are not going to materialise when they try to collect them in France.

One travel agent, Kelvin Travel in Glasgow, admitted that of 960 packages it has sold in good faith, it is having to cancel 640 because the

had not delivered them. It refused to name the firm, but it is believed to be in the United States.

A spokesman for Kelvin Travel, which the Association of British

Travel Agents confirmed had not acted illegally, said yesterday he had 40 staff on the telephone from dawn until dusk trying to trace fans who had purchased the packages to tell them they would not be getting their stadium tickets.

"There are a lot of travel agents in Scotland in the same position but we decided to put our hands up and come clean. Everyone affected in this way will get a full refund," he promised. Those affected are those who decided, against the advice of the Scottish Football Association, to buy tickets from unofficial outlets, such as Kelvin Travel, instead of going through the SFA itself or their approved agencies.

The SFA official ticket allocation for the Scotland-Brazil game, which

includes the lavish opening ceremony, was 5,000 out of 80,000.

Last week, in a separate case, a London-based company, Great Portland Entertainments Ltd, was closed down by the Department of Trade and Industry. The company had taken more than £2.4m in payments for World Cup tickets but many people claimed they had not received them.

It was announced yesterday that the Prince of Wales, his son Prince Harry, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of York, Prince Edward, and Peter Phillips, son of the Princess Royal, would be attending the England and Scotland matches during the opening rounds of the tournament.

World Cup, pages 28-32

North Sea gas plant came close to disaster

BY TERRY MACALISTER

A gas storage platform in the North Sea, with 70 workers on board, has been close to disaster twice this year after two serious gas leaks, which have been blamed on managerial mistakes.

The Health and Safety Executive has ordered BG (formerly British Gas), which operates the platform, to carry out urgent improvements to safety procedures. An internal BG report, obtained by The

Independent, highlights the seriousness of the first leak last February and points to a catalogue of management and operational mistakes.

The two leaks bear remarkable similarity to the leak of gas which led to the Piper Alpha disaster almost exactly 10 years ago, when 167 oil workers died after an explosion on the production platform in the North Sea. BG's platform in the Rough gas field lies 20 miles off Hull.

BG's report, by its safety and environment directorate, says: "There were no injuries

but the high potential for major loss deemed it necessary to investigate a thorough independent investigation." The report's executive summary concludes that there was "less than adequate planning of activities including risk assessment" and "less than adequate incident response management".

Health and Safety Executive (HSE) officials ordered BG to tighten up its procedures after the second leak, three weeks ago, even before its own investigation into the first leak had been completed.

A spokesman for the HSE confirmed that a full investigation of both gas leaks was under way and said legal action had not been ruled out.

BG said it would be "inappropriate" to comment in detail on the leaks while the HSE was in the middle of an investigation.

Unions claim the incidents, on 13 February and 20 May, bear an uncanny resemblance to the Piper Alpha gas leak.

Roger Spiller, head of MSF's North Sea section, said: "Our members are very concerned

that BG appears to have done nothing to sort out the problems."

The starting problem in both

leaks appears to have been failure of a flange during maintenance work. Lord Cullen's inquiry into Piper Alpha found that that disaster was similarly caused by the failure of a flange and made safety recommendations to ensure that similar failures could not happen again.

BG confirmed it had hit trouble on Rough, which is used for the storage of gas to meet peak winter demands.

A formal statement, released yesterday about the 13 February incident, says: "This occurred during routine maintenance operations, when a seal failed during testing. This was an attended operation, and the leak was quickly controlled by operations staff offshore."

On the 20 May incident, a company statement said: "The platform, which was in injection mode at the time, immediately shut down. There were no injuries or damage, and the platform was available for normal operations within half an hour."

Heart attack kills Nigeria's defiant dictator

GENERAL SANI Abacha, the Nigerian dictator who turned his country into an international pariah, died of a heart attack yesterday. He was 54; few will regret his passing at a relatively early age.

General Abacha was not partial to democracy. When Moshood Abiola was the rightful winner of presidential elections in 1993, General Abacha had him jailed for treason.

In 1995, Nigeria defied the Commonwealth by hanging the writer and environmental campaigner Ken Saro-Wiwa. Nige-

ria was suspended from the Commonwealth as a result and threatened with expulsion.

Theoretically at least, the dictator's death paves the way for Nigeria to return to the community of nations. Opposition protests have been growing in recent months. One person is reported to have died and 60 were arrested during protests last week in connection with the anniversary of the unexplained death two years ago of the wife of Moshood Abiola.

This Friday will mark the fifth anniversary of Abacha's military takeover. Even before Abacha's death, large protests were planned.

Abacha's death does not mean that democracy is automatically on the horizon. His surviving colleagues in the junta will be keen to ensure that power remains in their hands. But the protests against military rule now seem likely to grow.

According to Muslim custom, Abacha must be buried within 24 hours. According to

some reports, he was buried immediately yesterday, after his death in the early hours. Large numbers of soldiers sealed off his residence early yesterday, though the official announcement of the death came only in the evening.

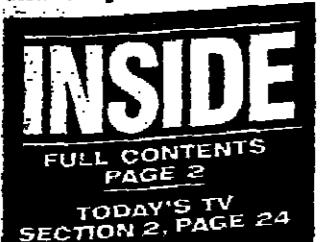
There had been many rumours in recent weeks about Abacha's ill health. He failed to turn up to a special function in Lagos last week. He has made few public appearances since greeting the Pope in March.

Abacha had pledged to hand the government over to an

elected administration. But few believed his promises: in April, he became the only candidate for the presidency. The question of succession is unclear.

Robin Cook last night issued a statement on behalf of the EU presidency. "We hope that following the death of General Abacha, there will be an opening for a stable transition to an early return to democracy with the election of an accountable civilian government, which will restore and respect human rights."

Power vacuum, page 13



Abacha: pariah

INSIDE
FULL CONTENTS
PAGE 2

A new Hippocratic Oath would give GPs responsibility for health rationing.

PAGE 2

HOME NEWS
A £143m education spending package failed to avert a backbench revolt.

PAGE 8

FOREIGN NEWS
A drugs summit has been told to take a radical approach to the global problem.

PAGE 15

BUSINESS
Howard Kendall is expected to be dismissed as manager of Everton.

PAGE 32

SPORT
Merger fever hit the US after two banks announced a \$35bn deal.

PAGE 18



9 770951 946528

INDEX

HOME NEWS
PAGES 2-11Lawrence officer 'unreliable'
The chairman of the Stephen Lawrence inquiry declared a former high-flying police officer an unreliable witness with little credibility.

Page 4

Mother flees Billie-Jo trial
The mother of murdered teenager Billie-Jo Jenkins fled the court where her daughter's killer was being heard as video evidence of the killing was shown.

Page 5

Prince sparks genetics row
A row sparked by the attack by the Prince of Wales on genetically modified foods and crops intensified yesterday as biotechnology companies hit back.

Page 9

FOREIGN NEWS
PAGES 12-15US 'used nerve gas' in Laos
The United States used deadly nerve gas in top secret operations during the Vietnam War, CNN and Time Magazine reported yesterday.

Page 12

Jewish settlers occupy houses
Radical Jewish settlers yesterday took over four houses in the district of Silwan, just outside the city's Ottoman walls, in a growing offensive against Palestinians living in and around the old city of Jerusalem.

Page 13

BUSINESS NEWS
PAGES 18-23Power stations under threat
More than a dozen gas-fired power stations are facing the axe as part of the Government's plans to secure the future of the coal industry.

Page 18

WH Smith in internet deal
WH Smith's is paying £9.4m for The Internet Bookshop, a three year old on-line bookseller which recorded a £406,000 loss last year.

Page 19

SPORTS NEWS
PAGES 24-32Test match ends in a draw
The First Test between England and South Africa ended in a draw when rain wiped out the final day's play at Edgbaston.

Pages 26, 32

Blatter wins top Fifa post
Lennart Johansson delivered a savage attack on the Football Association after he was beaten by Sepp Blatter in the election for the presidency of Fifa, the world game's governing body.

Page 31

TUESDAY REVIEW
24-PAGE BROADSHEET SECTIONAndreas Whittam Smith
'I say two things to government ministers. Look past the statistics and comparisons with other countries to what is really going on around you.' Comment, Page 3

Page 3

Health
My main worry about mobile phones is not noise. It is that they may damage the brain.

Oliver James, Page 13

Media
'The Observer in the "300s" is the newspaper equivalent of Manchester City in the second division.'

Peter Cole, Page 15

Letters	2	Media	17-19
Leaders and comment	3-5	Listings	21-22
Obituaries	6-7	Games	23
Features	8-9	Radio, Satellite TV	23
Arts	10-11	Concise crossword	23
Health	12-15	Today's TV	24

Cryptic crossword, section one, page 32

TODAY sees a substantial change in the appearance and format of *The Independent*. As well as changing the typeface of our headlines (to a face called Modern 880) and text (to News 706), we are introducing a series of improvements that will make *The Independent* much better value for money. In this, the news section, we are building on our established strengths by giving more space to home and foreign news, expanding the business pages and, to reflect that this is a rather busy time in the world of sport, we will be delivering nine pages of sport every day.

Similarly, in our new broadsheet daily review section, we are expanding those areas in which we know our readers have a keen interest: comment, analysis, the arts, media, health, education, law and information technology.

To our established, formidable team of columnists (which includes Suzanne Moore,

David Aaronovitch, Donald Macintyre, Hamish Macrae and Andreas Whittam Smith), we are adding, among others, Ken Livingstone, Howard Jacobson and Fergal Keane. There is more space for letters, obituaries, listings and lifestyle-related features.

There will be new regular columns, and the return of some old favourites. Some of

our regular features will move (see page 2 of the review) and we ask for your forbearance. We certainly feel you will appreciate the improvements throughout the paper - among them, for instance, a page of reports from parliament, a daily law report and a horseracing service second to none.

It is, we feel, a much-improved package, and represents the first stage in a significant investment in *The Independent* by the newspaper's owners, Independent Newspapers. We hope you like the new paper. We know you'll let us have your views.

THE INDEPENDENT

Doctors' new oath looks to rationing

BY JEREMY LAURANCE
Health Editor

the Government and my worry is that he is trying to baffle us into taking responsibility for rationing for the first time.

The updated version of the oath which has provided an ethical touchstone for 2,500 years would commit doctors to serving "individual patients and the community", acknowledging the tension between their needs.

In a key passage it says: "I will recognise that the decisions I make will have consequences for the patient, the community and for resources."

Until now, a pillar of the medical relationship has been the assumption that doctors would do their best for each patient that came before them, regardless of the cost.

Sir Kenneth's version, which he describes as a "very personal re-interpretation" of the original, is at odds with ministerial pronouncements which have sought to distance the Government from any mention of rationing.

Frank Dobson, the Secretary of State for Health, has repeatedly insisted that the task facing the National Health Service is to prioritise cases and iron out inequities in care, not to ration resources.

Yesterday, Sir Kenneth said: "The idea that doctors should be concerned with resources at all used to be greeted with real hostility. That has changed. There is now a much clearer recognition that doctors have responsibilities for resources."

He adds in an earlier section: "A doctor who spends two hours with one patient cannot spend these hours with another. Similarly, if a sum of money is spent on one patient it will not be available for another. Resources are, and always have been, finite."

"The classical dilemma for the doctor is how to do the best for one patient without disadvantaging another. The fact that this is difficult must not mean that doctors abrogate their responsibilities."

Last night, leading doctors rejected this view. Dr Peter Holden, a GP and member of the British Medical Association's council said: "The Chief Medical Officer is an agent of

the system."

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The Rolling Stones - from left, Charlie Watts, Ronnie Wood, Keith Richards and Mick Jagger - say that tough new tax laws drove them to cancel their British tour dates

Kevin Mazur/AP

'Killer' cleared after 23-year wait

BY JASON BENNETT
Crime Correspondent

A MAN who has spent 23 years in jail for murdering a pensioner will have his case quashed this week, ending one of the worst ever miscarriages of justice.

Paddy Nicholls, 69, will be cleared at the Court of Appeal on Friday after new evidence showed that the woman he was convicted of killing most likely died of natural causes.

The *Independent* has learned that Mr Nicholls' appeal will not be contested by the Crown. His 23-year prison term is by far the longest to be served by a person wrongly convicted. He could have been released earlier, but has always refused to admit his guilt.

Mr Nicholls said yesterday that he felt "sad" and "extremely bitter" that he had spent more than a third of his life in prison for a crime he did not commit.

He was released on bail in March following the presentation of new evidence rubbishing the original pathologists' conclusions that the "victim", Gladys Heath, had been beaten and suffocated.



Paddy Nicholls: 'Bitter'

The Tories' culture spokesman, Richard Spring, said successful artists who returned to Britain under the Conservatives would now consider not playing here.

But not everyone saw it as politic to be a Stones fan. The Liberal Democrat MP Norman Baker - improbably enough a lead singer in a rock band himself - turned on them. The Lewes MP - who fronts an occasional rock band called the Reform Club - said: "I think it's outrageous that they're setting so much store on their tax returns. It shows they are clapped-out capitalists."

Who are these bands that the Treasury might use as examples to shame the Stones? The main one is likely to be the Spice Girls, young enough to be the Stones' daughters. Also on a world tour, they have already played British gigs and will be playing again at Wembley Stadium in September.

Yesterday, tax experts seemed to think the Stones had a point. John Whiting, of the accountants Price Waterhouse, said it was the tour crew who were being hit. He added: "This tax break has been cancelled retrospectively, and that is unreasonable."

Gary Jackson, of the celebrity accountants Arman, Berlin Gardner, added: "There will not be a huge exodus, but any major star organising a worldwide tour may well look to become non-resident in the UK."

Until the Budget on 17 March, Britons who lived and worked abroad for more than a year were exempt from British taxes on their earnings, as long as they did not spend more than 62 days in this country.

Business Outlook, page 19

Mr Nicholls was convicted of the murder of Mrs Heath, a 74-year-old family friend, whom he found slumped on the floor of her home in Worthing, Sussex, in 1975. She had suffered a stroke and had recently had a toe amputated.

He always maintained that he found her in that condition, but two pathologists - Dr Hugh Johnson and Professor J M Cameron, both now dead - concluded that she had died of a heart attack after being suffocated and severely beaten about the face.

However, a review of the evidence by Professor John Crane, an Irish state pathologist, in a report to the Criminal Cases Review Commission, concluded: "I cannot agree with either Dr Johnson or Professor Cameron that this woman sustained severe facial injuries as the result of an assault."

There is no evidence ... that suffocation played a part in her death." A key prosecution witness who testified Mr Nicholls had admitted his guilt in prison later retracted his statement, admitting he had lied.

Mr Nicholls told *The Independent*: "I have had a terrible time trying to cope with things since I got out. I feel extremely bitter and sad. It was 23 years of my life. You try and do your best in life, but now I have nothing." Mr Nicholls will be entitled to compensation expected to total hundreds of thousands of pounds. Previously the longest serving victim of a miscarriage of justice was Judith Ward who spent 18 years in jail for an IRA bombing she did not commit.

Stony-hearted taxman gives Jagger and Co no satisfaction

THE GOVERNMENT, despite its campaign to woo the music industry, yesterday went on the offensive against Britain's best-known band, the Rolling Stones.

As the group confirmed that they were cancelling their concerts in Britain this summer for tax reasons, Treasury sources joined fans in reacting with disbelief at the decision.

But in fact, Mick Jagger, who was being ridiculed with gusto yesterday by government MPs, privately wanted the shows to go on. In heated backstage arguments he was defeated by two of his fellow band members - Charlie Watts and Ronnie Wood - who stood to lose millions of pounds in retrospective tax claims. Jagger is rich enough to stomach the tax loss, and Keith Richards is now an American citizen and does not even pay tax in Britain.

The four fiftysomething Stones devoted their monthly group meeting to matters fiscal exactly one month ago, in the middle of their world tour.

A technician on the tour had complained to Jagger that his accountant had told him he would face a retrospective tax demand following Labour's last budget.

The roadie was aggrieved because he and his 200 backstage colleagues - from roadies to hairdressers to drivers - had all been assured by the group that being on the road for a year would exempt them from paying British tax. It was to have been a tax-free year of hard work, maybe, parties, definitely: music and travel. Now, Gordon Brown's tax changes meant that appearing in Britain in 1998 would make them all liable for a retrospective tax.

BY DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

spective tax bill on their earnings in America and Europe.

The Stones were sympathetic. They felt guilty that they had unintentionally misled their crew. And they began to worry about their own fortunes. Their own accountants had already mentioned the tax law changes to them; but the plight of their 200 staff now brought it home.

They could claim, their financial advisers told them, that the British

leg of the tour would now lose £12m instead of making a profit. Keith Richards knew that his own wallet would not be affected. Jagger could bear the loss. But Charlie Watts and Ronnie Wood were furious. They urged postponing the British concerts until the following tax year.

Jagger, anticipating the fans' reaction and the political fallout, argued vigorously against it, but was outvoted. He swallowed hard, knowing he would inevitably be the band's spokesman when the news broke and he would face the obloquy.

The Government was quick to hit back. Sources said that they were not prepared to be "lectured on tax by

tax exiles" and warned that they were ready to draw unflattering comparisons between the Stones and other groups who were happy to play in the UK this summer.

The Tories, meanwhile, decided to use Jagger and co to highlight supposed inequities of Labour's fiscal policy. Treasury spokesman David Heathcoat-Amory claimed: "It shows how short-sighted the government policy is, as it will hit British fans and prevent them from seeing a British band performing in their own country."

TAX EXILES ON MAIN STREET: ROCK STARS AND THE REVENUE

David Bowie	Spice Girls	Phil Collins	Pink Floyd	Oasis
				
PLACE OF RESIDENCE				
EARNINGS				
TOURS				
TAX SITUATION				

David Bowie
Estimated to be worth £100m. This figure has been rubbished by Bowie's decision to sell shares in his back catalogue.

Spice Girls
Remain devotedly near their respective Mamas, be they in Essex, Leeds or Liverpool.

Phil Collins
£15m mansion overlooking Lake Geneva in Switzerland.

Pink Floyd
Guitarist David Gilmour sings the song Money with Rolling. The garage of his London home cost £90,000.

Oasis
Liam and Noel have forsaken their Manchester roots, but can't face a lagerless tax exile. They live in London.

MacKenzie leaves Mirror amid talk of radio bid

BY PAUL McCANN
Media Correspondent

was supposed to oversee an investment in journalism at the *Mirror* to give the newspaper a slightly more serious look.

National station Talk Radio has been on the market since its major shareholder the Luxembourg media group CLT-UFA announced that it would sell all its UK radio stations earlier this year.

A source at Talk Radio said yes-

terday that there had been a number of bids for the station but that no decision had yet been made. Bidders are believed to include the US broadcaster Jancor Communications and the regional rolling news station London News Radio.

Talk Radio has been struggling to make money since its launch in 1995 because of the size of its cash bid to win its national speech radio licence.

There has been speculation about Mr MacKenzie's future since it was revealed two weeks ago that the Ger-

man publishing giant Axel Springer is considering a take-over bid for the media group.

Axel Springer, publisher of Germany's biggest selling tabloid, *Bild*, is run by Gus Fischer, a former boss of Mr MacKenzie during his time at the *Sun*. The two are believed to have had strained relations in the past. City advisers said yesterday they would mark down the value of Mirror Group without Mr MacKenzie as part of the management.

Mr MacKenzie is known to have

requested the sale documents on Talk Radio some months ago and is now thought to be part of another consortium.

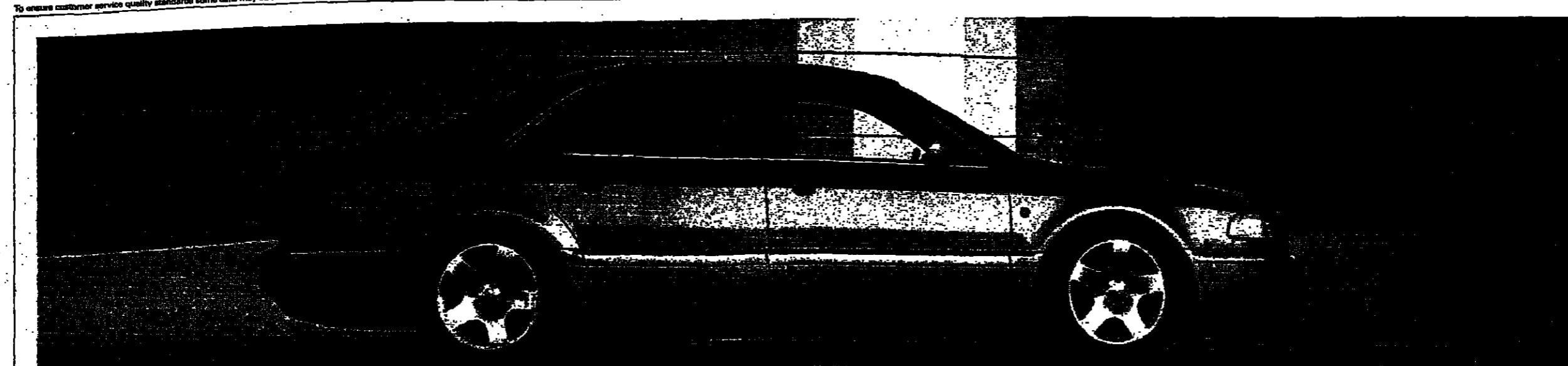
"He has been chillingly happy recently," said an executive on the *Mirror* yesterday. "He has always said he wanted to get back into broadcasting."

While at the *Sun*, the former *South East London Mercury* reporter became infamous for his brand of xenophobic and homophobic journalism. His style was best il-

lustrated by his headline used after the loss of 368 lives in the sinking of the *Belgrano* during the Falklands War: Gotcha!

He attracted equal opprobrium and cost the *Sun* 200,000 sales worth an estimated £10m in Merseyside after the Hillsborough disaster when the newspaper ran a story headlined 'The Truth' which claimed: "Some fans picked pockets of victims. Some fans urinated on the brave cops. Some fans beat up PC giving kiss of life."

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'Yes, my language is robust. It's how I get the message across to the Left'

A tough approach gets results, says the Deputy Prime Minister. Interview by Colin Brown

JOHN PRESCOTT was in a forgiving mood. Sitting in the back of his red ministerial Jaguar en route from his Hull home to Heathrow airport, the Deputy Prime Minister conceded he may have gone slightly over the top when he accused one of Tony Blair's advisers of being a "teenybopper".

He had been unfair to Geoff Norris, a member of the Downing Street policy unit, who had described his transport White Paper as being too "anti-car". Mr Prescott conceded that the adviser to the Prime Minister had been right about the early draft of his White Paper. "I think the incident was a little unfair to Geoff Norris. I tend to use language which epitomises a mood. I mean Geoffrey is 40-odd... We did have a bit of a laugh about it afterwards."

"Perhaps the language is a bit robust really but it's one of those ways that I make my point, so the Left pick up the message. It's another expression like 'beautiful people' - some of them were quite ugly really. It's part of my humour, which is an important part of my political personality. It's not meant to be personally offensive, but 'beautiful people' did identify a mood, and it became part of the political language."

Motorists who see Mr Prescott as the Oppressor in the Red Jag may also feel relieved that he has now toned down the much-heralded, and delayed, White Paper.

As the car squeezed through the narrow back-streets around the British Museum, in central London, he was still brimming with ideas: asset-sweating to produce more money for more investment; an idea for building a bus lane along the M25 from Heathrow to Gatwick; a plan to let the breakdown services use the hard shoulder to reach stranded motorists, particularly women at risk.

Through a three-hour conversation, he repeatedly spoke of his "warm" relations with Gordon Brown. There is an important alliance which has been formed at the heart of the Government, which is only just beginning to bear fruit. He



John Prescott: 'I believe if you get it right in the first 12 months, and it's good, it's easier to live with'

John Voos

speaks regularly to Tony Blair but the Deputy Prime Minister's deals with the Chancellor could be making doubt "teenyboppers" in the City sit up and take note that the former cruise liner bar steward, who celebrated his 60th birthday last week, has come of age.

We were travelling to Heathrow from Mr Prescott's home in east Hull - a former Salvation Army hostel that cost £28,000 in the 1970s and is known locally as Prescott's Castle. He was going to the airport to take Concorde to New York, and arranged to go by car to fit our interview into his schedule. At the moment, it is still petrol-driven; he is still awaiting delivery of a gas-powered V8 version.

Should someone who is supposed to be at the helm of the green revolution be in a car, and taking Concorde? Mr Prescott is not talking about banning the car. He wants to reduce its use where possible, but he is realistic: the British love affair with the car will not be broken until there are better alternatives.

He thinks it is risible for the Conservatives attack him for being "anti-car" as he is using ideas such as congestion-charging and tolling on motorways which the Tories set in train. He is more concerned at their claims that it will hit mothers on the "school run".

Mr Prescott is anxious to nullify

routes to school for children, including an experiment in Leicester where a bridge over a railway led to a big increase in children cycling, or more investment in school buses. "All these cars parked outside schools is quite dangerous for children. The question is, can we meet their demand in a different way?

"I think there is a lot to be done with getting people who take the normal journey to work not just to the school. The DVLA have 4,000 workers and three-quarters are women; they can travel by flexi-hours that allows them to drop the kids off, do the shopping and pick the kids back up again."

He seemed more at ease with

himself after a year in government. His only complaint is that he is putting on weight; he is powerfully built, although only 5ft 7inches in height, and has decided to shed some pounds; there is a set of scales in the boot - part of an attempt to stop his snacking.

Despite his gruelling schedule - last Friday it was Spain, yesterday it was New York, today it will be Question Time in the Commons - he feels that "exhilaration" is winning out over the tiredness that comes with office. "It was part of my judgement at the beginning that all my efforts would be going into getting the footings in because I believe if you get it right in the first 12 months, and

it's good, it's easier to live with. If you get it wrong, you have to live with the reputation of the bad first year."

The City, like some of his friends, under-estimated him. Clare Short told him with blunt honesty in the leadership election that people would not vote for him as leader because they could not see him handling Prime Minister's questions. After a year in office, he believes most people have revised their view about him, but not all. Mr Prescott was still bristling over the City journalist who questioned how someone who was once a steward could have put together the London and Continental Railways deal which rescued the Channel Tunnel link.



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THE CHAIRMAN of the Stephen Lawrence inquiry interrupted the evidence of a former high-flying police officer yesterday to declare him an unreliable witness with little credibility.

Sir William Macpherson of Cluny also dismissed an internal review of the Lawrence murder investigation undertaken by the officer, former Detective Chief Superintendent Roderick Barker as "indefensible".

The review concluded that the conduct of the investigation had been satisfactory and that all lines of inquiry had been correctly pursued. It was cited for four years by the highest-ranking Metropolitan Police officers as proof that detectives did all they could to catch Stephen's killers.

Sir William, a former High Court judge, made his unexpected intervention after the public inquiry into Stephen's death was told that Mr Barker was chosen for the review because he was regarded as "the crème de la crème" by Sir Paul

Condon, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

Sir William said he and his advisers had carefully considered Mr Barker's evidence to the inquiry. "We feel it necessary and right that we should say, in our view, his value as a witness and his credibility in vital matters has already been much undermined, for reasons which will be perfectly obvious for anyone here today," he said.

"Our present view... is that we feel we ought to indicate that this review is likely to be regarded by us as indefensible, for what must be obvious reasons."

He suggested to lawyers representing the various parties that further questioning of Mr Barker, who retired last year, would be a waste of time.

Stephen Lawrence, an A-level student, was stabbed to death in a racist attack by a white gang in Eltham, south-east London, in April 1993.

A lengthy catalogue of serious errors and omissions by the

murder squad has been outlined to the public inquiry over the past 10 weeks, including an admission by senior officers that they could have made arrests within 48 hours.

The inquiry heard yesterday that the contents of Mr Barker's review, which was carried out in autumn 1993, were approved by Sir Paul and the area assistant commissioner, Ian Johnston.

Mr Johnston defended the murder investigation after Stephen's inquest in February 1997, saying he believed that "right from the start we did all we could".

High-ranking officers continued to maintain this stance until a scathing report by the Police Complaints Authority last December.

The PCA report criticised Mr Barker's review for failing to give fresh impetus to the investigation by identifying mistakes and lost opportunities. It said that the reassurance that it gave to senior detectives was "ultimately highly damaging".

Earlier yesterday, Mr Barker

agreed with Stephen Kamish, counsel for the Lawrence family, that he was handicapped for the review because he was "one of the Met's best". Mr Kamish said: "From the Commissioner downwards, you were a trusted, high-flying officer."

"Your career background reads like the perfect police officer's CV. You have been head of the Flying Squad, head of major crime in north-west London, involved in 200 murder inquiries. You were the crème de la crème, Mr Barker, as considered by the Commissioner and other officers."

Mr Barker denied that his review had been a "whitewash". But he agreed that when he was briefed by his superiors, he was told "not to upset or undermine" senior detectives.

Stephen's father, Neville, said after yesterday's hearing: "It has now been made clear that the review is a complete and utter cover-up. I want to know who is going to accept responsibility for this cover-up."

The inquiry continues today.

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Lawrence officer's credibility attacked

BY KATHY MARKS

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Billie-Jo's mother flees court in tears



Debbie Woods, mother of the murdered teenager Billie-Jo Jenkins, at Lewes Crown Court yesterday

BY LOUISE JURY

THE mother of the murdered teenager Billie-Jo Jenkins fled the court where her daughter's murder trial was being heard yesterday as video evidence of the killing was shown.

Debbie Woods was shepherded in tears from Lewes Crown Court, East Sussex, as close-up footage revealed the extent of the injuries inflicted on her foster daughter.

Sian Jenkins, Billie-Jo's foster father, who is accused of her murder, had already asked to be excused and was returned to court cells before the video was shown.

Members of the jury at Lewes Crown Court looked visibly shocked at the four-minutes of footage showing Billie-Jo's body on the patio of the family's home in Hastings, East Sussex. One woman juror was unable to watch the tape and two others were close to tears.

The teenager's natural father, Bill Jenkins, who is no relation to Sian, left the court before the video evidence was shown following a warning from the judge, Mr Justice Gage, that it might prove distressing.

The jury heard yesterday that the surgeon called to examine the body considered the murder the most brutal he had encountered. Dr Zbigniew Ludwig, a Sussex police surgeon, said

the scene described his shock on seeing Billie-Jo's body. Constable Darren Bruce said: "The original call [was] that someone had found their daughter who had had a fall and there was some blood." The scene that greeted him and a colleague at the Jenkins' address "was the last thing we were expecting to find".

He said that standing in the dining room he could see photographs of the four girls in the Jenkins family and also of the teenager whose body lay in front of him on the patio. "It was shocking, horrific," he said.

PC Bruce said Billie-Jo's skull bore a "massive gaping hole going right down through to the brain and pools of blood over her face and hair".

He said Sian Jenkins had told him that he and his eldest daughter, Annie, had left the house shortly before 3pm to collect another daughter, Lottie, from a music lesson. Although the court has heard that Mr Jenkins and his daughters returned to the house straight after the lesson, at the time Mr Jenkins told PC Bruce that they had not returned until 3.30pm.

It was PC Bruce who broke the news to Jenkins that Billie-Jo was dead. "He appeared stunned when I told him," the constable said.

The trial continues.

Leigh Green

Former PC in Bermuda killing case

BY CLARE GARNER

A FORMER British policeman was yesterday charged with manslaughter in Bermuda after the death of his live-in lover a year ago.

Until last week Liz Cadell, a journalist working in Bermuda, was believed to have committed suicide by taking an overdose of 150 extra-strength aspirin.

Tony Bukhari, a former Cheshire police constable, maintains that he thought he had successfully saved her, only to return from an afternoon jog to find her dead.

But on Friday Mr Bukhari, who served in the Cheshire force from 1986 to 1990 before joining the police in Bermuda, was arrested after he refused to co-operate at the inquest into Miss Cadell's death. Pathologists said that Miss Cadell, 33, must have died three hours earlier than Mr Bukhari had claimed. Mr Bukhari, 31, would not answer questions about his girlfriend's final hours.

Miss Cadell, a bright, articulate journalist and keen sports-woman from Newbury, Berkshire, moved to Bermuda in 1988 to work as a reporter. Three years later she set up home with Mr Bukhari.

Two months before her death she changed her will to make him the sole beneficiary of her £200,000 inheritance. But she died before the change was made legally valid. She had tried to make the alteration before Mr Bukhari called off their wedding when she confessed to having a year-long affair with a colleague on Bermuda's Royal Gazette daily.

The inquest was told that Mr Bukhari falsified entries in his police notebook about his activities the night before Miss Cadell died and that he had successfully completed a First Aid course which teaches not to induce vomiting in overdose cases. Mr Bukhari claims that when he found out Miss Cadell

had taken an overdose he made her drink salt water to sick. Mr Bukhari, who returned to his home near Manchester after Miss Cadell's death, was at Hamilton magistrates court in Bermuda yesterday, where he was charged and granted bail.

Only Mr Bukhari knows what happened on 31 May last year. The inquest was told that he spent the night before Miss Cadell died at the house of an English barmaid who subsequently became his lover. His version of events is that he returned home at 4.30am to find Miss Cadell's naked body and a "goodbye" note. According to police records it read: "I know I've let you down badly... perhaps it is best if I disappear and let you get on with your life."

Mr Bukhari told detectives that he had thrown the note in a rubbish bin and joined Miss Cadell in bed. He said that he woke at about 11am and it was then that Miss Cadell told him she had taken an overdose. He encouraged her to vomit, after which she appeared to recover - so much so that they made love at lunchtime. Then he went jogging returning an hour and 13 minutes later to find Miss Cadell dead, he claimed.

Mr Bukhari's statement was directly challenged by the first expert witness at the inquest.

"The time frame given by Mr Bukhari just doesn't add up," said Dr Valerie Rao, a pathologist with Dade County Medical Examiner's Office in Florida.

"If she had been taken to the hospital, she could have survived."

Mr Bukhari's claim that he made love to Miss Cadell at 1pm on the day of her death and left her in apparent good health 30 minutes later could not be true, according to Dr Rao. "She was dead by one o'clock in the afternoon," she said.

Manchester students just the job, say firms

BY JUDITH JUDD
Education Editor

STUDENTS WHO want to improve their chances of a job in business and management should head for Manchester or Warwick universities. For success in accountancy and banking, Manchester is again the place to be, followed by Warwick and Heriot-Watt.

That is the conclusion of a survey of 220 major companies which gave their views on 97 universities in 10 subject areas. For overall employability, the five top universities are Imperial College London, Aston, Loughborough, Reading and Surrey.

The ratings, drawn up by the Performance Indicator Project, an independent statistical survey, are based on the number of employers who rank a course above average. The subjects covered are sciences, languages, computing and IT, engineering, construction and civil engineering, law, electrical



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Policeman's dismay as widow cleared

THE WIDOW and stepdaughter of a millionaire businessman were yesterday cleared of his murder at the Old Bailey amid extraordinary recriminations between the police and prosecution lawyers.

All charges were dropped against 42-year-old Linda Watson and Amanda London-Williams, 24, yesterday morning before the case started. But prosecutor Julian Bevan, QC, told the court that the senior officer heading the investigation was "appalled" by the decision not to proceed.

The officer, Detective Inspector Nick Slagg, from Sussex CID, revealed outside the court afterwards that the decision by the Crown Prosecution Service had been taken last Friday without the police being consulted. He and his colleagues stressed the hunt will continue for the gunman who had shot and killed 55-year-old Richard Watson at his home in East Grinstead, Sussex, adding that there was a £50,000 reward for information. There will be a case conference between the CPS and the police to review the evidence and the decision not to proceed.

After receiving defence experts' reports last week, the prosecution decided to carry out a reconstruction at the scene with ballistic experts.

Mr Watson, who ran a computer company, was hit by two bullets to the neck and chest as he returned to his £400,000 farmhouse in December 1995. The Crown had claimed it was a carefully organised ambush; the shooting had taken place from the balcony of the house, and the gunman could not have been present without the two women's consent.

After Friday's tests, the Crown said its experts could no longer be certain that the second shot was fired from the balcony and not ground level. Mr Bevan told the court that Ms

BY KIM SENGUPTA

court "the crux" of the Crown case had been undermined. He continued: "The easy way out... would be to say 'well, let the jury decide'. But I am faced with the single question of 'realistic prospect of conviction'." In his professional opinion, he added, the answer to that was "no".

However, Mr Bevan told Judge Michael Hyam: "The officer in charge of this case strongly disagrees with the decision... that he has used on the telephone to myself over the weekend the word 'appalled'... that saddens me, but being the senior officer he is absolutely entitled to hold a view."

As they left the dock, Ms Watson, a former Miss Arbroath and Miss Scotland runner-up, who was Mr Watson's third wife, put her arm around her daughter, Ms London-Williams, who had earlier cried when the court was told of her relationship with Mr Watson, who had treated her like his own daughter. Afterwards the two women, both dressed in black, left the court in the company of representatives of a tabloid newspaper to which they are believed to have sold their story. They cannot be charged again for the murder of Mr Watson.

Mr Watson's solicitor, Chris Lewis, said: "She has been appallingly treated. The police have more than sufficient evidence to redirect their inquiries elsewhere. It is not a case where the police are not looking for anyone else."

Det Supt Tim Godwin, the head of Sussex CID, said there were suggestions that Mr Watson's business dealings in Russia may have brought him into conflict with gangsters, but had no evidence of that.

Mr Bevan told the court that Ms

Watson stood to inherit around £683,000 from her husband. But Ms Watson's counsel, John Coffey, said there was no will under which Ms Watson would have benefited, nor did she stand to benefit from an insurance policy or the proceeds of the marital home.

Mr Bevan added that Ms Watson at one stage considered divorce as she felt the marriage was not "an equal partnership", and that she had become "more a housewife than a wife". She had been annoyed to learn that Mr Watson planned to leave 51 per cent of his company to his son, Julian, but the couple were said to have reconciled their differences.

On the night of the murder, the court was told earlier by Mr Bevan, Ms London-Williams had heard a gate open, a car coming in, and then her father's voice saying "Get away from me - get away, not again..." Mr Bevan continued: "As she is pulling aside the curtain, she hears a loud bang, and no more from her father. She sees a man in a balaclava carrying a gun, the gun is smoking."

Ms London-Williams went outside and saw her father lying on the ground with blood pouring from her neck. She told her mother, and made 999 calls. The Crown, said Mr Bevan, had considered "oddities" in the 999 calls but now accepted that "in this dreadful crime, you would expect [those affected] to be in a severe state of shock."

After the murder, Ms Watson and her daughter moved to a £300,000 property in nearby Lingfield, where they still live. Ms Watson's solicitor, Mr Lewis, said: "She is extremely relieved that the allegations will be pursued no longer, but it is not a cause for celebration because her husband's murderer is still at large."



Linda Watson is kissed by a well-wisher prior to the announcement that charges against her were to be dropped. Neville Elder

Eton homes plan angers residents in conservation area

BRITAIN'S MOST famous public school has angered residents of one of the most fashionable areas of London after it announced plans to demolish a Victorian cottage and coach house and replace them with luxury mock-Georgian accommodation.

Eton College, which has owned the plot of land on which the buildings are sited since 1449, has lodged an application with Camden Council in north London to knock down the cottage and build three houses.

The plot, at the corner of Eton Road and Provost Road in Belsize

Park, is one of the last fragments of a swathe of land given to the college by Henry VI 500 years ago.

Mona Brearley, who lives next door with her husband, the former England cricket captain Mike Brearley, has written to all local residents asking them to join a campaign against the plans. The actors Bob Hoskins and Derek Jacobi, as well as the Oasis singer Noel Gallagher and Helena Kennedy QC all live in surrounding streets.

"This is a conservation area and

these buildings and the land they stand on are absolute gems," Mrs Brearley said. "I do think Eton should have the courtesy to talk to the residents about what they want because there is great strength of feeling about it."

It is not the first time the denizens of leafy north London have swung into action and petitioned Camden Council when the modern world has threatened to encroach upon their graceful houses and tree-lined streets.

Residents in Hampstead, having failed in the "Burgher Off" campaign

to keep McDonald's out of the High Street, are currently trying to save the area's last authentic coffee bar, The Coffee Cup.

Now the fight to preserve the beauty of the area has moved south to Belsize Park. It is the fourth time that the school has applied to demolish the cottage and build on the site. One application was turned down last September and the others were withdrawn.

"They have totally neglected the house in the past. It could have been a beautiful home in its own right, but now it is a terrible mess and I think

what they are doing amounts to vandalism," Mrs Brearley said.

However, May Bass, secretary of the Provost Court residents' association, said the cottage should be renovated. "What is the point of having a conservation area if you are not going to conserve anything?"

"The cottage is not beyond redemption and they should do it up. The grounds could be beautiful and they provide a welcome bit of greenery."

Anthony Culligan, said that if Eton College authorities insisted on demolishing the cottage they should

build something of a similar size. "You cannot just knock down a building in a conservation area unless you are going to do something which enhances the area and I cannot see that these houses will do that," he said.

But Adrian Harris, the estates manager for Eton College, said the three planned houses - one three-storey family home and two semi-detached houses - would complement the area far better than the run-down cottage which was too small to convert to a family house.

"We have been advised that the

best course of action would be to demolish it all together and build something more in keeping with the locality. The plans for the new houses match the architecture around. It is in Georgian style, but it is not a monolith and will not involve felling any trees," he said.

He added: "I think that what we are proposing is attractive and in keeping with the area."

A spokesman for Camden Council said the application had been received and was at the consultation stage. A final decision is expected on 9 July.

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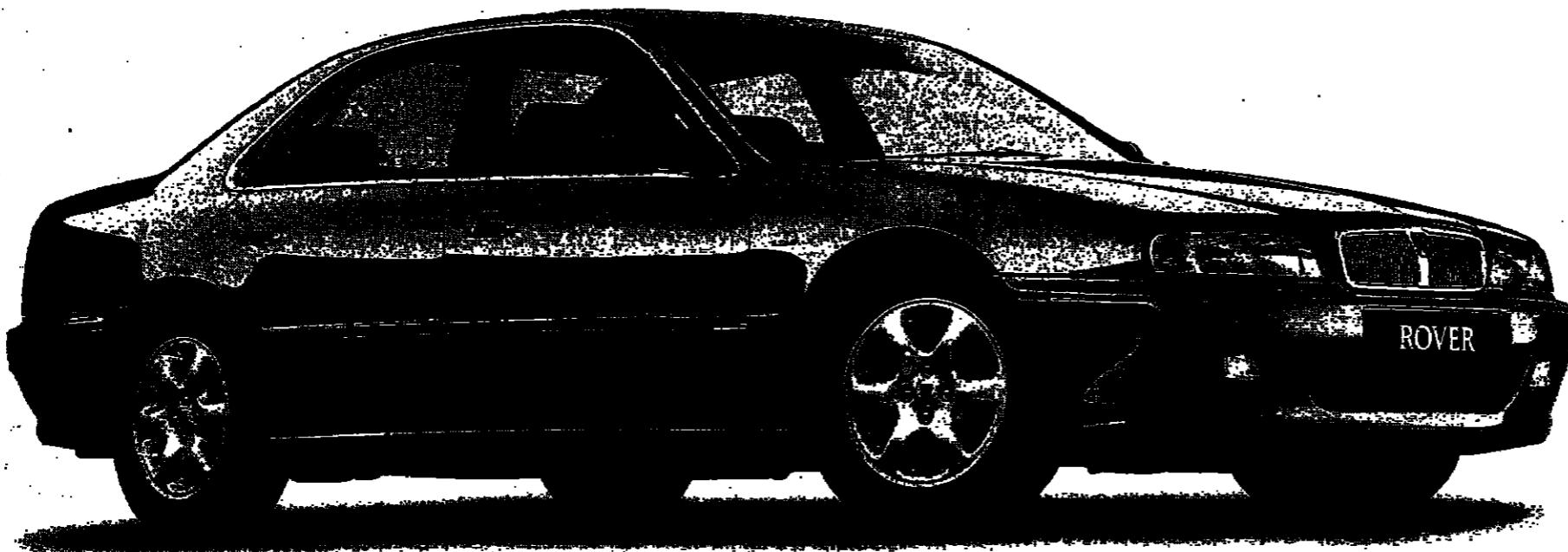
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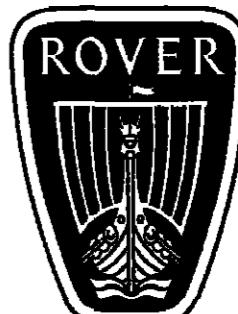
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Ruddock clashes with Harman (even when she's blushing)

ONE simple telephone call would have averted the horrendous disaster that was the almighty clash between Harriet Harman's deafeningly cerise jacket and the vibrant verdant number Joan Ruddock had selected for Oral Questions to the Secretary of State for Social Security.

But that call was clearly never placed. The upshot was the centre of the Labour front bench resembling an especially unappetising smoked salmon and mushy pea starter.

Along with the ill-advised puce blouson, Harman wore the haunted expression of a woman whose position is not absolutely stable. One

wonders for how much longer she will be taking questions on occupational pensions and housing benefit fraud.

But even with this added spice, Harman's Half Hour wasn't the gripping affair it could have been. It was only during a sustained Tory attack that her cheeks pimked to a delicate hue that stopped agonisingly short of her outer attire.

Was her New Deal for Lone Parents in danger of becoming a "very expensive, failed sound bite"? she was asked.

Surely looking after an under-five is a full-time job in itself for a Lone Parent. But Harman made plain her belief that more LPs than ever

were keen to exchange nappy-empting duties for more glamorous forms of employment. This, in turn, raised the issue - courtesy of Jackie Ballard (Lib Dem, Taunton) - of government-funded child carers. "Mm," harumphed a Tory backbencher, "Nanny Tax."

The eminently readable face of Diana Abbott (Lab, Hackney North and Stoke Newington) served as an excellent barometer for entertainment levels in the House. Stifling a yawn, she would turn her baleful gaze up to the public gallery for another less-than-riveting exchange limped across the divide. But if something grabbed her wandering attention she would

THE SKETCH



ADRIAN
DEEVY

snap out of this glazed reverie and begin bouncing up and down like a schoolchild in pressing need of a

wee. But not all the Labour squad were as visibly supportive. When Harman became particularly earnest, left hand beating a worthy rhythm, one of her colleagues - no names, no pack drill, hairdo inspired by a Northern night-club owner - took the opportunity to steeple his pudgy hands studiously beneath his many chains and grab what looked like at least 35 winks. A veil of muted dread and fear descended as pensions were discussed.

The shrivelling fact that more than 50 per cent of Europeans will be over 50 by 2021 hung heavy in the air like a dulling wine. John Denham, the pensions minister, was

confronted with the accusation that 10,000 winter fuel payments for hard-up pensioners were sent out in error. The wry and inexplicably irritating John Bercow (Con, Birmingham) described his department as "incompetent". Denham weakly admitted that the incident was "regrettable". Tell that to your grandmother as you de-frost her this Christmas.

Interesting to note that during this pensions palaver a more senior Labour member took the opportunity to ease himself up and shuffle out of the room. It was only as he vacated his seat that he was exposed as the only right honourable member to have been awarded a

large, square cushion. But why the premature departure? Presumably, he had piles of stuff to get through.

Having just managed to scrape through on points, Harriet Harman quit question time with the small-est of sighs.

Outside the House, earlier, the freshly-promoted shadow health secretary Anne Widdecombe was having her photograph taken. Striking what she undoubtedly fancied to be an alluring pose, Miss Widdecombe - you could not help but notice - was wearing a sown-offafari jacket in another distressing shade of green. Something must be done.

MPs rebel over proposals for student fees

A £143 MILLION package of concessions by David Blunkett last night failed to avert a revolt by Labour MPs over the Government's controversial plans to impose tuition fees and scrap maintenance grants.

As a group of Labour MPs were threatening to abstain or vote against the Government, the Education Secretary announced he was raising the age limit from 50 to 55 and keeping the non-repayable allowance for mature students with dependent children.

In addition, the special non-repayable £1,000-a-year grant for single parents would be retained. He also announced that the non-means-tested grant for disabled students would rise to £10,000 to help them meet extra costs of disability.

As MPs prepared to debate a series of amendments, a petition objecting to the plans signed by students was handed in at 10 Downing Street by celebrities from the music industry, including Paul Weller, and Nicky Wire of Manic Street Preachers.

Crowds of students from across the country chanted with banners outside the gates to Downing Street as a group of students, led by comedian Rob Newman and accompanied by MPs Tony Benn and Ken Livingstone, handed in the letter.

The Teaching and Higher Education Bill, going through its committee stage in the Commons, will introduce annual tuition fees of up to £1,000 and abolish the maintenance grant from October.

The proposals will mean that students could graduate from University with debts of up to £10,000, with opponents of the scheme claiming

EDUCATION

BY OLIVER CAVE
AND COLIN BROWN

this will deter poorer students from going into the higher education system in the first place.

Mr Livingstone said: "I had free education and I think this Bill stinks.

"I would like to tell Tony Blair to back off this and remember the benefits he had from free education."

Mr Benn said he was supporting the students' protest because he thought everyone should be entitled to free education.

He said: "There was nothing about this in the Labour manifesto."

PARENTS SHOULD only be able to send their children to the school nearest their home, Lord Hattersley said last night.

He called for legislation banning head teachers from interviewing children or parents when they applied for a place.

He also attacked ministers for failing to abolish grammar schools and allowing schools to select children by "aptitude".

He said: "Putting the question of denominational schools aside, there should be only two admission criteria - proximity to the school and siblings within it.

In a speech to Sheffield University students, Lord Hattersley also criticised Labour plans to encourage businesses to help run education action zones as a way of raising standards in deprived areas.

John McDonnell (Labour, Hayes and Harlington) who was leader of the revolt said: "The main problem with this legislation is that in principle, the whole tradition of the Labour Party has been opposed to extending fees for education. We were formed to ensure we created a more equal society."

Defending the government's plans, Mr Blunkett said that it would ultimately mean a fairer system for students. "It will be based on the affluence of the individual later in life, paid at a time when the student can afford it, at a rate the student can afford," he said.

"In allocating existing resources, we clearly have to give priority to nursery education, standards, literacy and the disaffected at school. There are no fairy godmothers. The better-off paying a little helps open up access and retain quality for the many who will want to be in higher education in the future."

The Government has pledged that by 2002, an extra 500,000 students will be in higher education.

Mr Blunkett announced how access funds helping students in financial difficulties will be increased to £4 million and extended to part-time students.

Other proposals include:

■ £2 million to pay the tuition fees of part-time students losing their jobs after starting their course.

■ New £250 hardship loans for students who find themselves in financial difficulties.

■ Lifting the means test on disabled students' allowances and increasing the maximum help available for non-medical helpers to £10,000 a year.



Secretary of State for Defence George Robertson displaying a landmine yesterday at Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire, where stocks of the weapons were being destroyed

Fiona Hanson/PA

Photo: PA

<p

New pension deal for divorced women

PROPOSALS to give women fairer pension rights if they divorce were published by the Government yesterday.

The plan will enable the courts to treat pension rights like any other assets when dividing property between divorcing couples.

The Government estimates that up to 50,000 people a year, mostly women, could benefit.

"Pension sharing" would enable the transfer of all, or a proportion, of a husband's pension rights wholly to his soon-to-be-former wife, ensuring a "clean break" settlement and a decent retirement income for the woman.

The plan builds on consultation by the previous Tory government which produced broad consensus that pension sharing was the way forward, though the system may not be fully in place until 2000.

Harriet Harman, Secretary of State for Social Security and Minister for Women, said: "Many women face poverty in retirement after divorce, despite the contribution they have made to their husband's pension. We are giving women a fair share of pension on divorce."

"This is an important step towards fairness and security in

retirement for women and it is part of reforming pensions."

Women are generally much poorer than men in retirement, and often lose out after divorce because of inadequate arrangements for splitting pension rights.

Ms Harman said the proposals recognised the wife's contribution to her husband's pension rights by caring for children and the home, enabling him to work and build up a healthy second pension.

Research in 1985 found men were four times as likely as women to have "substantial" pension rights on divorce - defined as five or more years' contributions to an occupational pension.

The idea of pension sharing was first raised by the Law Commission in 1986. It has attracted more attention recently partly because the divorce rate in England and Wales more than doubled - from 74,000 a year to 155,000 - between 1971 and 1995, and trebled in Scotland over the same period, to 12,000 a year.

Pension rights are one of the most valuable assets owned by many divorcing couples.

The consultation document notes that 19 million workers - more than three-quarters of the number in

work - are building up funds in either an occupational or personal pension scheme, and the value of those funds now exceeds £300bn.

But, unlike nearly all other assets, divorcing couples cannot split pension rights between them.

The law has been changed to make some progress towards a fairer division of pension rights, but the provisions have drawbacks and are not much used. Since the 1970s, courts have had to take account of the value of rights to offset them against other assets in financial settlements, or "ear-mark" them for maintenance payments once the pension starts being paid.

The pension sharing proposal would not be mandatory, but would enable some or all of a spouse's pension rights to be transferred to the other spouse on divorce, giving that person rights to a second pension of their own, not dependent on the circumstances of the former partner.

It will be available for occupational and personal pensions, and the State Earnings Related Pension Scheme (Serps).

The Commons social security select committee will take evidence on the proposals. Legislation is likely to be introduced by the end of this year.



Sallie Quin at home in Chichester; she is campaigning for fair division of pensions on divorce

Andrew Hasson

'Everything I had went into the family pot'

WHEN Sallie Quin's husband walked out on her and their teenage daughter seven years ago it was the beginning of a relentless financial struggle.

Like thousands of other women, Mrs Quin believes that she is entitled to a share in her former spouse's company pension because it was intended as a nest-egg for both of them.

She said: "If I hadn't ironed his shirts every week, taken his suits to the dry cleaners and looked after him when he had sciatica I don't think he would have held down his job. I earned a right to that money."

"It's the principle that counts... When he got paid and I got paid the money was pooled... Everything that I had went into the family pot."

The woman he left me for was with him for two months at the firm where he had worked for 22 years. I had been with him for 17 out of those 22 years. She had been with him for two months and then he quit. Now I am going to get my widow's pension."

Mrs Quin, 53, now works voluntarily for FairShares, a pressure group that campaigns for fair division of all assets, including pensions, on divorce.

She relies on income support to pay the mortgage on their family home in Chichester, West Sussex. She said: "There is not enough equity in this house to sell up and move on. I can't find a job that will pay enough money to cover a mort-

gage that was based on my husband's salary." She said that she and her husband had made a joint decision that she would work part-time and look after their child so she was not a "latchkey kid". "I worked part-time. My money covered things like school uniforms and school trips and the odd holiday. It was the normal set-up," she added.

After Mrs Quin's husband left her in 1991 he left his job, at the age of 49, and began to draw his pension at the end of that year. She says that although their matrimonial assets amounted to £250,000, she was left with less than a quarter of that: "I got the equity on the house and the endowment policy and a second-hand car, which all amounted to £54,000."

Sallie, who will gain nothing personally from a new law, says she is campaigning to establish a principle. She is determined that her daughter, now a 22-year-old university student, should not be forced into the same position.

She said: "FairShares must have had calls from 12-15,000 people. About 100 of them are men. I think that proportion will increase over time."

LINUS GREGORIADIS

Ballet classes offered to all

THE ENGLISH National Ballet (ENB) is to run free classical dance classes in the park, and put merchandise in toy shops, in an attempt to widen ballet's popularity amongst the public.

The initiatives are recommended in a report by a top marketing management consultancy company which the publicly funded ENB employed to improve its audience figures and enhance its image.

The consultancy, Darwin, has drawn up a report for the ENB which urges a change of approach. The report, which has been seen by *The Independent*, says the ENB should allow ticket bookings over the internet, expand the reach of corporate hospitality packages and develop affiliations with restaurants and hotel chains. It also urges the company to emphasise the "very physical nature of ballet". It is thought this will attract more men to shows. At present, only about a quarter of all attendees are male.

The ENB, which receives a £3.9m grant from the Arts Council, has welcomed the report and later this month will start putting the recommendations into action. From 18 to 22 June the ENB will mount "Lark in the Park", offering ballet classes in Kensington Gardens opposite the Royal Albert Hall, where the company is staging *Romeo and Juliet*. As well as classes, the

BY DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

public will also be able to see the company training in the park.

The ENB commissioned Darwin following the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, who as ENB's patron raised the profile of the organisation. ENB's deputy executive director, Richard Shaw, said: "We have obviously reached the point where we have to come up with new ways of generating interest."

Dan Salmon, one of Darwin's founding partners, said: "Market research suggests that about six per cent of the adult population currently goes to ballet performances but between 30 and 40 per cent are open to the idea. All of these people are ENB's target audience. To do that we have to make ballet more accessible so people feel comfortable with it."

Darwin's market research among ballet audiences has found a number of opinions which will find echoes among arts audiences. Audience comments include: "Why does the ice cream seller always come down in a few minutes before curtain down? It is bad manners... the theatre is always too hot for comfort... there is not much leg room... not enough bar staff... bar prices too high... more ladies' toilets needed."

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هذا من الأصل



The finalists in the 1998 Shell London Symphony Orchestra Music Scholarship for strings rehearsing yesterday. From left: Natasha Omelka on violin; Lawrence Power on viola; Katharine Wood on cello and So-Ock Kim on violin

لذا من الاصد

IRA bomb calls 'were inaccurate'

THE IRA gave "inaccurate and wholly inadequate" warnings of the Docklands bomb that killed two men and ended its 16-month ceasefire, a court heard yesterday.

The bomb, which was built into a converted lorry, went off as thousands of people were leaving work and going home, John Bevan QC told Woolwich Crown Court in east London.

James McCarron, 29, a labourer from Crossmaglen, Co Armagh, denies conspiring "with other persons unknown" to cause an explosion likely to endanger life or cause serious injury to property between 30 October 1995 and 10 February 1996.

He also denies murdering Imam Bashir and John Jeffries, the two who died in the blast.

Mr Bevan said the explosion, at South Quay at 6.59pm on Friday 9 February 1996, was "enormous" and brought to an end the first 18-month ceasefire by the IRA.

He went on: "Inaccurate and, from the point of view of timing, wholly inadequate warnings were given by telephone from a number of people. These warnings did not

begin to give police sufficient time to warn and evacuate the many thousands of people working and leaving work in the area."

A policeman managed to warn Mr Bashir and Mr Jeffries to leave but they "did not act immediately... within a few minutes they were killed instantly when it went off."

Mr Bevan told the jury that a "meticulous investigation" had traced the bomb lorry's history to Northern Ireland. A month before the blast, it had been taken on a practice run to Carlisle.

"It was a major IRA operation which must have involved a large number of people, each with their own explicit role in the planning of it, the conversion of the lorry and the housing, the storing of the lorry and, of course, the manufacturer of the bomb inside the lorry."

He said McCarron's alleged role was a "central one at the forefront of the plan".

His finger, thumb and palm prints were found on a number of items which could be linked to the practice and bombing runs.

The trial continues.

New war against army of termites

BY MATTHEW BRACE

SCIENTISTS WENT to war yesterday against a rare colony of stubborn termites that is destroying two holiday homes on the Devon coast.

It was hoped the termites, which were discovered four years ago and make up Britain's only infestation of the insect, had been killed off when they were originally treated at the time.

But a few weeks ago they were found to have survived and were happily munching their way through the wooden infrastructure of the £200,000 Saunton, north of Bude.

Around one million termites are thought to be advancing on a 150ft-long front, chewing their way through the wooden infrastructure of the £200,000 luxury houses.

The termite-busting team, led by Dr Robert Verkerk from Imperial College, London, includes scientists from the Building Research Establishment and the Natural Resources Institute.

Funded by £190,000 of government money, they are beginning their attack on the voracious insects, who have already rendered the properties uninhabitable, with an inspection of the site.

They will then examine other timbers in a 200-metre radius around the affected properties including fence posts and tree stumps. If it is discovered the infestation has spread beyond that range, the examination will be extended to a 500-metre radius.

The team will sink cylinders of unaffected wood into the ground further out still and wait to see if they are attacked, so they will be able to gauge the

full extent of the infestation. These cylinders of wooden "bait" will then be replaced with wood treated with an environmentally friendly chemical called hexaflumuron, an insect growth-regulator with the toxicity of table salt.

A spokesman from the Department of Environment, Transport and Regions said:

"This is eaten by worker termites who transfer it to the young developing insects who then fail to mature, eventually wiping out the population - we hope."

It could take the team as long as two years to eradicate the colony completely and it will continue to monitor the area for at least another decade. Several householders in the area have been asked to participate in the monitoring programme.

Termites, which can wreck houses and wipe out crops, are usually found in tropical countries although some are also present in temperate climes, such as the south of France.

The DETR says it is thought that the Devon colony was introduced inadvertently to Britain in the soil of a pot plant brought from the Continent.

These creatures, often considered to be the most destructive of insects, usually live in mounds built of soil mixed with saliva which can be up to 12ft high and hold upwards of six million insects.

The queen termite can produce 360,000 eggs a day. However because of Britain's cooler climate, the Devon termites have bred and fed more slowly and therefore the colony is not as big as it could be.



The Devon termites are thought to have been brought into Britain from the Continent in a pot plant

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Stolen idol: the theft of a gold statue has left a trail of murder and revealed a murky Middle-Eastern underworld

Curse of ancient Babylon claims 13

BY PATRICK COCKBURN

IT IS a golden Babylonian statue 50cm high and it has already caused the violent death of 13 people. It is said to be worth at least \$1m and to have been stolen from the Iraqi museum in Baghdad and smuggled into Jordan.

The revelations about the statue and how its theft led to a spectacular string of murders in the Jordanian capital, Amman, follows the arrest of the killers after a gun battle with police late last month.

Jordanian police say that a quarrel over distribution of the profit from the sale of the statue in Europe led the smugglers, on 17 January, to stab to death **Namir Ochi**, an Iraqi businessman who was working with them. The smugglers also killed seven others who were in the same villa as Mr Ochi, including the Iraqi deputy ambassador to Jordan, **Hikmat al-Hajou**.

The second crime was equally savage and occurred three months later. According to leaks from the Jordanian security services, one of the eight killers suffered a nervous breakdown following the murder he helped carry out. He visited a prominent psychiatrist in Amman, Dr **Avni Saad**, to discuss his troubles.

The conscience-stricken murderer may not have revealed details of his crime, but other members of the gang did not want to take a chance. On 8 April they visited Dr Saad's clinic and shot him dead. Minutes later, **Hanna Naddey**, one of Jordan's leading lawyers and a legal adviser to King Hussein, arrived, apparently by chance, with his son to visit Dr Saad. They were also gunned down.

A week later, the gang carried out another murder, this time of a taxi driver who was one of their members. He was killed on 16 April and his body was left in the boot of a car in Wadi Sir in west Amman. Two weeks passed before it was discovered.

The breakthrough in the three cases came six weeks later. Police first arrested four suspects. One had Mr Naddey's credit card in his pocket. Then, accompanied by a special Jordanian army unit, led by Prince Abdullah, King Hussein's eldest son, they raided an apartment occupied by two men in the district of Sahhab, in south-east Amman, on 25 May. A gun battle followed. Three policemen were slightly wounded and one of the men in the apartment shot himself to death, according to a police statement.

The Jordanian government is



Headdress, left, and figure of a goat, from the same excavation at Ur as the stolen golden statue

reticent about details of the crimes for two reasons. It does not want to stress Iraqi involvement as this might anger Baghdad, with whom it has had cool relations recently.

After the murders in January, Jordan hinted at the involvement of Iraqi security forces. "The stabbing was carried out by professional murderers," said Dr **Moumin al-Haddid**, director of forensic medicine at the police department in Amman.

In the wake of last month's arrests, **Abdullah Nsour**, Jordan's deputy prime minister, said: "Investigations show there are no political motives behind the crime. The motives were financial." However, an Iraqi observer said he doubted if a treasure from the Iraqi Museum, which has been shut since 1990, could have been removed without the connivance of somebody in authority in Baghdad.

Jordan is also keen not to shake the confidence of foreign investors.

Namir Ochi, the killers' first target, was from a well-known family of Chaldean Christians from Kirkuk in Iraq. He had limited private wealth and lived in Lebanon, but his brother **Nazmi**, a long-term resident of the UK, controls companies worth \$1.2m.

Nazmi is one of Jordan's largest private investors and King Hussein recently laid the foundation stone for a hotel complex in Amman being built by one of his companies. He stresses he has no business links with Baghdad.

Namir Ochi had never broken his links with Iraq, though in 1988 a third Ochi brother, **Nasser**, was executed for allegedly offering a bribe. General **Muhim al-Din**, head of Jordanian general security, says **Namir** owned a restaurant in Baghdad.

It was managed for him by **Mohammed Omar Yusuf al-Jaghman**, a Palestinian born in Galilee, in what is now Israel, but with a Jordanian passport. General al-Din

says **Jaghman** was the leader of the gang which helped **Namir Ochi** smuggle antiquities out of Iraq.

Iraq is one of the great archaeological treasure houses of the world. It was the site of the Sumerian, Babylonian and Assyrian civilisations. In 1990, in the expectation that the invasion of Kuwait would lead to war, the Iraqi Museum, in the heart of the capital, was closed.

Muwwayed Saeed, director general of Iraq's Department of Antiquities, told *The Independent* at the time that he had put the treasures, such as the gold and jewellery from the royal cemetery at Ur (2450BC), into the vaults of the central bank.

Seven years later the museum has not reopened, but the Arabic daily *Ashshar al-Awsat* cites Jordanian security forces as saying that objects it once had on display are being smuggled abroad and sold.

Although Jordan is keen to play down the gang's Iraqi connection,

the smugglers were mostly Jordanian-Palestinians living in Baghdad. One had even served in the Iraqi army during the invasion of Kuwait.

They knew they were playing for high stakes: Iraq has executed people caught smuggling antiquities. They were being paid 10 per cent of the value of the goods they smuggled, but by the start of this year they had become convinced they were being short-changed by **Namir Ochi**.

At issue was the golden statue. According to police leaks, **Namir** told them he had sold it for \$1m. They believed the real figure to be far higher. On 17 January they came to exact revenge at a luxury house in the Rabiya district of Amman owned by an Iraqi businessman, also a Christian, called **Sami George**, 63. He lived there with his Greek girlfriend, **Diotis Lidaki**, 57, who was the only survivor of the evening.

From the beginning, the smug-

glers demonstrated systematic ferocity. **Sami George's** red-tiled villa is isolated from other houses. Neighbours were unlikely to hear shots and screams. In any case the killers used knives rather than guns.

First they knocked on the door. When it was answered by **Mr George's** Egyptian bodyguard they stabbed him to death along with an Egyptian friend.

Ms Lidaki says the killers tied up and gagged their victims. She says they spoke Arabic with Iraqi accents and were waiting for **Namir Ochi**. When he arrived, she said **Ochi** and the gang members "exchanged accusations, and the Iraqis said he owed them large sums of money. **Ochi** refused their demands, so they stabbed him and attacked all those present."

Ms Lidaki only survived because her throat was slashed rather than cut, and a knife thrust missed her heart. The murderers showed great



Hajou: murdered by the gang of smugglers

calmness, in that they stayed in the villa with their victims for three hours, waiting for **Namir Ochi** to arrive. Just before they left, **Hikmat al-Hajou**, the Iraqi deputy ambassador, drove up with his Egyptian-born wife, **Leila Shaaban**. Their late-night arrival is not surprising as it was iftar, the feast which ends the daily fast during the Muslim month of Ramadan. The diplomat and his wife were also killed.

Attention first focused on the death of **Mr Hajou**, despite **Ms Lidaki's** evidence that the killers' quarrel was with **Mr Ochi**. It was assumed they had fled the country, most probably to Iraq. In reality the gang, which had at least eight members, never left Amman. They might have escaped had one of their members not sought psychiatric help from **Dr Saad**. Once again they were determined to leave no witnesses.

Mr Naddey, 75, a prominent businessman as well as a lawyer, and his son **Suhail**, 34, lost their lives because they saw **Dr Saad's** car outside his clinic and could not understand why he wouldn't answer when they rang the bell. When **Mr Naddey** told his son to call the police, the killers opened the door and shot both of them dead.

Six of the gang are now in prison in Jordan and two are dead. A seventh member, said by some to be the organiser of the smuggling operation, has escaped to Europe. Nobody knows the fate of the golden statue from Babylon, whose ability to ignite violence so resembles the story of the 1940s film *The Maltese Falcon*.

Archaeologists also want to know if somebody is systematically looting and smuggling abroad the treasures of the ancient civilisations of Iraq.

Sports Supporter: Nicky Clarke.

1. The Star 2. A Roma in Istanbul 3. Romeo's passion 4. London 5. The Sun 6. The Sunday Times 7. The Sunday Mirror 8. The Sunday Times 9. The Sunday Times 10. The Sunday Times 11. The Sunday Times 12. The Sunday Times 13. The Sunday Times 14. The Sunday Times 15. The Sunday Times 16. The Sunday Times 17. The Sunday Times 18. The Sunday Times 19. The Sunday Times 20. The Sunday Times 21. The Sunday Times 22. The Sunday Times 23. The Sunday Times 24. The Sunday Times 25. The Sunday Times 26. The Sunday Times 27. The Sunday Times 28. The Sunday Times 29. The Sunday Times 30. The Sunday Times 31. The Sunday Times 32. The Sunday Times 33. The Sunday Times 34. The Sunday Times 35. The Sunday Times 36. The Sunday Times 37. The Sunday Times 38. The Sunday Times 39. The Sunday Times 40. The Sunday Times 41. The Sunday Times 42. The Sunday Times 43. The Sunday Times 44. The Sunday Times 45. The Sunday Times 46. The Sunday Times 47. The Sunday Times 48. The Sunday Times 49. The Sunday Times 50. 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A soap opera revolving around cruelty, fatalism and wit

THE SMELL of smoke from real coal fires stirred something deep inside me when I first crossed the Soviet border in 1985. It took me straight back to my early childhood in working-class West Yorkshire in the 1950s.

I was entering a country that has always been and still remains unfathomable to foreigners, a state where totalitarianism was just starting to be dismantled, and yet, on one level, I felt instantly at home.

It is a mystery why Russian television now has to import foreign soap operas when life itself in Russia is one long soap opera, more satisfying even than *Coronation Street*. Despite all the changes under Mikhail Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin, most Russians still live in the kind of poverty we knew in Britain immediately after the war.

It makes for a back-to-back community life that is at once cosy and stifling. In a way, I belong to that community as I am married to a Russian. I have a Russian mother-in-law and Russian friends.

My husband, Costya Gagarin (no relation to the first man in space), and I live on Samotechny Lane. The word is spelt "samotechny" but pronounced "samatodny". It means "freely flowing".

Costya, being a "New Russian" businessman complete with mobile telephone, is able to provide

STREET LIFE SAMOTECHNY LANE MOSCOW



Timur, a former space physicist, tells Helen he is shutting up shop

Hubertus Golstein

street, which is on an incline. A looser translation might be "Go With The Flow" Lane.

To survive in Russia, that is what you must do - go with the flow, accept what life brings. In the West, people have a fair degree of control over their lives. Russians are more subject to arbitrary forces and cope by adopting an Asiatic fatalism.

Costya, being a "New Russian" businessman complete with mobile telephone, is able to provide

me with a home that meets western standards. Our landlady is Galina Alexandrovna, a pensioner who has moved out to her wooden cottage in the countryside and gets by thanks to the rent we pay for her town flat. When she comes for the money, she always brings us jam or pickled cucumbers from her dacha.

Costya and I enjoy the luxury of space. The two of us have three large converted rooms, plus a kitchen and bathroom with Finnish

fittings. But our neighbours still live in "communal flats", three families crammed into one apartment, each family with just a room, and shared cooking and washing facilities. You can imagine the range of possible passions in such confined conditions.

The entranceway and stairs leading to the flats belong to nobody and are therefore filthy and stink of urine. Graffiti covers the walls. Outside our door is an accurately drawn penis with the words "Tor-

pedo of Ivan the Terrible". It sums up everything about Russia: the cruelty, the fatalism, the humour. It was probably drawn by kids from the "rough family" immediately downstairs.

That family's matriarch is Tanya, a frowzy but good-hearted single-mother who is always ready to lend or borrow a cup of sugar. She feeds her kids by renting out her rooms to Azeri guest workers, who sell fruit on the local market.

The Azeris close their ears to the

overtly racist slurs of other neighbours, work from morning till night, behave impeccably and are going up in the world. They have just bought a new car. But Tanya finds it difficult to control her own children. Her eldest son, Lyosha, has just come out of prison, where he served a short sentence for car theft. He is a yob.

Lyosha keeps me awake at 3am with his loud pop music. But with him around, I know that nobody will dare lay a finger on my battered cherry Niva or Russian-made jeep, essential for trips into the muddy countryside.

On Samotechny Lane, there is no equivalent of the Rover's Return. We all know that Russians drink, perhaps more heavily than any other nation in the world. But they do not do it in pubs, rather around the kitchen table, which is the focus of community life here.

Recently an English-style pub called the "John Bull" opened in Moscow. I tried it out. The barman pulled me half a bitter, served me a pile of crisps on a gold-edged dinner plate and charged me \$10 - one tenth of the average Russian wage.

"Let's get out of here," said the Russian friend who was with me. Cost is not the only consideration for Russians, who have avoided eating and drinking in public since Soviet times, when you could never

be quite sure whether or not the chap at the next table was a KGB informer.

Home is where Russian life happens, and in the back yard - and, to an increasing extent, in the new private corner shops. Next to my scummy local pond, delightfully named "Andropov's Puddle" - whether after ex-Soviet leader Yuri Andropov I cannot say - there is a mini-mart with smiling service, if high prices.

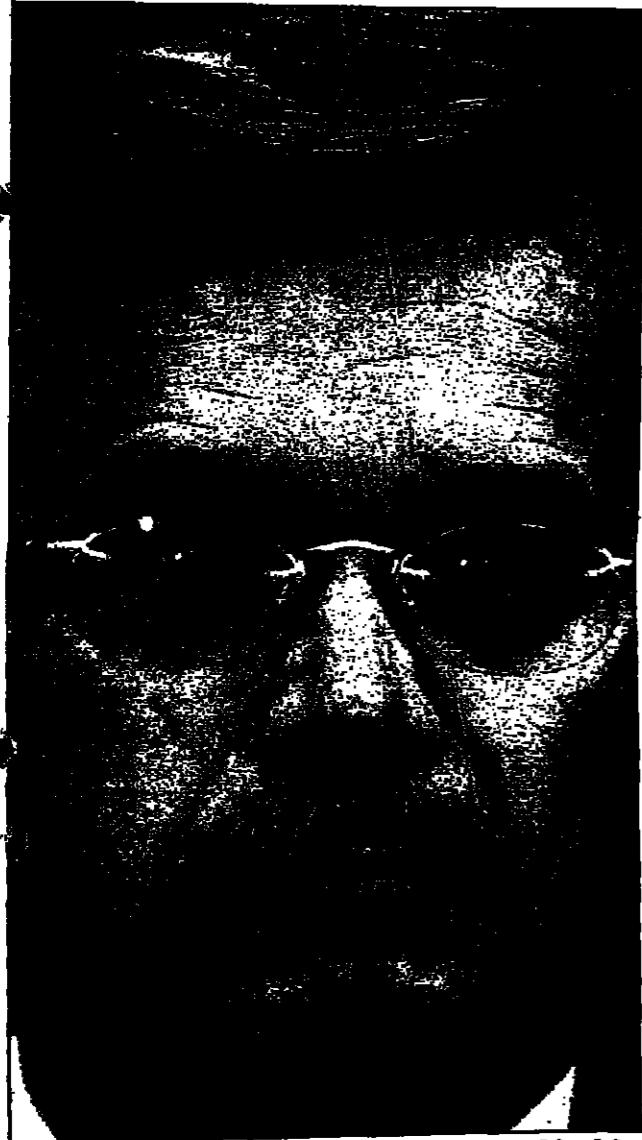
And behind the Children's Park is a pet shop where I have been a regular customer since my veteran ginger cat, Minky, went AWOL and the local kids brought me a series of stray Minky lookalikes. The owner is a mustachioed Georgian former space physicist called Timur Gagua.

When I went in yesterday to spend more on cat meat than the average Russian housewife would spend on a family meal, I found Timur almost crying into his drooping moustache. "The shop is closing down next week because we can't afford the rent hike."

And so, no sooner have I started this Russian soap opera than it seems I am killing off one of the characters. But I have Timur's telephone number. He is a very interesting man and I think he may return as a visitor to Samotechny Lane.

HELEN WOMACK

Kohl's rottweiler is called to heel



Otto Hauser, the CDU Party spokesman, was hired for his aggression
Photograph: Reuters

IT WAS Otto "Fastips" Hauser's fourth outing before the press yesterday and, contrary to expectations, not the last. The firing squad that despatched his predecessor a mere fortnight ago had run out of either bullets or replacements.

After a meeting of the top leadership of Chancellor Kohl's Christian Democrats, the German government spokesman was reprimanded. But not forgiven, no matter how humbly he grovelled yesterday. He promised to "concentrate" henceforth on his job as "government spokesman", instead of acting as the Chancellor's hettling ram in an increasingly dirty election campaign.

Mr Hauser, a failed journalist with snide looks hailing not that far from Rottweil, is also a Christian Democrat MP, and has been having problems distinguishing between the two roles. Among the venues he was forced to visit on his knees yesterday was the Bonn press corps, whose members had already tired of Mr Hauser's one-sided party propaganda.

That might seem like a job well done, but Mr Hauser's bosses at the Chancellery did not see it that way. For during his short tenure in the new job, the spokesman had piled in discretion upon indiscretion, unwittingly revealing his masters' darkest thoughts about the populace.

It is customary at the time of elections to remind voters of the debts they owe their leaders, especially if the government of the

partners called for Mr Hauser's sacking. The opposition tried vainly to keep up with the odium Mr Hauser's party colleagues were pouring on him.

The gnashing of teeth in Christian Democrat offices in the east could be heard in Bonn. "Voting behaviour in the east and west should have no impact on the continuation of this work," thundered Kurt Biedenkopf, the influential CDU Prime Minister of Saxony. "Any other road would endanger the success of German unification." Not to mention the success of the CDU, he nearly said.

Wolfgang Kubicki, an executive member of the Free Democrats, admitted that much when he said the infamous remarks would strengthen the PDS in the east at the expense of the conservative coalition. "If Mr Hauser has a jot of self-respect he will resign," Mr Kubicki said. "If not, Kohl must fire him."

Still Mr Hauser kept busy. He lobbed grenades into the Social Democrats' camp, spreading communist innuendo about Gerhard Schröder, the SPD's chancellor-candidate. He even found time to cause offence among the foreign press corps.

Upon being asked to say a few words in English to the English service of Deutsche Welle, the German equivalent of the BBC World Service, Mr Hauser came up with the following well-considered statement: "I speak English very well, but I am the German government spokesman and he

speaks in German ... Go get yourself a translator. I don't see why I should answer questions in any other language."

In his defence, Mr Hauser said he was too busy at the time, and yesterday he called Deutsche Welle offering to be interviewed - in English. He also tried to excuse some of his wildest remarks by arguing that they had been made whilst wearing a party hat.

Not everyone in the party is prepared to swallow that line, however. "I am not in favour of an MP being allowed to speak more nonsense than a government spokesman," was how Wolfgang Schäuble appraised Mr Hauser's work.

But Mr Hauser must be retained, because to lose two spokesmen in a row so close to

September's elections would be seen as carelessness. Meanwhile, through no effort of his own, the campaign he was to galvanise has fallen further into disarray.

As the Christian Democrats were trying to limit the damage yesterday, the dykes were bursting elsewhere. In an interview released ahead of publication, Guido Westerwelle, General Secretary of the Free Democrats, volunteered to be the first to pronounce the political death of Helmut Kohl. "The post-Kohl era has already begun," he told *Stern* magazine, adding that his party might switch sides and join a Social Democrat-led cabinet after the elections. Poor Mr Hauser must now try to spin that into a "Vote Kohl" message.

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THERE'S A GOOD ARGUMENT FOR LISTENING

Eritrea holds border town

ERITREAN forces were establishing control of Zalambessa yesterday, despite Ethiopian claims to have recaptured the key border town.

Newspapers in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, reported on Sunday that Ethiopian troops had recaptured the town, which fell to Eritrean forces last Tuesday.

But journalists travelled more than 12 miles into Ethiopian territory with Eritrean troops yesterday, passing through the heavily fortified border town, which is 60 miles south of the Eritrean capital, Asmara.

Bodies of Ethiopians killed when the town fell last Tuesday lay rotting in the streets. The Eritrean troops explained that it was not their responsibility to bury the dead of their enemy.

The neighbouring countries remain at war's end. Hopes are slim that a new peace initiative will emerge from Africa's annual summit of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU), being held in Burkina Faso this week.

The pan-African body - which may have been hampered by the fact that its headquarters is located in Ethiopia and that Eritrea has little time for the organisation - has played a back-seat role since

EU freezes Serb assets

EUROPEAN foreign ministers yesterday warned President Slobodan Milosevic of Yugoslavia they were ready to intervene to stop the "ethnic cleansing" of Albanians in Serbia's Kosovo province.

Ministers agreed to freeze Serbian assets and ban new European investment there, and recalled support for military action if necessary.

In a statement, ministers said: "The European Union remains ready to press ahead with other measures against Belgrade if the authorities there fail to halt their excessive use of force."

They encouraged international security organisations "to consider all options", including force.

"Modern Europe will not tolerate the full might of any power being used against civilian centres of population," Mr Cook said after the Luxembourg meeting.

A Foreign Office spokesman said: "Nobody was saying we have to decide today to go to war but everyone agreed that when you are dealing with Slobodan Milosevic you can't decide no option."

Germany, the Netherlands and the British EU presidency led calls for a hardline approach and although that was balanced by a softer line from the French,

the statement that emerged was tougher than expected.

Mr Milosevic was condemned for "a campaign of violence going far beyond what could legitimately be described as a targeted anti-terrorist operation". There was "a new level of aggression on the part of the Serb security forces". The Serb leader was urged to withdraw its "special" police units from Kosovo immediately.

Klaus Kinkel, foreign minister of Germany, which fears an influx of refugees, predicted great resistance in the UN Security Council to military intervention and said it might be more realistic to push instead for a beefed-up observer mission in Kosovo.

In Washington, Bill Clinton's National Security Adviser Sandy Berger said the issue of military intervention was not at this stage under discussion.

In Kosovo, foreign diplomats caught their first glimpses of the devastation inflicted on separatist strongholds, after being escorted to the west of the province by the Serb authorities. "What we've seen is all sorrow, all grief - villages burned and destroyed, all the people had left," said the Dutch ambassador, Jan Sizoo.

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So much for the free market

DESPITE ITS vastly reduced size, the coal industry continues to command a horrible fascination among politicians, which in turn enables it to punch way beyond its weight in any debate about energy policy. This week, government lawyers willing, the President of the Board of Trade, Margaret Beckett, will finally unveil the rescue plan for the pits. It will preserve a few thousand jobs short-term in the mining industry at the expense of a few thousand jobs in the gas and construction industries. The bigger cost, however, threatens to be to New Labour's hard-won reputation as the party of business and the Government that favours robust competition.

Before anyone gets too sanctimonious, it should be recognised that energy generation has never been a perfect market. Governments of all hues have interfered in it at will for reasons of dogma and political expediency. Generally, the consumer has been the loser. The previous government imposed a nuclear levy on every electricity bill to make sure the country could never again be held to ransom by the miners. Until the coal crisis burst in just before Christmas, the present administration was happy to keep the dash for gas going at full tilt.

Now ministers have given in to the argument that a guaranteed



OUTLOOK

section of the market should be kept aside for coal. Issues such as whether it is price-competitive and the environmental impact of burning more coal come a poor second to the overriding objective of preserving the pits. Thus the generators will have their arms twisted to buy more coal from RJB Mining with the threat that a break-up of their cosy monopoly may otherwise be on the horizon. The trade off is that a halt on further gas-fired power stations means no new competition in the generating market.

This is a poor excuse for an energy policy – as the Labour dominated Commons Trade and Industry Select Committee is about to observe. Worse, it is a missed opportunity for Labour to demonstrate that it means what it says when it talks about open markets.

Responsibility in markets

THE BANK for International Settlements in Basle is about as grey and sober an institution as they come, run by bankers for bankers. Its annual report, packed with figures and charts, is not a document for the sensationalist. But for all the austere and measured language this year's edition packs a strong punch. Its bottom line: the Asian crisis is far from over, and the riotous financial markets that gave birth to it have not been changed by the experience either.

There are two ways of looking at what happened in the Far East. One is to regard it as essentially a crisis of capitalism, proof positive that capitalism with its tendency towards the extremes of boom and bust is fundamentally flawed. Nor are those who see it this way confined to old-fashioned left-wingers eager to see capitalism at last sowing the seeds of its own destruction. Jeffrey Sachs at Harvard University could hardly be described as left-leaning yet he argues powerfully that the stresses the markets have imposed on countries like Indonesia and Malaysia would have tested any economy the UK included, to the point of destruction.

However, for staunch defenders of the free-market faith there is an

other way of looking at it. Asia's problem can be diagnosed as a narrow crisis of crony capitalism, rather than a broader setback. After years of being told that the eastern version of capitalism was superior to the classic western one, this is certainly a rather pleasing way of looking at the whole thing. Blatant political corruption and the very weak financial systems of the countries concerned have given this view powerful ammunition.

The BIS report is a timely reminder that such black-and-white interpretations are rarely valid.

Andrew Crockett, a former Bank of England apparatchik and now general manager of the BIS, paints a much greyer but probably rather truer version of events. Neither interpretation is wholly correct, the BIS argues.

Yes, some parts of Asia's banking system and capital markets have turned out to be utterly inadequate. Their political and economic institutions have also proved unequal to the task of coping with the full force of financial markets. On the other hand, the herd-like tendency of banks and investors, their ability to ignore clear warning signals and take excessive risks, amounts to a clear structural weakness within the free market system.

New crisis-prevention measures have focused on getting the Asians to

buck up their act, with improved transparency and reformed banking systems, and on beefing up reaction and response from the International Monetary Fund. But the implication of yesterday's report is that the big private sector players who make up the markets have to play their part too. It is next to impossible to force responsibility on financial systems of the countries concerned have given this view powerful ammunition.

The BIS report is a timely reminder that such black-and-white interpretations are rarely valid. Andrew Crockett, a former Bank of England apparatchik and now general manager of the BIS, paints a much greyer but probably rather truer version of events. Neither interpretation is wholly correct, the BIS argues.

ing capital base of this type, the business has to run overtime. It is faced with the task not just of servicing the capital, but of earning sufficient to replace it as well.

This, it is claimed, puts a partnership at a significant competitive disadvantage to incorporated investment banks as well as making it virtually impossible to acquire businesses of any size. Goldman Sachs is at present the best at most of what it does, but there is a real fear that unless it incorporates it will begin to lag.

There may be something in these arguments but they are eerily reminiscent of the sort of thing said by the converting building societies as they hurried down the path to flotation. One of the justifications used by the building societies for conversion is that it would give them greater access to capital.

Since flotation, they have all been repaying their capital by the tortuous load; as it transpired, they already had more capital than they could sensibly use. So let's be honest about this, shall we guys? Conversion of a partnership or mutually owned organisation into a publicly listed company is about the present generation of owners cashing in their chips at the expense of future generations. We can all desperately search for a higher purpose, but the reality is a more down to earth and self-interested one.

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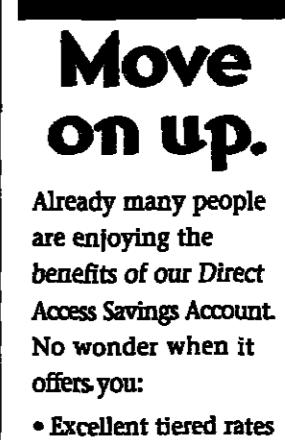
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Internet shopping: Virtual retailing is expected to grow into a £900m business in two years' time

Smith's turns to on-line retailing

BY NIGEL COPE

WH SMITH'S announcement yesterday that it is paying £9.4m for The Internet Bookshop, a three-year-old on-line bookseller, is just the latest example of major retailers starting to take this new medium seriously.

A couple of weeks ago The Gap announced that it was to start selling its preppy causal clothes on an Internet web site for the first time. That followed a decision by Sainsbury's to extend its home delivery service – with an Internet ordering option – to 30 stores.

But books, along with CDs, are seen as one of the key sectors which could see rapid growth on-line. For customers who know what they want, buying books and music over the Internet can be cheaper and more convenient, as well as providing access to a far greater range than even the largest conventional stores can ever offer.

For example the Internet Bookshop's web site, which trades under the name bookshop.co.uk, offers customers 1.4m titles and it can cut the price of popular titles by up to 40 per cent.

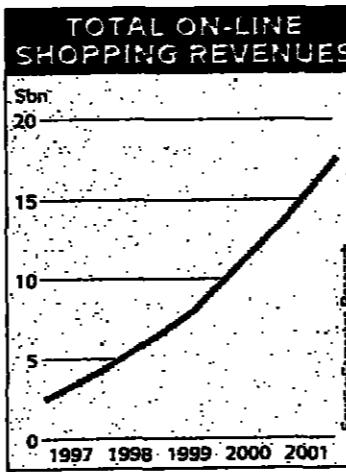
"The electronic commerce market is currently relatively small but we expect it to develop significantly over the next few years," said Richard Handover, WH Smith's chief executive yesterday. "The WH Smith brand has good potential to trade competitively in this market particularly as the customer base broadens."

Industry figures back up his confidence. The UK on-line market was worth only £200m last year but is predicted to grow to £800m by 2000. Books and music are the fourth most popular product type in on-line re-



Book-buyers are increasingly browsing on-line, not in traditional stores such as Books etc, pictured

Photograph: Nicola Kurtz



On-line sales by product

	1997	1998	2001
PC hardware & software	\$863	\$1,516	\$3,766
Travel	\$654	\$1,523	\$7,443
Entertainment	\$298	\$591	\$2,678
Books & music	\$156	\$288	\$1,084
Gifts, flowers & greetings	\$149	\$264	\$802
Clothing & footwear	\$92	\$157	\$514
Other	\$232	\$389	\$1,100
TOTAL:	\$2,444	\$4,828	\$17,387

Source: Forrester Research Inc

"The question is whether the Internet can offer something that is substantially better than existing bookshops in terms of choice and price and that is developing on an almost daily basis."

He added that the expansion of the Internet book retailing market would increase the prospect of an on-line price war that could spread to high

street stores. Traditional operators like Smith's and Waterstone's are already under threat from US competitors such as Borders, which acquired the Books etc chain last year.

While Smith's deal might make strategic sense it is paying 265p per share for a business whose shares were trading at 85p last Friday. It is

also paying various option holders an additional £600,000. The company admits it does not expect to make "significant financial returns" from this area in the short term.

Bookshop.co.uk recorded losses of £406,000 last year on sales of £2.2m. It was set up in 1992 by Darryl Mattocks as an information technology consultancy before becoming bookshop.co.uk in 1994. The same year it raised £1m after joining OFEX, the market for unlisted companies. Of its £13,000 assets, £21,000 is cash.

Mr Mattocks, who resigned from the board a couple of months ago to pursue other interests, still holds around a third of the shares and so will net £3m from the deal.

The existing executive management team will stay on to develop the business. It plans to continue its pricing policy which sees the largest discounts offered to first time buyers and targeted at the most popular titles. Discounts are then gradually reduced on subsequent purchases, though the company says this does not deter customers as more than half its sales are repeat business.

TUC slump warning

BY DIANE COYLE
Economics Editor

THE BANK of England comes under fresh fire over its recent decision to increase the cost of borrowing in a report published today. The new attack from the TUC, came as the latest figures confirmed that inflation at the factory gate has all but vanished while spending on the high street could be slowing down.

Yesterday's figures made plain once again the absence of any kind of inflationary pressure in manufacturing. "Core" prices charged by manufacturers, excluding the erratic food, drink and petroleum components, were the same last month as a year earlier.

It was the first time in 31 years that underlying inflation at the factory gate has fallen to zero. This is due to the falling cost of materials, which has allowed manufacturers to offset their higher wage bills. Prices rose 0.3 per cent in May but remained 0.9 per cent

lower than a year earlier. If sales growth on the high street slows down, the good news on inflation could yet feed through to retail prices. In its May survey, the British Retail Consortium reported stable sales growth. The value of sales rose 6.4 per cent in the year to May, down from 8.8 per cent in April.

Like-for-like" sales growth dipped from 5.7 per cent to 3.7 per cent.

However, yesterday's figures will be of little interest to the Bank's Monetary Policy Committee compared to the next official statistics on average earnings and the jobs market, due next week. These will reveal how far the surge in measured wage growth was due to one-off bonuses, the wage

SDX directors to get £20m

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

while Robert Kennedy, a former finance director, will pocket £5.07m. Maurice Pinto, the non-executive chairman, gets £2.68m.

Mr Cooke said that SDX had first started talking to Lucent in April, before announcing that it was in talks last month. He said that being part of a huge US company would give SDX the muscle to compete overseas.

"We can put our products through their channels worldwide," he said, adding that Lucent's huge research division and brand name would be an added bonus. No jobs would be lost as part of the takeover, he said.

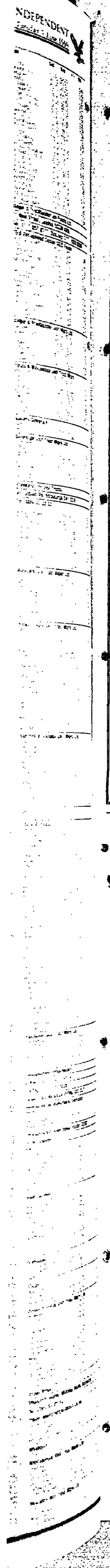
Lucent, meanwhile, gets the benefit of SDX's telecom technology,

which is aimed specifically at small and medium-sized businesses. Bill O'Shea, the president of Lucent's business communications systems division, said: "SDX brings additional strength to Lucent in certain key products and technologies."

The company has taken market share from giants such as British Telecom with its index technology, which allows companies to operate voice-mail systems.

The directors, who between them control more than 20 per cent of the share capital, have agreed to accept the offer. However, analysts said a higher bid from a competing telecom company was still possible. The shares closed down 20p at 325.5p – still a premium to the offer price.

Fund	Ref	Stk	Buy	++	Ytd	Fund	Ref	Stk	Buy	++	Ytd	Fund	Ref	Stk	Buy	++	Ytd	Fund	Ref	Stk	Buy	++	Ytd				
Amst Admire Fund	120					European Growth	701 40 744 33	0.40%				Profile Fund	50,23	50,25	0.00				International Bond	46,76	49,75	4.72					
Group Income	205 45 205.56	2.81%				European Growth	50,09	50,25	0.00			Profile High Income	175,06	177,70	4.45				India Fund	109,77	115,47	0.44%					
Growth Income	174,75 181,34	4.12%				European Income	175,07	171,00	1.23			Profile High Income	123,67	123,67	0.00				India Fund	107,02	105,93	0.00					
Growth	36,34 36,42	0.05%				European Income	180,00	181,72	1.77			Profile Income	145,36	145,36	0.00				India Fund	105,90	115,40	1.51%					
High Income	51,54 52,47	0.05%				Global Bond	77,22	81,61	0.00			Profile Income	132,10	132,10	0.00				India Fund	105,90	115,40	1.51%					
High Income Plus	100,00 110,21	0.05%				Global Bond	131,51	139,10	0.00			Profile Income	145,36	145,36	0.00				India Fund	105,90	115,40	1.51%					
AMG Growth Fund	100					Global Bond	140,00	145,00	0.00			Profile Income	150,70	150,70	0.00				India Fund	114,05	122,16	1.03					
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4 Blue Chip Index, London 1801 2010						Global Bond	140,00	145,00	0.00			Profile Income	150,70	150,70	0.00				India Fund	114,05	122,16	1.03					
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American General	320 40 320 40	0.00%				Global Bond	140,00	145,00	0.00			Profile Income	150,70	150,70	0.00				India Fund	114,05	122,16	1.03					
American Income	120 15 120 20	0.00%				Global Bond	140,00	145,00	0.00			Profile Income	150,70	150,70	0.00				India Fund	114,05	122,16	1.03					
AMG Fund	54 57 56,38	1.00%				Global Bond	140,00	145,00	0.00			Profile Income	150,70	150,70	0.00				India Fund	114,05	122,16	1.03					
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Forecasters fall foul of passing fashions

ANYONE TRYING to forecast what will happen to the world economy is going to get things wrong.

The great thing about the Bank for International Settlements' annual report - more a commentary on the world of finance than a regular bank report - is that it acknowledges and defines the areas of uncertainty. Unlike the research departments of the commercial financial institutions, which feel they have to give a firm view of future developments, the BIS can stand back and think. This may not be quite so useful for people wanting to be told whether to buy or sell, but for anyone trying to understand what is happening it is a breath of fresh air.

In its analysis of the world economic situation, the BIS focuses on the way things turned out differently last year from previous expectations: the United States and UK did not slow down as expected, and the Japanese recovery failed to sustain itself. In the rest of Europe, small countries tended to grow swiftly while the larger ones underperformed. Yet inflation in the small countries was actually lower than in the big.

To understand the future you have first to understand the present, and one of the most useful things the BIS report does is to explain why things are not what they might have been. In particular it hints at the unsustainable nature of the US and UK expansions, where inflationary pressures have only been held down by rises in the dollar and the pound, and where the current accounts have accordingly deteriorated.

However, the BIS also points out an aspect of the US expansion which I had not fully grasped: the extent to which investment in information technology might have increased the potential for growth. The chart on the left is derived from some statistics the BIS dug out of IT investment, which last year took 20 per cent of total investment in the States. The information industry now accounts for 4 per cent of US output, against only 0.8 per cent in 1992. If you exclude the information industry, real GDP would have only grown at an average of 2.2 per cent over that period. As it was, real output rose by 2.9 per cent a year. In addition, the growth of the information industry helped hold down inflation: strip out information and inflation would have averaged 3 per cent over the period. In fact, inflation was only 2.4 per cent. If one wants a single example of American exceptionalism, this is perhaps the best.

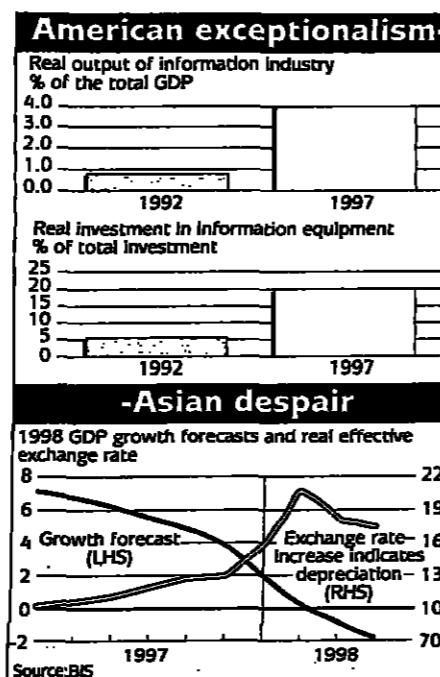
To some extent it must also apply to the UK, where the information industry is also expanding very fast, but it would be nice to see some figures to confirm this. Worryingly, the BIS does note that continental European investment in general has been rather low, and accordingly the spare capacity there is less than might be expected. This is bad news for the continent's unemployed, for it suggests that there might be high residual unemployment, even when the economies are at full capacity.



HAMISH MCRAE

One of the most useful things the BIS report does is to explain why things are not what they might have been

An even bigger surprise than the divergent performance of the main developed countries last year was of course the abysmal performance of what had been the fastest-growing region, East Asia. It would not have been a complete surprise to anyone who read the previous year's BIS report, which did warn of the excessive investment that was taking place, and the price bubbles that were a-brewing in the property markets. The region was clearly vulnerable to any sharp fall-off in demand, but what everyone had failed to spot was the way in which the decline in demand would interact with a frag-



ile financial system and companies heavily burdened with debt.

What no-one really saw was the way in which the short-term response to the financial crisis, sharp devaluations, would hit growth prospects and thereby put even more pressure on the region's banks and companies. The right-hand graph shows how estimates for the 1998 growth of the crisis-hit four (Indonesia, South Korea, Malaysia and Thailand) were cut during the second half of 1997, as their currencies simultaneously collapsed.

Normally you might expect a devaluation to boost growth by encouraging exports and leading to import substitution. In this case, because one country's exports were another country in the region's imports, the devaluations had the effect of depressing the whole region.

What happens next? The BIS believes that asset prices have not been inflated by the global fund management industry to any substantial extent, but there is an implicit warning here that the present high asset prices are not sustainable. The BIS is not predicting a stockmarket crash later this year, but if there is one, it would be able to say that such an outcome was consistent with what it wrote.

The most interesting part of the report is, as usual, the final few pages of commentary at the end. It starts by pointing out the dangers of fashion. It is fashionable at the moment to take a generally positive view of the future, despite the trauma of Asia. It suggests that there is a danger of over-optimism at the moment. Just as the Asian economies were admired for their high savings and high investment, no-one focused on the fact that a lot of this investment was going into unprofitable projects. With that warning, it looks at the potential weak spots in the world economy now.

One is the imbalances among developed countries and, in particular, the rising current account deficit of the US. It sketches a scenario (not, it notes, a forecast) where US growth slows, confidence ebbs and foreign funds are suddenly withdrawn from the dollar.

Two, banking systems throughout East Asia and Japan need to be rebuilt. The weakest banks will have to be closed and the rest recapitalised.

Third, there are imbalances within the rest of the developed world. The new European Central Bank will find it difficult to set a single interest rate for the entire region, given the different cyclical position of the large and small economies; and the US and UK will have to tackle tightening labour markets, worsening trade balances and rising inflation.

Finally, the BIS asks: can we learn to cope with crises better? It concludes that crises will undoubtedly continue - we cannot hope to prevent them - so we will just have to learn to manage them as well as possible, but "it is simply not prudent to assume that everything will turn out for the best".



Singapore's financial sector will be opened up to competition

Singapore banks face shake-up

SINGAPORE'S DEPUTY prime minister has announced sweeping reforms to his country's banking system, in moves intended to increase transparency and liquidity and to foster competition in the sector.

Lee Hsien Loong, who also heads the Monetary Authority of Singapore (MAS), told an Association of Banks in Singapore (ABS) dinner that bank disclosure requirements were to be revised.

He said Singapore's Committee of Banking Disclosure would soon publish recommendations on changes to banks' disclosure and practices.

Mr Lee said: "The Committee has recommended that local banks stop the current practice of maintaining

hidden reserves. It recommends they disclose the market value of their investments, which have largely been valued at book cost and hence contributed to their hidden reserves."

The deputy prime minister said the banking, securities and insurance markets would progressively be opened up to foreign competition over the next five years. "Competition is already lapping at our doorstep. It is better to embrace liberalisation at our own pace than face the prospect of one day being swept away by the floodwaters of competition."

He added that more competition would enhance Singapore's development as an international financial centre, and turn should create more business for everyone.

Bid for Lonhro Africa looks increasingly likely

BY TERRY MACALISTER

GEORGE SOROS-BACKED Blakeney Management yesterday confirmed its interest in Lonhro and Lonhro Africa, heightening speculation that a bid for the Lonhro Africa could soon emerge.

The sub-Saharan trading operation which demerged a month ago from Lonhro is a £127m company which on Thursday will report a steep fall in first-half profitability.

Blakeney, founded eight years ago, is said to be an active manager of Soros funds and has become interested in the potential of Africa.

Blakeney last year took a 26 per cent stake in African Lakes, another African trading company in which Soros's Quantum Emerging Growth fund is said to have a holding.

In a statement to the stock exchange, Blakeney said: "We have looked at the publicly available documents relating to Lonhro and Lonhro Africa, heightening speculation that a bid for the Lonhro Africa could soon emerge.

Lonhro Africa has an extensive portfolio, covering hotels, cotton and motor distribution outlets in 14 countries. It owns 11 hotels and safari lodges in Kenya, Ghana and Mauritius.

Lonhro Africa was demerged from the parent group in a move to focus Lonhro on its mining activities.

The group had sales of £554m in the year to September and produced profits of £42.3m. Thursday's results could show that profits have fallen by half in the latest six-month period.

UK fund managers switch to bonds

BY LEA PATERSON

FEARS OF global economic slowdown have prompted heavy buying of bonds by UK fund managers, according to a survey published yesterday.

The latest Merrill Lynch/Gallup study also reveals that fund managers were as surprised as anyone in the City when the Bank of England raised interest rates last week. Seventy per cent of UK fund managers surveyed before last week's decision said they believed the next move in rates would be down.

Trevor Greetham, a global strategist at Merrill Lynch, said the bank's decision "caught everyone on the hop". Mr Greetham said he disagreed with the view that the rate rise could jeopardise the economy's chance of achieving a "soft landing" - that is, achieving a sustainable growth rate without going through painful recession.

Mr Greetham said: "The Bank of England raised rates as a preemptive measure against inflation. You are more likely to see a soft landing now. Hard landings only tend to occur when you already have inflation in the system."

The survey showed that UK fund managers had become "aggressive buyers" of overseas bonds, with buyers outnumbering sellers by 28 per cent, the second-highest rate since the survey began in 1990. Gilts were also popular with the money managers, with buyers outnumbering sellers by 21 per cent.

Managers typically favour bonds over stocks when there are concerns about world economic slowdown, Mr Greetham said. "Recent turmoil in the emerging markets could be a sign of a slowing global economy. Bonds should outperform stocks for the next few months."

Although UK fund managers have little interest in domestic equities, they are still bullish about Continental equities, with buyers outnumbering sellers by 16 per cent. Mr Greetham said: "An upturn in European domestic demand and post-EMU restructuring should boost European corporate earnings."

Bonds are also proving popular with American fund managers, according to Merrill Lynch/Gallup. There are growing concerns in the US about the impact of the Asian crisis on corporate earnings.



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BT's 'buried treasure' raises hopes

THE STOCK MARKET dialled into a story that BT is on the verge of clinching a major deal to develop its European interests. Details, it is thought, could emerge at an investment presentation scheduled for Friday.

BT's shares rose 6p to 659p, an unspectacular display considering blue chips enjoyed their best performance for more than six weeks. Footsie, largely on the back of New York, rose 90.5 points to rest above 6,000 for the first time since mid-April. Supporting indices were in fine form, with the mid cap hitting a new peak.

BT's presentation will concentrate on its European ambitions. Many expect it to flesh out the talk with details of a strategic alliance, with either a Continental or even American group.

The market has been hoping for a BT initiative since its American adventure came to grief when it was outbid for MCI. Henderson Crosthwaite believes BT has "buried treasure" tucked away and the shares could hit 730p.

The composition of Footsie was also the subject of debate as the mar-

MARKET REPORT



DEREK
PAIN

ket deliberated the likely changes which will be decided tomorrow by the FTSE steering committee.

It could be quite a shake-up with three newcomers barging into the exclusive 100 strong club. Stagecoach, the bus and train group up 23.5p to 1,462.5p, looks a candidate; so does WPP, the advertising group which once teetered on the brink of disaster. It held at 423p.

Daily Mail & General Trust is another possibility. Its "A" shares rose 30p to 3,105p although the voting shares slipped 15p to 3,055p.

Next, up 13p to 575p, and Wolse-

ley, off 7.5p at 405.5p, are in danger. Health group Nycomed Amersham, the other threatened with relegation, put on a spirited display in a late bid to survive.

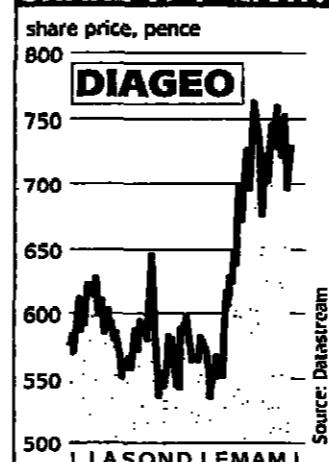
The ordinary shares rose 69p to 2,059p and the non-voters led the Footsie leader board with a 130p jump to 2,030p. The group, indulging in a capital reconstruction which will give votes to all shares, was helped by bullish comments from SG Securities. Other investment houses, such as Merrill Lynch and Panmure Gordon, have made positive noises lately.

There was at one time a danger that Nycomed's big Norwegian shareholding would jeopardise its Footsie role but that danger has now been averted.

Diageo, the spirits giant, was in form, reflecting an investment presentation at its Miami Burger King headquarters. The Grand Metropolitan/Guinness group rose 30.5p to 756p. Merrill Lynch suggests Diageo, rumoured to be interested in buying the Bols Dutch liqueur group, should hit 810p a share.

Financials were back on form, responding to the latest US mega

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



11.75p to 468.5p, could find itself on the receiving end of an unwanted bid.

HSBC managed an 8p gain to 1,606p. The shares failed to throw off the impact of profit downgrading as Schroders and PG took the axe to their estimates.

Regional breweries drew strength from the sudden takeover ferment, with Morland 12.5p higher at 470p and Joseph Holt improving 2p to 2,150p.

Young & Co's Brewery, the family-run Wandsworth group, responded to moves by financial group Guinness Peat to shake up its old fashioned capital structure. The "A" shares rose 30p to 675p and the non-voters 15p to 567.5p.

Vaux, the Sunderland brewer and hotelier which has received a bid approach, firms 9.5p to 354.5p. Ushears of Trowbridge, another to admit take over interest, shaded to 126p.

Pilkington, the glass maker, fell 2p to 130.5p after Dresdner Kleinwort Benson produced sell advice.

Rank, the leisure group, was little changed at 861p ahead of an investment dinner at London's Savoy Hotel, hosted by Henderson

Crushwaite. Cadbury Schweppes, still seeing analysts, hardened 11.5p to 933p.

Alba, the television and video group, improved 21p to 216p. HSBC, following a 29 per cent profits advance, said buy, forecasting profits of £14.2m this year.

BTG, the old British Technology Group, rose a further 22p to 216p. Investment presentations are due to start next week for the flotation of a Totorak gearbox group.

Calluna fell 4.25p to 27.25p. Reports of problems over its Hardwall system did the damage. The shares have jumped on hopes of major contracts for the computer security system.

Carlisle rose 2p to 18p in brisk trading as investors anticipated the little property group was the vehicle for the return of Michael Ashcroft, a major 1980s player.

Trust Motor advanced 13.5p to 207p as Reg Vardy was linked to the group where a management buy-out has failed.

Minut, on hopes of a Devon gold strike after last week's "encouraging" progress report, rallied 1.75p to 10.75p.

Security & General Media, a printer, slumped 22p to 27.5p. A trading report saying losses were higher than expected did the damage. The struggling loss maker was revamped last year after Philip Davies, who runs the Warm Welcome hotels and pubs group, and John Gulliver, an American lawyer, moved in.

Landround, a promotions group, jumped 31p to 225p, a peak. Last week it reported interim profits up 250 per cent to £405,000. Andrew Carroll at stockbroker WH Ireland expects £225,000 for the year and £1.1m next. The group is thought to be on the verge of clinching a highly ambitious promotions deal.

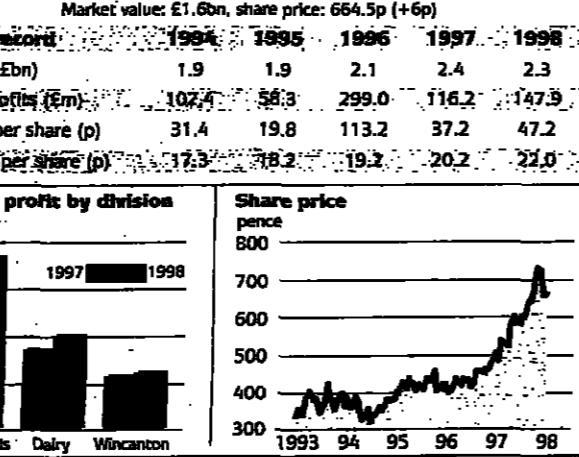
WH Smith's surprise £9.4m bid for internet bookseller Bookshop.co. sent the Ofex shares soaring 165p to 250p. Another Ofex company, IMS Communications, an internet music retailer related to Bookshop, gained 17p to 82.5p.

Unigate milking earnings growth

INVESTMENT COLUMN

EDITED BY PETER THAL LARSEN

UNIGATE: AT A GLANCE



shares slipped 4.5p to 665.5p.

Property values rose by a promising 12.8 per cent in the 12 months to 31 March, compared to 5.9 per cent last time. Net assets per share grew from 478p to 592p, also an all-time high. Total properties, including British Land's joint ventures are now worth £5.8bn with annualised gross rents of £353m.

The key to British Land's operational success has been a series of well-timed joint ventures. The company started with Scottish & Newcastle and moved heavily into supermarkets with Tesco. British Land's chairman, John Rithiat, clearly has other joint ventures in mind. But in line with his tight-lipped policy, no-one will be given an inkling until a firm deal is done.

One of the most interesting could be a tie-up with Railtrack. The companies are looking at developing the last section of Broadgate together. Analysts have pencilled in a net asset value of 592p for this year, which makes the company look cheap at its present price. Buy.

Mixed fortunes in electronics

COMPARED TO Premier Farnell, Electrocomponents has had a quiet year. While the rival electronic parts distributor issued several profit warnings and waved good-bye to its chief executive, Electrocomponents

has quietly gone about its business. The two companies' contrasting fortunes has been reflected in their relative share prices: Premier Farnell's share have lost a fifth of their value in the past year while Electrocomponents rose by 42 per cent.

Nevertheless, the business is not without its problems. In the UK, where Electrocomponents still makes three quarters of its sales, comparable turnover last year was up 5 per cent. Even though margins widened, profit growth only just made it into double figures. This is from a company that in the past regularly posted earnings growth of 20 per cent or more.

Electrocomponents' response has been to beef up its operations in continental Europe and, more recently, Japan. On the continent, investment is paying off even though the strong pound dented the value of profits in sterling terms. But expanding in Japan will wipe £30m off Electrocomponents' profits over the next five years.

This investment, and the cash Electrocomponents is pouring into its web site to allow customers to order electronically, make long-term sense but at the expense of medium-term growth. Merrill Lynch, the stockbroker, forecasts profits of £128m in 1999 and reckons it will be three years before the company returns to double-digit earnings growth. On a forward P/E ratio of 28 the shares, up 6.5p to 569.5p yesterday, are high enough.

IN BRIEF

Bonfield paid £1m

SIR PETER BONFIELD, the chief executive of British Telecom, last year joined the ranks of UK executives paid more than £1m. BT's annual report shows that he received total pay of £1,101,000, including £486,000 in annual and deferred bonuses - a 46 per cent increase on 1996. Sir Peter is also sitting on shares potentially worth £1.56m under BT's long-term performance plan. The pay of the chairman, Sir Iain Vallance, rose from £702,000 to £862,000.

Salvesen profits cut

CHRISTIAN SALVESEN, the international haulier based in Scotland which specialises in frozen food, reported pre-tax profits for the year to May of £26.4m, down from £29.9m last time. The company cut its final dividend to 3.40p from 5.35p after profits from food services fell due to a poor vegetable harvest.

Granada store move

GRANADA FOOD Services, a subsidiary of the Granada catering group, has been selected as the joint venture partner by Littlewoods to manage and operate the retail chain's 90 in-store public restaurants and take-away facilities. The joint venture is worth £37.5m over the seven-year contract period.

Carton-maker sale

WADDINGTON YESTERDAY put its struggling carton-making business up for sale after a disappointing set of results. The company hopes to raise around £70m, Waddington's chief executive, Martin Buckley, said. News of the sale sent its shares 16p higher to 236p, valuing the company at just over £300m.

Meanwhile at Flemings, young

Godfrey scores at trusts association

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS

BY JOHN WILLCOCK



Godfrey has been replaced by Simon Crinage, product development director for investment trusts. Patrick Gifford, chairman of Fleming Investment Trust Management, commented: "Whilst we are very sorry to see Daniel go, it has gradually become apparent that he was going to run out of headroom in his current role with us." Let's hope there are plenty of high ceilings at the ATC's City offices in Chiswick Street.

The good news is that Mr Godfrey is keen to bring the ATC up to date: "I want to create an environment where investment trusts can create exceptional returns, and where shareholders can enjoy those returns," says the Flemings man.

Mr Godfrey's arrival means that David Harris, the trusty deputy at the ATC who held the fort while the head-hunters did their work, didn't get the top job.

Meanwhile at Flemings, young

lic area, Sir Ross has chosen to don his Lycra shorts and do his bit "at some ungodly hour", according to a colleague, so that underlings don't see him sweating profusely.

At least he's digging deep to help the cause. The company hopes to raise £5,000 for the Save the Children Fund, and the benevolent Sir Ross has pledged to double whatever is raised, from his own fat wallet.

A DENTIST who "developed a phobia of dentistry" and retired from his work was refused a payout by his insurance company, prompting him to complain to the Personal Investment Authority's ombudsman.

The insurance company refused his claim saying that "it did not consider a phobia to be a recognised medical complaint".

Perusing the annual report from the Personal Investment Authority (PIA), as one does, I noticed the reference to the dentist's disputed claim on a Permanent Health Insurance (PHI) policy.

The dentist had taken the advice of two psychiatrists and his GP, and had taken early retirement. He was receiving a substantial NHS pension.

The complainant underwent two independent psychiatric assessments, "both of which confirmed that he was totally unable to follow his occupation as a dentist", and that he was a danger to himself and his patients".

Happily for the dentist, the ombudsman over-ruled the company, opening up a whole range of possibilities for work-related phobia claims. Aaagh, there's a desk...

COMPANY RESULTS

	Turnover £	Pre-tax £	EPS	Dividend
Aspel (F)	159.60m (149.65m)	10.25m (9.77m)	10.5p (9.5p)	
Banner Houses (F)	40.18m (28.19m)	7.30m (2.20m)	3.0p (1.8p)	
British Land (F)	284.1m (277.0m)	127.2m (51.2m)	9.5p (9.0p)	
Cleveland Trust (F)	9.85m (7.85m)	2.33m (1.57m)	8.4p (8.0p)	
CPL Airlines (F)	34.90m (34.25m)	1.483m (0.522m)	11.8p (6.2p)	4.8p (4.5p)
Culinary Group (F)	50.01m (45.94m)	8.62m (5.32m)	41.5p (38.2p)	14.25p (12.5p)
Dove Scientific (F)	2.52m (2.27m)	-0.474m (0.137m)	-1.7p (4.7p)	n/a
Electromechanics (F)	682.4m (611.3m)	118.2m (112.4m)	18.0p (17.7p)	9.0p (7.7p)
ESI International (F)	77.68m (64.90m)	2.943m (5.54m)	2.35p (4.5p)	2.35p (2.35p)
Food & Beverage (F)	3.65m (3.72m)	1.51m (1.58m)	3.8p (7.4p)	0.5p (-)
Greater Computing (F)	8.32m (4.50m)	1.02m (0.487m)	1.28p (0.828p)	- (-)
Hughes (F)	30.65m (21.31m)	2.22m (2.13m)	22.2p (18.9p)	7.5p (7.0p)
Independent Energy (F)	34.92m (5.40m)	0.428m (0.395m)	2.5p (7.3p)	0.5p (-)
Walter Cope (F)	7.48m (6.43m)	1.305m (0.803m)	10.5p (7.1p)	4.5p (3.25p)
Warren Estate Holdings (F)	8.02m (5.73m)	1.157m (0.682m)	2.31p (1.91p)	2.31p (1.91p)
Waterfall Holdings (F)	8.25m (8.25m)	1.157m (0.682m)	2.31p (1.91p)	2.31p (1.91p)
(F) - Final (F) - Interim (F) - Minis Minis ↑ EPS is pre-exceptional ↑ Dividend to be paid as a RD				

SPORT

Grand design turns circuits into sideshows

NOTHING more effectively highlights the vexed problem of overtaking than the games of dodgem cars that enlivened the two attempts necessary to get Sunday's Canadian Grand Prix under way.

On the first effort five cars were involved in an accident as Alexander Wurz's Benetton rolled over Jean Alesi's Sauber; in the second, Jarno Trulli's Prost had a coming together with Alesi's car.

"The problem is that too many young drivers get greedy," Alesi said. "When you make a good start there comes a point when you have to be satisfied with the progress you have made, otherwise you cannot get round the corner. There is no point to try and pass everyone, it just doesn't work."

Such the difficulty in overtaking in F1 these days, however, that the start and the pitstop represent the best opportunities. The rest is often follow-my-leader. Ricardo Rosset has scarcely set the road alight this season, yet a driver of Johnny Herbert's calibre lacked the straightline speed to pass his Tyrrell and struggled for several laps before finally squeezing ahead.

Jacques Villeneuve, whose own effort to pass Giancarlo Fisichella ended with an embarrassing trip across the gravel bed and the incident that lost him his Williams' rear wing, said: "Part of the problem is the attitude in grand prix racing. When I arrived here the only thing that people could tell me was that overtaking was impossible, and that you shouldn't even bother to try. If you go into a race in that spirit, all you think of is when to make the next

pit stop, to give yourself a chance of overtaking someone.

"Often you can even see another driver thinking about passing someone, then in the middle of it he thinks: 'Oh, I shouldn't be doing this'. It's as if it's in his mind not to do it, so he never tries it. If you end up banging wheels and crashing, the criticism that follows will outweigh the positive reaction that should come from your having tried to pass someone. It's almost as if it's better not to try."

Formula One is criticised for its lack of overtaking, particularly in comparison with the American ChampCar series in which pitstops play just as significant a role, yet the on-track action is often spectacular.

The FIA, the sport's governing body, is investigating how to improve the possibilities for overtaking in F1, and one suggestion has been to abandon the flat-bottomed cars used since 1983, and to revert to those with shaped ground-effect undershells similar to ChampCars.

A higher minimum weight and reversion to steel, rather than carbon, brakes have also been mooted. The reigning ChampCar champion, Alex Zanardi, a former F1 driver, said: "There is more that you can do with the car, and it does not suffer so much from the aerodynamic turbulence that prevents other drivers following you closely enough to try overtaking."

The oval tracks that comprise a significant part of the FedEx

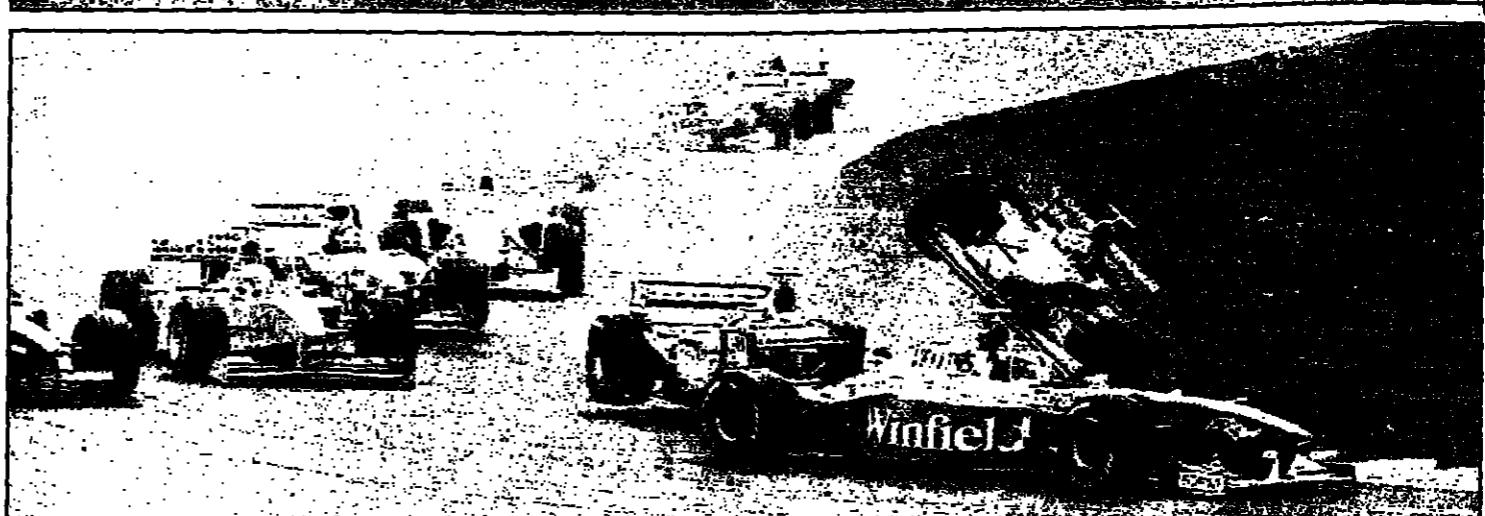
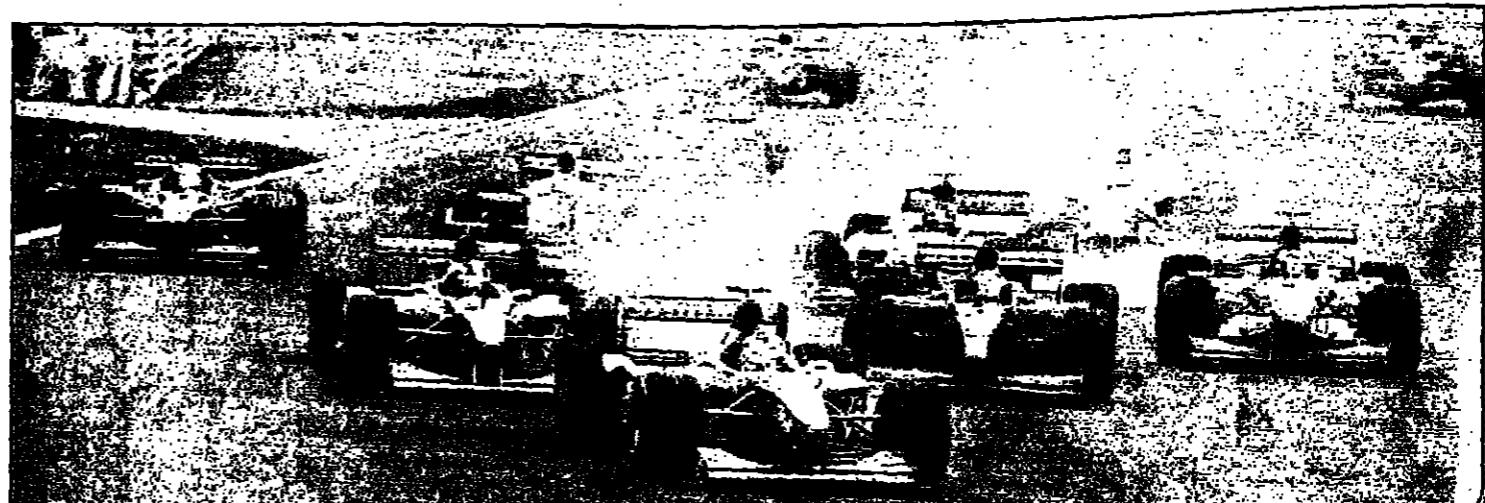
ChampCar series, the cars regularly run inches apart at more than 200mph, whereas F1 cars lose a sizeable amount of downforce the moment they get too close to one another. Patrick Head, the technical director of Williams, reports that their telemetry indicates an appreciable reduction in downforce when one car gets within 50 metres of another.

"There are two issues here," Ron Dennis, the McLaren chief, suggests. "Close racing and overtaking. If you want close racing you must have stable regulations which remain unchanged for long periods."

Villeneuve said: "As long as we remain so dependent on downforce, the more difficult it is going to be to follow people around corners. The cars are now so aerodynamically efficient, even on the straight, that you cannot slipstream any more."

The underlying problem is that the designers are too clever. Historically, any attempt to limit downforce, since the late Colin Chapman taught his rivals how to harness it effectively in the Seventies, has always been circumvented by the ingenuity of the designers.

The answer is thus far more complex than it might first seem. Until a satisfactory compromise is reached, races will tend to be processionals, or else irresistible forces will continue to meet immovable forces to the detriment of the world's most highly developed race cars.



The charge into the first corner of the Gilles Villeneuve circuit saw Alexander Wurz (far right, top picture) forced wide as the rest of the pack close up after swerving to avoid Mika Hakkinen's McLaren. Wurz then made an excursion across the grass (middle), re-entering the track vertically between Jean Alesi and Heinz-Harald Frentzen (bottom)

Credit: Empics/Allsport

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مكتبة من الأدلة

A calmer Fallon confirms arrival

The champion Flat jockey talks to Sue Montgomery about his more relaxed attitude now that the pressure to prove himself is off

WITH THE Flat racing season coming up to its half-way mark at next week's Royal Ascot it is already clear that the reigning champion jockey, Kieren Fallon, will, barring cataclysmic injury, be crowned for the second time in November. But there are still some puzzling aspects to the scenario.

Why, for instance, did a fair proportion of the sport's pundits refuse to acknowledge last year that the man leading the title race was actually the best exponent of his craft? And why did it take Fallon, with his highly developed will to win and extraordinary empathy with the equine species, so long to reach the pinnacle? At the age of 33, he is no boy wonder, as were the likes of Dettori, Cannet, Eddery and Piggott before him.

The answers are probably inextricably linked and lie within the nature of the man himself. Irish-born like so many talented horsemen, he plied his trade for most of his career on the northern circuit, a bread-and-butter round of business not exactly despised but a world away from the wealth and fashion of Suffolk and Berkshire.

And in those days he was, by

his own admission, a bit wild. Which may be something of an understatement if you consider that, as well as picking up the usual punishments for riding infringements that are part of a jockey's lot, he was, at various times, banned or fined for violent conduct, verbal abuse, misleading the Jockey Club stewards and hitting a horse over the head.

It was two years ago that Fallon took his finger off the self-destruct button. It was a close-run thing, but the softly-spoken son of a Co. Clare taxi driver finally seems a man at peace with himself and at ease with the world.

"I have Jimmy Fitzgerald, who I joined as an apprentice from Ireland to thank," he said. "He took me aside one day and pointed out that the only loser was going to be me and that I was the only one who could do anything about it. My attitude and behaviour was costing me not only winners and money, but also professional credibility."

Underneath the volatility was an innate talent that could not be overlooked. Fallon not only has the hunger and the technique but the ability to transmit something extra to the

animals underneath him. Call it a will to win if you like; it is certainly a will to run, even though the discomfort barrier. He can make up horses' minds for them.

By the end of the 1996 season Fallon had put his career back on the rails to such an extent that he finished third in the jockeys' table on 136 winners, a virtually un-

Willie Carson is always criticising me for not getting hold of horses' heads, but to me that's gagging them, stopping the forward movement'

heard-of total for one north-ern-based jockey. He had started riding regularly for some

of the big Newmarket yards and at the end of the year acquired the plum job as No 1 to Henry Cecil's mighty stable.

Plain sailing from there on in? Not at all, just more pressure, more stress. Eyebrows had popped through the ozone layer at the thought that Cecil had hired this graduate of Malton and Thirsk. A bit of rough,

what? But this time Fallon stayed smooth.

It was a testimony to the trainer's judgement as well as his man's new-found grace under fire that Fallon maintained a title challenge through what proved a roller coaster of a first season in the limelight. The jockey bagged his first two Classics – the 1,000 Guineas on

can cope now," he said. "I have finally learned to relax. And that means I can enjoy it all more. Although I won those big races last year, I think it would be a greater thrill if I won them now. The pressure did not allow me to enjoy the moments as much as I should have done at the time. I just wanted to get on to the next day and prove more.

"I was an outsider, a stranger in the south, and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have failed. I just had to win that championship. With the opportunities I had been given, nothing else would have done."

Fallon thrives on winning, sure. But sometimes that is almost a bonus on top of the sheer pleasure he gets from the act of riding. With him, it is almost a fusion of identities.

"I just like being on a horse, he said, "whether it's riding work, or just riding in the country. But when you're racing you get the ultimate feeling the rhythm and flow of the race, getting deep into your horse, getting him to stretch, becoming one with him."

One of Fallon's trademarks is that late, perfectly timed swoop so beloved of punters. "I love to ride them from the back, get them to switch off so they hardly know they're racing. Then I can stalk the field, cover everyone, make my move. When you have got the right horse under you, one that not only can do it but wants to do it, is sheer pleasure. Like when I won at York last month on that lovely mare Bollin Joanne."

"I like to throw them their head, on the buckle end of the rein. I ride the horse, you see, the whole horse, not just its head. Anyway, you use your legs

Robert Hallam

and your body to keep a horse balanced, not your hands. Some jockeys just push the reins and when you see that you know they could be getting so much more from that horse. Willie Carson is always criticising me for not getting hold of their heads, but to me that's gagging them, stopping the forward movement."

Willie Carson's trademarks is that late, perfectly timed swoop so beloved of punters. "I love to ride them from the back, get them to switch off so they hardly know they're racing. Then I can stalk the field, cover everyone, make my move. When you have got the right horse under you, one that not only can do it but wants to do it, is sheer pleasure. Like when I won at York last month on that lovely mare Bollin Joanne."

"I like to throw them their head, on the buckle end of the rein. I ride the horse, you see, the whole horse, not just its head. Anyway, you use your legs

Con man warned off for 10 years

BY GREG WOOD

THERE WAS a hint of Damon Runyan about a verdict handed down by the Jockey Club yesterday, when a con-man who made a living by picking up other punters' winning bets was warned off for 10 years.

The speciality of Raymond Hill, who was convicted almost two years ago of obtaining money by criminal deception on racecourses, was a fraud known as "blue betting". Almost all on-course bookmakers issue pre-printed, numbered tickets as confirmation of a bet, but their numbering sequence does not stretch beyond three figures. Thus, when ticket 999 is handed out, the next will be 001.

Hill would collect discarded, losing tickets from the betting ring, and then listen in as bookmakers struck bets with other punters, hoping that a winning bet would coincide with the number on an old ticket. He would then be first in line when the bookie paid out, leaving the honest punter disappointed when he presented his slip.

Hill was convicted at Derby Crown Court in 1996 of obtaining a pecuniary advantage by deception at Market Rasen. The case against him was heard in his absence by the Jockey Club's Disciplinary Committee last Thursday, when account was also taken of previous convictions for similar offences, but details of its verdict were announced only yesterday.

Hill was banned from all courses and any Jockey Club property for 10 years, and if he ever returns to a track, he will find his scam has been overtaken by time. Within a few months, course bookmakers will be required to issue computerised betting slips which include precise details of all bets placed. Some may mourn the passing of the colourful bookies' tickets, but progress will at least make life difficult for tricksters like Raymond Hill.

Kieren Fallon: 'I was an outsider, a stranger in the south and I just had to win that championship'

and his wife Julie and young daughter Natalie, is putting down roots in Newmarket with the imminent purchase of a substantial property, and his smile – no less charming than Dettori's – is becoming more frequent. "I would not have fitted into this job a few years ago, when I was in the wrong frame of mind. But now I can make it work, and I'm enjoying it." The man is no longer driven by demons, just healthy ambition.

Fallon, with wife Julie and young daughter Natalie, is putting down roots in Newmarket with the imminent purchase of a substantial property, and his smile – no less charming than Dettori's – is becoming more frequent. "I would not have fitted into this job a few years ago, when I was in the wrong frame of mind. But now I can make it work, and I'm enjoying it." The man is no longer driven by demons, just healthy ambition.

SALISBURY

HYPERION
2.15 Woore Lass 4.15 Classic Manoeuvre (nb)
2.45 Silver Lining 4.45 Trina's Pet
3.15 IVORY DAWN (nap) 5.15 Krista
3.45 Farringdon Hill

SONGS: Good (Good to So's in places).
STALLS: 1-m2f; inside remainder – stands side.

DRAW ADVANTAGE: Low numbers best for 5f & 7f.

© Right-hand course, mainly uphill and testing.

© Course 3m 5f off city of A3050, Salisbury station (London, Waterloo-Eastern line) 3m. Bus service to course. ADMISSIONS: Members £10.00; Tattersalls £25; Course Enclosure £4.50 (including under-16s free all enclosures). CIR park: £10.00.

LEADING TRAINERS: Mrs M Rousey 32 winners from 284 runners (success rate 11.5%). J Goode 19-59 (2.15), M Johnson 16-131 (12.2%). J Berry 15-132 (11.4%).

GLEAMING: K. Darley 44 wins from 238 runs (success rate 18.5%). J. Moore 20-140 (14.3%), J. Moore 19-119 (11%), J. Fortescue 14-174 (9%).

FAVOURITES: 211 wins from 584 races (success rate 36.1%).

BLINKERED FIRST TIME: Batsman (2.45), Pakay (3.45), Hadliss (voted, 4.15), Porte (voted, 5.15).

And in those days he was, by

FORM GUIDE

Henry's Grub: Profic winner last term and in good form when four lengths fourth to Outline from two drags at Goodwood last week. Best on soft surface. Silver Lining: Absent second half of last season after wins in amateur events here and at Ascot. Recent 2nd at 12f on soft (1m, firm) last term. Could be fatigued. Roffey Sprague: Dual last winter/early last year but has not shown much this term and looked unenthusiastic when unleashed quickly in Brighton clatter. Classic Zander: Decent fourth to Vixen at 1m2f last term at Goodwood. Best on soft surface. Silver Lining: 1st (nb) and 2nd last term to Vixen at 1m2f. Best on soft surface. Krista: 3rd last term with 77 maiden wins at Epsom but last sold for 2,500 gns. Has shown little sparkle in three outings for new connections. Halsamerser: Winner off 128 higher for Mrs Rousey at Doncaster last term and off the mark for new connections in Brighton clatter in April. Unlucky head and shoulders 2nd from all in a race where he was beaten by a neck. Best on soft surface. Farringdon Hill: Winner off 128 last season with 77 maiden wins at 1m2f. Best on soft surface. Krista: On a long losing streak but has shown some late improvement. Tally: 3rd last term to Vixen at 1m2f in a race where she was beaten by a neck. Best on soft surface. Krista: 3rd last term to Vixen at 1m2f in a race where she was beaten by a neck. Best on soft surface. Krista: Soft-ground winner of Saint-Cloud clatter when trained in France last season. First run in handicap here after fair start to Village Star at Sandown. Glare: Yarmouth winner (7f) last term and good fit in Newbury bumper last month but well beaten in 1m2f. Best on soft surface. Krista: Soft-ground winner of Saint-Cloud clatter when trained in France last season. First run in handicap here after fair start to Village Star at Sandown. 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The referees: England's representative in France tells Clive White how he will have to change his conciliatory approach

Durkin is ready to toe Fifa's tough line

WHEN Paul Durkin talks only half-jokingly of how England's success could jeopardise his chances of refereeing the World Cup final, he is under a slight misapprehension.

It is not so much his native country who stand in his way of realising his lifelong dream as the favourites Brazil, or to be more specific, a certain old Brazilian and an alleged feud which dates back to a game between Brazil and Sweden in the 1978

The score in the first round group B game stood at 1-1 when, with the last kick of the match, Zico turned a corner for Brazil into the net just as Clive "The Book" Thomas, the Portcawl referee, blew for full time. To the amazement of the Brazilians, not least among them the then Fifa president Charles Joao Havelange, the fastidious Welshman disallowed the "goal".

As a consequence of that draw Brazil ended up in the group they most wanted to avoid, that of the hosts Argentina, and narrowly failed to make the final. Whereupon Havelange is alleged to have vowed that no Englishman would ever referee Brazil again in a World Cup game as long as he was president – overlooking the fact that Thomas was as Welsh as the Rhondda – since when, in 25 World Cup ties involving Brazil, no Englishman ever has. With Havelange's tenure ending yesterday, it remains to be seen whether things will change.

The youngest ever to officiate at a Wembley final – he ran the line in the FA Trophy at the age of 24 – Durkin, now 42, came to the fore during Euro 96 when his friend, Dermot Gallagher, pulled up with a calf injury 25 minutes into the France-Bulgaria game at St. James' Park. Players are notorious for trying it on with substitute referees, but Durkin

quickly stamped his authority and earned a high mark from the match observer.

With the injuries suffered by Gallagher keeping him out for a year, Durkin has emerged as England's No 1, coming with "a late run up the rails" to overtake the referee whom many assumed would be going to France, Graham Poll. In the season just ended Durkin refereed the FA Cup final, in which, thankfully, he was virtually invisible, as well as two European Cup semi-finals, which is almost unprecedented. But the match that may have clinched it for him, he believes, was a Champions' League tie last year between Rosenborg and Real Madrid, played in near treacherous conditions in Norway. Durkin scored nine and a half out of 10 from the Swedish observer, who also happened to be on Fifa's referees' committee.

All of which makes this refereeing game sound rather competitive these days, and Durkin is unable to resist the temptation to talk about it in player-speak. "My main aim in France is to referee the one game I definitely get, to the best of my ability, which I am quite confident of doing. After that, it's a case of taking one game at a time," he said, suddenly realising what he had said. "And if I get another one I'll be over the moon. If not, I'll be sick as a parrot."

Some referees nowadays, perhaps due to these high-profile games, cannot resist playing to the gallery and Durkin, to his credit, recognised such a failing in his own demeanour earlier in the season and rectified it. The Fifa style of refereeing is very much "in your face" and Durkin admitted that he fell into the trap of doing it all the time. "I was perceived as this stiff officious fitter who I'm far from being," he

said. "I think what brought it home to me was the Petit incident in October (when the Arsenal player shoved Durkin and was sent off). He shouldn't have put his hand on me but looking back I could have done certain things to prevent the incident happening."

Durkin's willingness to down-grade a red card which he had given Manchester United's Gary Pallister to yellow on video evidence was further example of his new style conciliatory tone. Similarly, he was more than happy to answer Glenn Hoddle's request to come

down from his home in Dorchester, where he works as a fleet administrator for a housing association, to spend a week at Bisham taking the players through the new Fifa edits, notably the tackle from behind.

But Durkin knows he is going to have to be tough in France if he is to travel far in this competition. Fifa obligingly, have warned the 34 referees that any who do not toe the line will be on the first plane home. "I know it sounds horrible, but if there's any doubt about whether it's a yellow or a red, I'll bin them," said the officious little so-and-so.

Durkin, in fact, is nothing of the sort, although he takes a hard line on dissent. That, he has discovered, is the major difference between continental games and Premiership ones. "Abroad I have the total respect of the players," he said. "I think English referees are highly thought of. But it's always the way, you're never appreciated as much in your own country. I don't know whether it's because we're not paid enough or what, but they tend to look down their nose at you in this country."

Having grown up in a footballing family – his father was a professional – and played the game at junior level as a winger, he can empathise with the problems of players better than many referees. "I know what it's like to be kicked up in the air as well as kick someone else up in the air," he said.

He once booked his own brother during his first season as a teenage referee. "He took this player out with a thigh-high challenge," he said. "I just called him over and asked him his name. He said: 'You know my name'. So I asked him again even though I'd already written it down

and warned him he'd be off next time. But he got home before me and told mum, so when I got home I got a bollocking. But it did make me realise that I might be cut out for this game. I knew I could be impartial."

As a player himself he was also once suspended. He remembers it with great clarity and not a little shame.

"I was fined £4 and suspended for 14 days. It was for three bookings, one for a physical challenge," he said. And the other two? "Offering improper advice to the referee," he replied sheepishly.

Ellis a knockout during the Battle of Berne

Guy Hodgson on a referee who stamped his authority as Brazil and Hungary went to war in a 1954 World Cup quarter-final

ANYONE over 25 probably remembers Arthur Ellis. Straight man to Stuart Hall and Eddie Waring, he presided over *It's A Knockout* on television for 18 years, imposing rule on chaos.

Which is akin to recalling Wellington for his boots. They happened but were scarcely important compared to the Iron Duke's destruction of Napoleon's armies on the Iberian peninsula and at Waterloo. Ellis was one of football's great referees.

Now 83, it is not an exaggeration to say Ellis' cv is the sort few players can better. He refereed in three World Cups, including the 1950 final, officiated in the first European Cup final (Real Madrid 4 Reims 3), the 1962 FA Cup final and was in charge of more than 40 internationals.

You do not become part of moments like these unless you are a special kind of whistle blower, but one match set him apart. The Battle of Berne it was later named and it was one of the most unpleasant games in World Cup history. Ellis was a man caught in the middle of a war zone.

He refereed Brazil in the 1950

finals when they beat Sweden 7-1 and also officiated in the Olympic final two years later when Hungary's Mighty Magyars won the gold medal. When he learned he would be in charge of their World Cup quarter-final of 1954 he was thrilled at the prospect.

"I thought it was going to be the greatest game I'd ever see," he said at his Brighouse home. "I was on top of the world." It was a wholly deluded anticipation. "Whether politics and religion had something to do with it I don't know, but they behaved like animals. It was a disgrace."

Football was forgotten as vendettas were carried on. Nilton Santos and Josef Bozsik, a member of Hungary's parliament, exchanged punches and were sent off; at one point Djalma Santos, spitting and gesticulating, was chasing Zoltan Czibor round the pitch behind the referee's back with four minutes left. Ellis dismissed another Brazilian, Humberto Tozzi, who fell to his knees pleading not to go.

The final whistle merely ended what discipline was left. Pinheiro



Arthur Ellis today and when he refereed Italy v Paraguay in 1950



Photograph (left): Barry Greenwood

was hit on the head by a bottle thrown from the Hungarian bench (allegedly by the injured Ferenc Puskas) and the fighting continued off the pitch when the Brazilians invaded their opponents' dressing-room.

"It was a horrible match," Ellis continued. "In today's climate so many players would have been sent off the game would have been aban-

doned. My only thought was that I was determined to finish it." Did he know about the fight in the dressing-room? "I knew something was going on but I wasn't going to get involved. Amazingly, football's governing body did nothing, leaving discipline to the respective countries. "Fifa turned a blind eye. Too many committee members were afraid of losing trips to nice places." The retribution

never came. "They were the only players I ever sent off who were never punished," Ellis said.

If that match left a bad taste then

Ellis' first World Cup in Brazil four years earlier was one of wonder. He was linesman in the opening fixture, refereed two others and also ran the line in what, in a tournament run on a league basis, was effectively the final, between the home country and

Uruguay. The images are still strong.

In the first game, Brazil's opening goal against Mexico prompted a pitch invasion, not from spectators but from reporters and radio commentators trying to get quotes. In the last, a world record 204,000 spectators packed into the massive new Maracana in the expectation of a Brazilian victory.

Instead Uruguay won 2-1. "That crowd will never be beaten, they wouldn't allow it today. I remember Juan Schiaffino scoring for Uruguay. He missed it but it went in at the near post and the reaction was amazing. The biggest crowd in football history and you could have heard a pin drop."

As for England's notorious defeat by the United States in the same tournament, Ellis' reaction was the same as everybody else's, one of disbelief. "I was refereeing Italy versus Paraguay in Sao Paulo that day and it was the first time I'd seen an electronic scoreboard because at that time they used to chalk scores on blackboard and walk it round the field. We thought that England had won 10-1 and they couldn't put double figures on the scoreboard."

Forced to retire in 1962 at the age of 47, the timing coincided with BBC exploring pantomime for prizes and *It's A Knockout* was

born, something he still participates in on company days thanks to Stuart Hall's buying of the props and costumes. It is the only refereeing he does these days and for that he is grateful.

"Everything is regimented," said Ellis, who selects Uriah Heep and Peter Jones as the best of the current officials. "A referee can't use his ability, he's told what to do and has to do it. In my time you stamped your personality on a game. I wouldn't get away now with the things I used to do."

Like the time he calmed down a raging Bob Paisley. "I remember him threatening to part an opponent's hair if he beat him once more," he said, laughing deep and loud. "I offered him a comb."

It is not just the fact that he saw Paisley, the greatest of English club managers, as a player that places Ellis in a different image, it is the humour. Can you imagine a modern referee defusing a potentially explosive situation with a joke? The only thing today's officials are armed with is an unsmiling demeanour and a pack of yellow and red cards.

You wonder whether today's automated approach could handle games like the Battle of Berne. France 98 prays there will be no repetition but if there is you hope the referee will be as brave.

A place for Gazza in pundits' first eleven?

REPEAT after me: *je suis une pomme de terre du canapé*. But most of all, say it proudly because, and I'm translating here, "we of the potatoes of the sofa" will be the real heroes of France 98. Ticketed we may be, but the hundreds of hours we are about to devote to the televised coverage of the biggest tournament in football history will be seen as the most noble of sacrifices as we forsake relationships, work, personal hygiene and healthy diets in favour of 33 days of wide-eyed sloth and food-stained clothing. So why haven't either the BBC or ITV named our patron saint, Gazza of *Sheb-U-Like*?

The 32 World Cup managers were allowed the luxury of a 2 June deadline for announcing their squads, but unfortunately our two national

STAN HEY
VIEW FROM THE ARMCHAIR

broadcasters covering the tournament had to finalise their line-ups months ago for publicity purposes. Somebody coming with a late run of form was always going to struggle to get in, and not many television folk could have expected Gascoigne's sudden availability for work. Unless there is a last-minute secret deal in the offing, resulting in a great coup de théâtre in which a masked figure

swings on a rope through the window of a World Cup studio and reveals himself, we are left with the conundrum of why England's most celebrated footballer of the 1990s is too much of an embarrassment to be taken up as a television pundit.

Some of the answers are too obvious to mention. The real reason is that Gascoigne belongs to an outmoded culture both on and off the field and would have had to undergo the same sort of intense, New Labour makeover that ITV's Barry Venison has endured in order to become presentable to a television audience. Short of changing his name to Jacques Derrida, Venison couldn't have upgraded himself more after giving up his bleach-blond locks and carpet tile jackets. But his reconstruction probably epitomises

what has happened to televised football now that the market researchers and focus groups have had their say.

It explains why ITV pinched Rund Gullit from the BBC to be its lead analyst and why the Beeb immediately retaliated by signing up David Ginola – it wasn't just a case of serving up the crumpet factor, but more that Gullit and Ginola are articulate spokesmen for British football's stylish new internationalism. For years, our television panels have routinely rubbished foreign players in tournaments for such assorted crimes as diving, not being good in the air or liking tackles being too emotional and going off for stitches to head wounds.

But Ron Atkinson, ITV's most vivid "colour commentator", will

probably get a rocket in his earpiece from the producer if he continues to trawl the xenophobic joke books of his fellow scouser Stan Boardman. We are all Europeans now.

Indeed, I suspect that ITV will move heavily into BBC territory during this tournament, partly due to the mistakes learned from the disastrous studio set up at USA 94 – only President Kennedy died more horribly in Dallas than Matthew Lorenzo and Denis Law – but also because the man who masterminded the BBC's years of superiority, Brian Barwick, is running their show. Without trying to take the ITV audience too far up-market – they have signed retro-lads Skinner and Baddiel after all – Barwick has nevertheless gone for a front row of high-profile managerial experts to dispense their wisdom and

Alex Ferguson could be a real winner, provided he isn't paired with Kevin Keegan.

Cynics might point out that having

ex-Chelsea manager Gullit and ex-Sheffield Wednesday manager Atkinson will make the studio more like a Job Centre than a football forum, but along with Bobby Robson and Terry Venables, both former England managers, with semi-final defeats to the Germans as emotional scars, they will present a formidable challenge if they can get the style right.

Style is unlikely to be a problem for the BBC, given that their anchor Des Lynam has come to redefine the very word. You suspect that Des could probably do the entire tournament without speaking, simply raising an eyebrow or twirling his moustache instead. Only

two things worry me about the Beeb – first, that they are a bit top-heavy with players as their experts and, secondly, that Des himself has been giving hints of turning into a bit of a "media tart" with his thematically related adverts – under-arm deodorant and garden fertiliser – and his appearance in a recent play.

Des has already promised that, in keeping with football's upward profile, he will be brushing up his French in preparation. But what if he gets stuck into the pastis in Paris and goes completely native, smooching at the camera and leaving a Gauloise dangling in the corner of his mouth? There is no obvious replacement for him...unless of course? Could there yet be a role for the man who got stuck into the pastis?

England's leadership: The national coach's indecision makes a mockery of optimism possible a few months ago

Folly of Hoddle's muddled thinking

LAST autumn, when Manchester United demolished Juventus in the first leg of their Champions' League tie at Old Trafford, it seemed reasonable to believe not only that United could revisit the glory of their European past but that this brashly gifted young team could provide for England the foundation of a serious World Cup challenge.

Juventus were a classy side, experienced, with outstanding players - Del Piero, Zidane, Deschamps, Di Livio. Yet even with the distinct advantage of an early goal, Marcello Lippi's team could not live with United over the 90 minutes. Even a sceptic about the English game, immune to Sky's Premiership type, could not fail to be impressed.

It seemed to me that night that a turning point had been reached. For United, and England. United prevailed by virtue of a classic English compound of skill, aggression and willpower, commonly known as guts. And most of the heroes were English.

David Beckham, Nicky Butt, Gary Neville, Teddy Sheringham, Andy Cole, Paul Scholes: convinced of their own ability, arrogantly dismissive of their opponents in the end; the ideal blend of youth and experience. This, one imagined, was how the legendary Busby Babes had been at their glorious best. How fortunate for Glenn Hoddle that so many of them were English.

That thought recurred when United travelled to Stamford Bridge in January to play Chelsea in the FA Cup. Like Juventus, Chelsea possessed a galaxy of foreign stars: Zola, Di Matteo, Vialli, Leboeuf, Petrescu. Like Juventus, the foreigners were blown away by a startling exhibition of controlled aggression. After taking a 5-0 lead United took their foot off the pedal. Something definitive had, however, been established about the difference between the new English footballer and his mercenary European counterpart.

When on reflection on those two United performances, the English identity and character of the assassins (Phil Neville, playing in midfield, scored the opening goal at The Bridge) and considered that Glenn Hoddle could supplement to the cause players such as Alan Shearer, David Seaman, Tony Adams, Robbie Fowler, David Batty, Paul Ince and Ian Wright, it did not require a leap of the imagination to see England mounting a real challenge at this summer's festival of football in France.

Against the background outlined above, Paul Gascoigne is an irrelevance. Ageing, injury-prone, a seriously unfit curiosity, managing - just about - to get by in the Scottish Premier League. Gazza would hardly have lasted 20 minutes in either of the aforementioned two games. He was yesterday, Euro '96, and there, in truth, only briefly. Yet, astonish-



EAMON DUNPHY

ingly, Gazza the talisman has remained an English obsession. England's World Cup fate was dependent, in the eyes of many who should know better, on some metamorphosis that would transform the slob into a World Cup athlete.

The England coach appears to have believed in the Gazza myth as enthusiastically as anybody. Without Gazza England would lack a creative dimension, it was claimed. Hoddle tacitly consented to this nonsense. And nonsense it is. When Manchester United thrashed Juventus, and even more severely Chelsea, was there any discernible absence of creativity? Answer that question correctly... and you begin to understand the folly of so much that passes for critical analysis of the English game; so much of which appears to permeate the thinking also, sadly, of Glenn Hoddle.

Flagellation is universally known as the English vice; in football-related matters this vice is taken to extremes. Understood and harnessed, the natural English virtues deployed by Manchester United against Juventus and Chelsea are priceless. Power, aggression, the wit of Beckham and Scholes allied to the relentless preying of Cole and Butt. Sheringham's elusive precision, the unshakeable composure of the Neville brothers - such qualities are, when blended, unique to the English.

Discovering its true identity and celebrating it is a task that has proved beyond English football men. Significantly, it was Sir Alf Ramsey who last accomplished the relatively simple task of casting the English footballer in his proper role. With apologies to none, especially his domestic critics, Ramsey won the World Cup.

Ramsey was a practical football man, to whom Alex Ferguson, the United manager, bears more than a passing resemblance, who would have loved, and nurtured, the attitude of United's brash young men. Ramsey would have spotted what Hoddle appears to have missed: the virtue of Englishness... and the pointlessness of persisting with Gazza.

But then Ramsey was a man. Hoddle is merely a prefect: tolerant, reasonable, presentable, ruling in that he may not be alone. But

nothing in - or out - not even the possibility that a faith healer can make a difference. Which is, basically, a load of bollocks.

Hoddle the player was an enigma. Hoddle the coach is similarly obscure, never more so than in recent weeks when his indecision has made a mockery of the optimism about England's chances that was possible a few months ago.

Hoddle clearly believed in Gazza;

surely only he can believe that England can travel to France with one left-sided player, two full-backs, without Nicky Butt and Phil Neville, and hope to survive international football's ultimate test. Asked at the Gazza press conference who might cover at left-back should Graeme Le Saux be injured (or more likely suspended), Hoddle mumbled something about Darren Anderton filling in at left-wing back. That was truly sensational news. Phil Neville was

back in Manchester by then... and England's World Cup destiny clearly outlined.

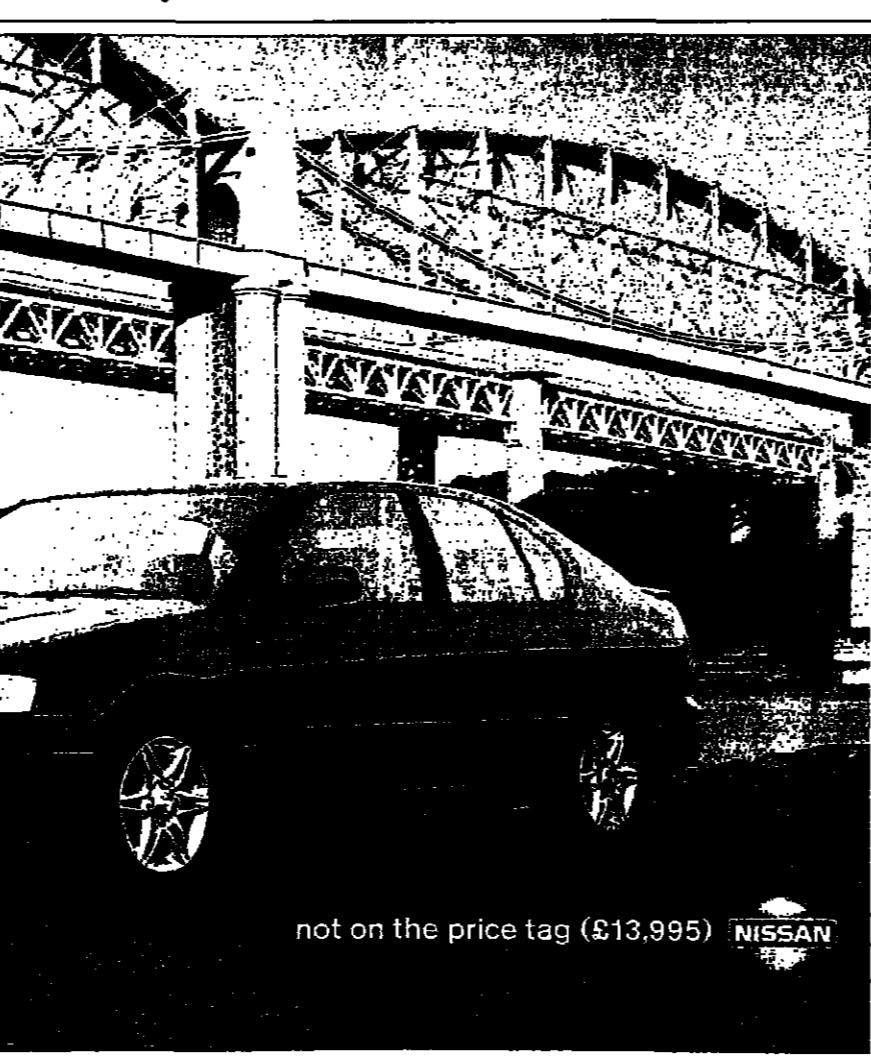
England have played two really serious matches since Hoddle took charge: Italy home and away in World Cup qualifiers. The loss at Wembley was redeemed by the draw in Rome, achieved, it must be said, against a nervously impotent Italian side. What awaits in France is a challenge of a different order. For Glenn Hoddle, the moment of truth has ar-

rived. It is his convictions, whatever they are, that are about to be put to the test. Defeat, especially if it is abject, will doubtless raise a tabloid storm directed mainly at the players. Fury compounded by folly. For this buck should properly stop with Hoddle, The Tinkerer.

Hankering after players he does not possess in order to execute a system - 3-5-2 - that is wrong for the men at his disposal. Preferring Anderton to Phil Neville or Nigel Wim-

terburn, opting for shadow in place of substance.

So recently experimenting with Steve McManaman at right-wing back and, more bizarrely, Jamie Redknapp as sweeper, Hoddle the coach reminds one of nothing so much as Hoddle the player: a man convinced of his own virtue but sadly vulnerable to robust reality. In France, as once at Anfield, there will be no protection for the prefect. In football, hard men rule.



FRANCE returned from a four-day training session in Finland yesterday with doubts concerning the fitness of their playmaker Zinedine Zidane. Since a firing 1-0 win over Finland last Friday, Zidane has been struggling with an injured ankle. Although he is expected to return to training today the French team doctor, Jean-Marcel Ferret, said: "It is preoccupying because there is always that fear that he will not be able to play the first match." If Zidane does not recover his place against South Africa in Marseilles on Friday will most likely be taken by Robert Pires, the Metz midfielder.

Germany suffered injury and illness worries involving two players yesterday, less than 24 hours after arriving in France. The wing-back Christian Ziege was unable to train because of a fever along with the defensive midfielder Thomas Helmer, who has a thigh problem. The Germans' opening match is six days away - they face the United States in Paris on 15 June - but the problems gave coach Bertil Vogts a sobering reminder of his in-

jury-hit Euro '96 campaign when he struggled to field a team for the final and had to ask special permission to fly in another player.

With the average age of the German squad nearly 30 - one of the oldest in the finals - Vogts knows that veteran players can take longer to recover from injuries. Helmer is 33.

"It's a real shame for Helmer because he has been mentally in good form and feeling positive," Vogts said. "I hope he is going to get back soon. I hope he will be able to do some light training. On Ziege, we will leave it to the doctors to decide when he can return."

Italy, who open against Chile in Bordeaux on Thursday, deferred a decision on whether to send the defender Moreno Torricelli home after the team doctor said his injured right foot may have a thigh problem.

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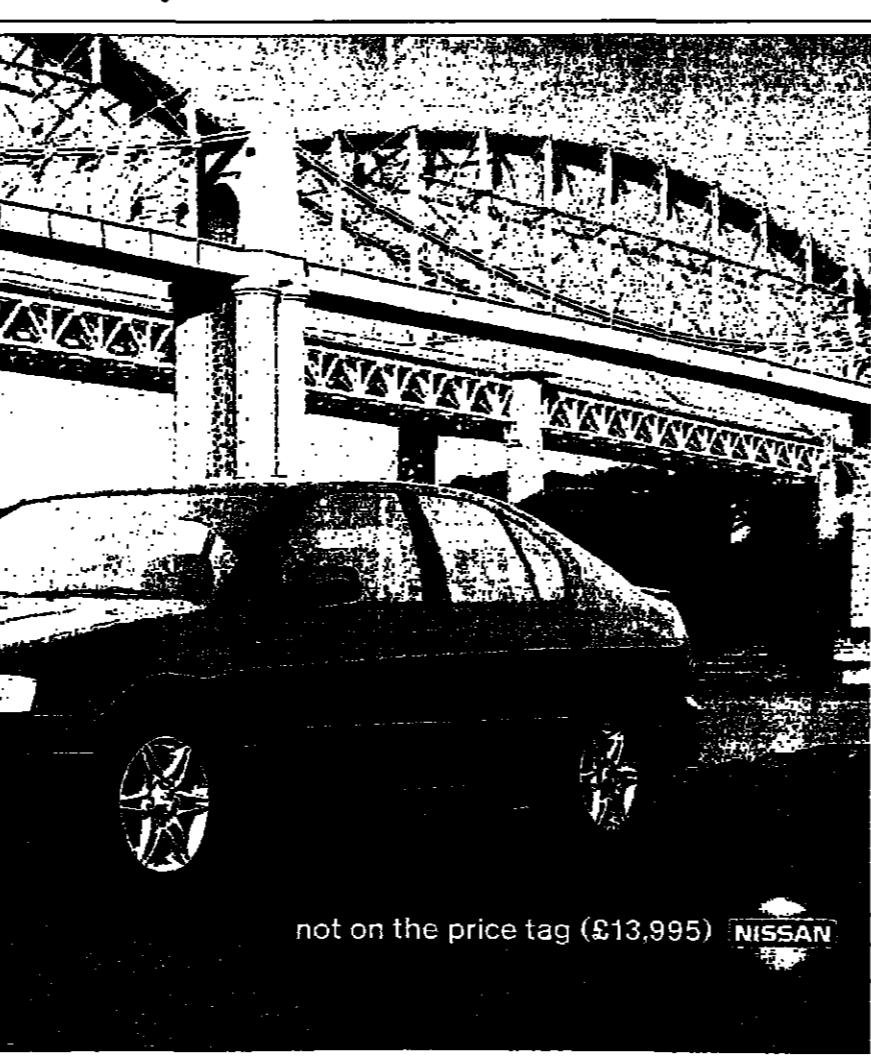
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A twisted left knee forced Michael Laudrup to miss training with Denmark yesterday. The Danish coach, Bo Johansson, already troubled by a knock suffered by the Manchester United goalkeeper Peter Schmeichel, played down the injury as the 33-year-old Ajax midfielder worked out gently with several coaching staff.

"He's not practising today but it shouldn't be a problem," Johansson said. Laudrup is the sole survivor of Denmark's only previous World Cup finals appearance in 1986.

Fernand Castre, the man responsible for bringing the World Cup finals to France, has been admitted to a Paris hospital suffering from lung cancer. Castre, the chairman of the French Football Federation from 1972 to 1984, is the co-president of the World Cup organising committee with Michel Platini.



France alarmed by Zidane ankle injury

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Johansson blames FA in defeat

By GLENN MOORE
in Paris

LENNART JOHANSSON, the most powerful man in European football, last night delivered a savage attack on the Football Association after he suffered a crushing defeat in the election for the presidency of Fifa, the world game's governing body.

Johansson, who appeared to be a certain winner a month ago, lost to Sepp Blatter, the Swiss general secretary of Fifa, in a tense election in a conference hall here.

The result is a boost for the FA's attempt to host the 2006 World Cup but it has come at the potentially heavy cost of alienating Johansson. The Swede remains president of Uefa, the European governing body, and a member of the 24-member Fifa

executive which will decide the venue for 2006.

Johansson, who is firmly behind the German campaign, lost by 111 votes to 80, a much larger verdict than had been expected. He felt the FA's decision, on Friday, to back Blatter publicly had been influential and specifically picked them out in a bitter post-election address.

"I am very surprised at the scale of the defeat," he said. "I expected to get 100 votes. I didn't guess at them. It had been told I would get them. It is difficult for me to understand why the FA of England were behind me a fortnight ago and now they are not. You can speculate why."

Before the election, Johansson had alluded to envelopes of money being passed around but it is not

thought he was suggesting England had been bribed financially - one of the world's richest football associations, England, have no need of a bribe. The FA is, however, in need of influence and Blatter's election is seen as favourable to 2006. He has publicly backed South Africa's candidacy but if they fail to produce a viable bid, which seems increasingly likely, he is expected to prefer England to Germany.

"We feel he will ensure an open and fair process and see the best bid succeed," said Jo Given of the 2006 campaign. Of the FA's change of mind she said: "We have said nothing in the last fortnight to suggest we would back him. About the time Blatter announced he was standing [April], Johansson, who we had expected to be neutral about 2006 if

elected, said he would support Germany's bid. In the light of a second candidate and Johansson's decision we said we would review our position. On Friday we decided that, while we did not doubt Johansson's ability to lead Europe, we felt Blatter was the best person for the whole world of football. He is dynamic and charismatic."

Not everybody would describe Blatter a 62-year-old career administrator with a background in ice hockey and watch-making, as dynamic but he does have charisma, as he showed in making the World Cup draw last December.

Yesterday, after an attempt to make the ballot open was denied, his victory was never in doubt. Although he failed to secure the two-thirds majority required on the first ballot.

Johansson, shocked by his crumbling vote, capitulated before a second was taken.

Afterwards it was pure theatre. Blatter was given a massive spray of flowers and his mentor, the 82-year-old outgoing president Joao Havelange, was made an honorary life president. The Brazilian, in power for 24 years, wiped a tear from his eye and then, having seen the succession secured, paid a glowing tribute to Johansson as "a leader and a friend". Since the pair have been in acrimonious dispute for four years, this brought peals of mirth from the watching media.

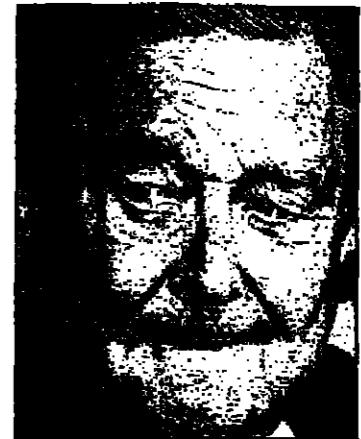
Johansson initially kept his cool, but then he was faced with the ordeal of a press conference. Suddenly he looked every one of his 68 years. He had spent more than three years

and an estimated £500,000 on his campaign and it had ended in humiliation.

Asked if he would stand again he replied: "No, I am too old. Never again." As his coruscating went he attacked the FA, adding: "I was the one who, almost alone, had sympathy for them after Havelange. I was the one who proposed that they should host Euro 96. I had excellent relations with Sir Bert Millichip [the former FA chairman]. I am surprised."

Then Blatter appeared and Johansson was asked to wait and shake hands for the photographers. Graciously he agreed but, as Blatter's entrance became triumphant, he muttered into the microphone, "Mr Sepp Blatter, I'm hungry."

Then, the pictures taken, this bear of a man left the stage and Blat-



Jobansson: Shocked by poll

ter, half a foot shorter but far more dapper, took the limelight. The showman's instinct took over as he reached out for the World Cup trophy itself, which had been sitting nearby, and put it next to him. The first winner - and whatever happens in the next five weeks, few victories will be as complete or as far-reaching - was his.

Dons' Dublin move blocked

By GLENN MOORE

SAM HAMMANS threat to move Wimbledon to Dublin was neutered yesterday when Fifa, the world's governing body, barred clubs from playing in leagues outside their own country unless both national football associations were in favour. The ruling was prompted by the FA of Ireland's opposition to the proposed moves by both Wimbledon and Clydebank to the Irish capital. Hammans, who has been in dispute with Merton Council over the club's long-term home ever since it left Plough Lane to share Selhurst Park, will now have to find a solution within England.

In another debate at the Fifa Congress in Paris England's 2006 World Cup bid was further strengthened when a Dutch proposal that countries within the same federation - such as England and Germany - should not mount simultaneous bids to host the World Cup was rejected.

Meanwhile, one of the people largely responsible for organising this month's tournament in Paris, Michel Platini, has said that French authorities have not yet been invited to the World Cup and are not providing enough support.

Platini, the co-president of the World Cup organising committee, as well as being Sepp Blatter's running-mate in the Fifa presidential election, said: "France has done what it had to do, but nothing more," he said in an interview with a French newspaper.

The man who was France's former national coach and was also arguably their best player, criticised what he sees as a *faisez-faire* attitude in general in France. "Not everybody feels concerned by this event. For example the Culture Ministry doesn't give a damn. We have no links with them," he said. "So in many areas nothing has been planned."

Preparations at many of the 10 venues depended solely "on the personality of the [local] mayor," he stated. But Platini was more confident about the hosts' chances of winning the World Cup and said that 10 teams were in the running. "I think France can," he predicted. "Never has a World Cup been so open. Ten teams stand a chance of winning."

In the interview, Platini also defended the organisers' ticketing policy, which the European Commission said discriminated against foreign fans by making only one third of the 2.5m tickets available outside France. "The debate was over the last 180,000 tickets for the retail market," Platini said. "The European Commission wanted us to sell them to everybody but French people. I thought it was a bit too much and we did what we had planned. You have to defend those who pay their income tax in France and who allow stadiums to be built or renovated."

"When the European Commission demands money for stadiums, maybe we will be ready to discuss with them. It's a personal point of view. You have to be a bit of diplomat in such moments. I'm not really that."



Paul Scholes (centre), flanked by England colleagues Alan Shearer (left) and David Beckham, loosens the limbs at Bisham Abbey yesterday

Photograph: Adam Butler/PA

Scholes set to sparkle in the limelight

PAUL SCHOLES could be heading for a disastrous World Cup campaign. Distrustful, that is, in terms of his preferred image.

While his Manchester United contemporaries, David Beckham and Ryan Giggs, command the attention with their exciting activities both on and off the pitch, this 23-year-old is more than happy to play a quieter role.

"I'm just shy," he said yesterday, with a convincingly shy smile. "I don't like being in the limelight."

Well now, Paul, you could have a bit of a problem there, because you are about to take part in the world's biggest sporting event with all England expecting - or at least hoping - that you can fill the gap left by the lately departed Paul Gascoigne.

England's coach, Glenn Hoddle, has talked about the young Man-

chester United midfielder in glowing terms, referring to him as a potential jewel in the crown. And only this week the United manager, Alex Ferguson, described him as the most creative player in the England side.

Scholes' reaction, sensibly, is to do confidence from such plaudits rather than shrink under the pressure of expectation. He is a sensible young man who has spent his money so far on the most sensible thing anyone can - a house. He has also invested in transport, in the quasi-practical rather than racy

form of a Cherokee Jeep. And he has a girlfriend who is not a Spice Girl.

"I don't think it matters what you are like off the field as long as you are good on it," he said.

As he himself acknowledges, Scholes changes when he gets on to the pitch, becoming a volatile, volatile character. However, his emotions are still a world away from those of Gascoigne, whose exclusion from the final England squad came as a surprise to the United side.

Yet Scholes was quick to point out that six players had been cut from the squad on that day, and he felt the

loss more keenly than some as two of them were his club colleagues Phil Neville and Nicky Butt. The latter was to have been his room-mate in France. "It was impossible to feel pleased with yourself with those two being left out," he said. "It was one of the worst days I can remember. Seeing them walking away - it was horrible."

Asked what his own aims were for the forthcoming tournament, he was conservative. "I just want to play," he said. "I'll take it from there."

Hoddle, however, was happy to speak more eloquently in his favour yesterday. "This lad's got everything as an offensive player," he said. "He can play in different positions and he's going to get better and better. His end product is probably better than any of the youngsters at the

moment. He can score goals, he can make them, he tracks back, he gets his foot in. He's a tough little nut."

"And he's got the temperament; it - he just gets on with his work. I think with a knee problem. He reached the point when an operation was being considered - but then, thankfully, the knee responded to a couple of weeks' rest."

He retains one other difficulty, namely the asthma which will require him to take a number of inhalers to France. "They are working well for me at the moment," he said, adding that the team doctor had told him there would be no problem with him playing a sequence of matches in close proximity.

Now that Gascoigne has gone, that means a more likely prospect. It is a welcome one, too.

Small beer for Spain

JAVIER CLEMENTE, Spain's World Cup coach, said yesterday that smoking and drinking could co-exist with football. "Smoking, in moderation, yes. And drinking in moderation, too," he said when asked whether professional athletes could still get away with it in the modern age.

Moderation and social responsibility were the key, he said, and added that the fact that England's Paul Gascoigne and Teddy Sheringham had been seen smoking need not necessarily mean that they were unable to play football at

the highest level. "There's no problem, and besides Gascoigne and Sheringham are remarkable professionals on the field," he said.

Nwankwo Kanu of Nigeria sat out his side's first full squad practice in France yesterday with what was called a minor ankle injury. Kanu, 21, who led Nigeria to the gold medal at the Atlanta Olympics, was reported to have met one of the team doctors and had his ankle iced. The young player has been beset by a series of lingering leg injuries over the past six months, hampering his come-

back from the heart valve surgery he underwent in 1996.

The Arsenal manager, Arsene Wenger, said yesterday that his Dutch striker Dennis Bergkamp may have a long wait to start his World Cup. "I think he may miss more than just the first two games," Wenger said. "The fact that he hasn't played since our game against Derby will make the World Cup very difficult for him." Bergkamp missed Arsenal's run-in to the Premiership title after suffering a hamstring injury in April.

and Scotland game. Undercover British officers would mingle with the fans. Anyone arrested would appear within a few hours before special courts around the clock. The French government would provide free legal representation for accused fans. The British Ambassador, Sir Michael Jay, said the intention was to assure a peaceful and joyous "festival of football" for the majority of supporters. A senior British police officer would be present in the security control room of every England

fan's face 'instant' fines

bashy also confirmed that members of the Royal Family would be travelling to several England and Scotland first phase games. The Prince of Wales and Prince William would be in Lens for the England v Colombia game on 26 June. The Duke of Edinburgh and Peter Phillips would watch Scotland against Brazil in the opening game tomorrow. The Duke of York will be in Marseilles for England against Tunisia a week today and Prince Edward will be in Bordeaux for Scotland and Norway on the same day.

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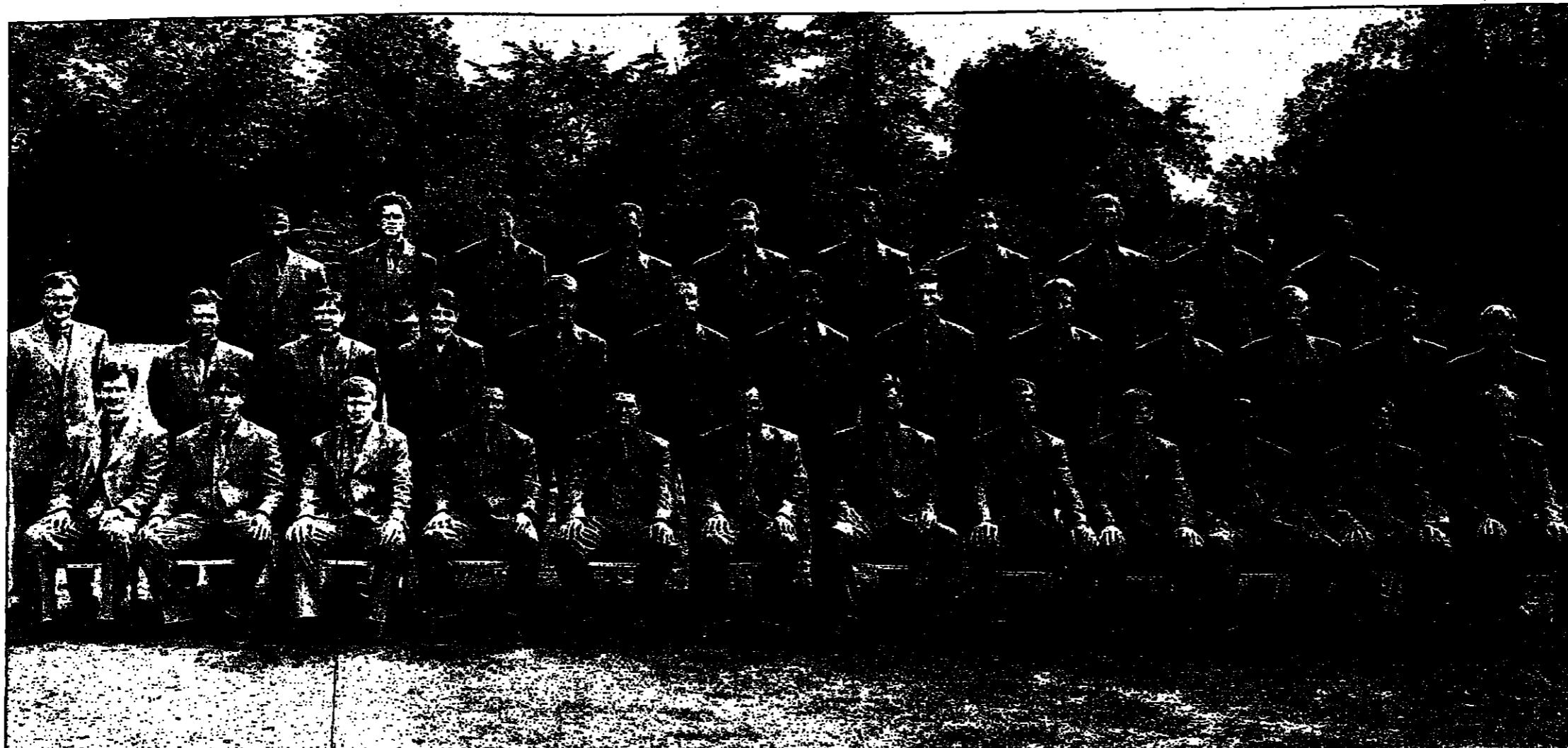
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SPORT

HINGIS' PERFECT PARTNER P25 • HODDLE IN A MUDDLE P30



The England squad and Football Association officials model their Paul Smith designed World Cup outfits before leaving for France. Although the players are believed to have favoured the dark blue version of the suit, Glenn Hoddle made the final selection decision, opting for the lightweight beige fabric set off by a blue shirt and pale Italian silk tie. The team will also sport specially designed cufflinks bearing the England crest. For official relaxation, Smith has designed a casual team outfit of shirt, T-shirt and shorts. Back row (from left): L Ferdinand, McManaman, Anderton, Clemence, Flowers, Seaman, Martyn, Adams, R Ferdinand, Campbell. Middle: Lewin, Slattery, Byrne, Farrer, Beckham, Southgate, Sheringham, Keown, Merson, Lee, Crane, Sonnex, Smith. Bottom: Roeder, Neville, Scholes, Le Saux, Owen, Gorman, Hoddle, Shearer, Batty, Ince, Taylor, Davies. Photograph: Action Images

Hoddle exudes confidence

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM

GLENN HODDLE spoke defiantly about England's World Cup prospects yesterday as his squad made ready for today's flight out to France.

England's preparations for the tournament, which gets under way tomorrow, have been disrupted in the last week by the furor over Teddy Sheringham's nightclubbing indiscretions. And yesterday Hoddle had to announce that two of his squad of 22 have been unable to train with their colleagues at Bisham Abbey - Sol Campbell, still recovering from the effects of a dead leg, and Graeme Le Saux, who has spent two days in bed with flu.

However, the England coach was

adamant that the players who will start their final match practice this afternoon with an informal game against a Caen XI were better prepared than those of any other team - and confident with it.

"I wouldn't be sitting here if I didn't think we could win it," he said. "And I think the players believe we can win it."

He dealt dismissively with the suggestion that he has had to rally his troops following the unsettling events of recent days. "I have not needed to say anything about it," he said. "So there, you have you're answer."

He also settled the speculation over the question of whether he had decided upon his first-choice XI. "I know my line-up, if they are all fit and able," he said.

Hoddle acknowledged that there was heightened expectation in the country. "I like that - and I think it's

[something] the players will enjoy as after their final match practice this afternoon with an informal game against a Caen XI were better prepared than those of any other team - and confident with it.

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Hoddle acknowledged that there was heightened expectation in the country. "I like that - and I think it's

until the 15th," Hoddle said. "It's like having a good horse three furlongs out. You have to hold it up your sleeve for a little while."

Asked to list the factors which give him optimism for the forthcoming competition, Hoddle mentioned the squad's mixture of youth and experience, their qualification from a difficult group and the experience of playing and winning in the Toulon last year against Brazil, France and Italy. "It's not going to be the same as this tournament, obviously, but it was barometric," Hoddle said.

On the negative side was the squad's lack of any player with World Cup experience, something he acknowledged as a "massive bonus" for other teams in England's first-round group.

"But I think the positives outweigh the negatives. So I don't think we should be going there with any

fear. Plenty of respect for the new rules, plenty of respect for our opponents. But no fear. Because if, as a group of people, you get any fear, you are on a downward spiral."

While Hoddle did not go so far as to ascribe that emotion to either of his own World Cup campaigns as a player in 1982 and 1990, he did contrast attitudes in the past with those he was trying to engender now. "Sometimes in the past we might have gone in there with an attitude of 'Well, we're not quite sure how it's going to go.' It's a situation where you are putting things into neutral rather than going through the gears. I think we are more positive than that now on the back of getting to the Euro 96 semi-final and taking in the results we have achieved away from Wembley since then."

He hoped the players would be able to draw upon the World Cup experience of the coaching staff,

who also include Kenny Sansom and Ray Clemence. His own experiences had prepared him for a variety of fortunes in the forthcoming competition. In 1982, after a dream start, England went slowly down hill, whereas in 1990 they began disastrously before picking up a momentum that none had anticipated.

"If we have a bad start we won't be pressing the panic button," Hoddle said. "We have to keep an even keel."

The team's final preparations at Bisham Abbey yesterday were briefly interrupted by the arrival of a large sausage in England colours. The man inside the outfit - which was publicising a brand of salami - was apprehended by security staff. But it may be of some concern to Hoddle the way he was concerned to creep in on the blind side of England defences...

Stewart's daring strategy denied

CRICKET

BY JOHN CULLEY
at Edgbaston

ALEC STEWART is certain that the daring edge England have added to their game under his leadership can lead to triumph in the five-Test series against South Africa.

He will have to wait to prove it, however, after Birmingham's weather forced the abandonment of the first Test as a draw, denying him the chance to make a winning start as England captain.

England, 170 for 7 in their second innings after 45 overs of positive, attacking cricket on Sunday evening had declared overnight, challenging South Africa to score 290 on the last day, which disappointingly saw not a single ball.

"I felt we were in the box seat," Stewart said. "It was our intention to score as many runs as we could on Sunday and then give ourselves all day to bowl South Africa out. We felt we had played daring cricket to go for our shots as we did, but sometimes you have to be prepared to risk defeat in order to win."

"I thought we had a good lead. It was not impossible for us to take 10 wickets in a day and, to be honest, I did not think they would be able to score 290."

"We will never know how it would have turned out but having played well for four days we can go forward with confidence. If we continue in this form, there is no reason why we cannot be smiling at the end of the fifth Test."

Stewart's predecessor, Michael Atherton, was named Man of the Match after his first-innings century and earned special praise from the new incumbent.

"He's been under a lot of pressure and showed his character here. Good players have had patches and great players come out of them. I'd put him in the latter category."

"I don't know whether it was not having the responsibility as captain that made it possible but I certainly never saw him play a reverse sweep as captain."

Stewart's counterpart, Hansie Cronje, conceded that the sub-standard performance by his bowling spearhead had been the difference between the sides, although his criticism of Alan Donald and Shaun Pollock was low key.

"They were short of a good rhythm," he said, "but they are allowed a bad day or two."

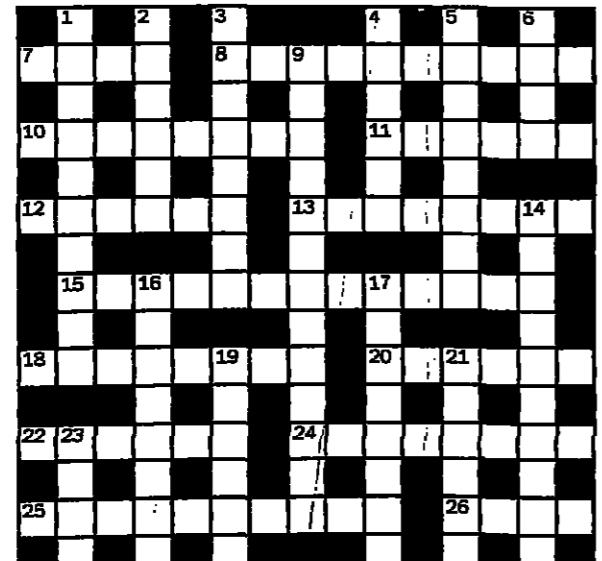
England's bold agenda, page 26

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3632. Tuesday 9 June

By Asred

Monday's Solution



ACROSS
7. House one by a trick (4)
8. Old venomous type vandalised a tree to annoy (10)
10. A deficiency of commerce (5,3)
11. On return spots member having to set up tents (6)
12. Infrared device gets nurse endlessly annoyed (6)
13. They have experience as retired workers (3,5)
15. Attractive point? (8,5)
18. Reportedly have deficient understanding of submarine? (8)
20. Fit worker keeps company with male (6)

DOWN
1. Travel to island to find a moderate worker (10)
2. Book passage (6)
3. Supposedly produced for Dee - Greek dish (8)
4. Has power to understand Flora? (6)
5. Unsuitable for Professor of Peace Studies? (8)

Johnson leaves Kendall in the dark over his Everton future

BY ALAN NIXON

THE EVERTON chairman, Peter Johnson, risked turning the club into a laughing stock yesterday by leaving Howard Kendall in the dark about his managerial future.

Johnson was supposed to telephone Kendall or fly in on his private jet to tell him face to face that his third reign was over, but instead, Kendall was left angry and embarrassed to have to field questions about his future at Goodison on his own. Kendall has steadfastly refused to resign, despite widespread reports he is to be fired and yesterday he was defiantly stating that he would be in charge at the start of the season.

Johnson made up his mind to sack Kendall on Friday, a decision backed unanimously by his board. Plans have already been drawn up for a successor, generally believed to be Martin O'Neill.

But to add to the confusion, O'Neill has already gone to France on World Cup duty with

the BBC - without telling Leicester City of his future plans. O'Neill may be Everton's first choice, but if he delays as badly as Johnson, Everton will switch to an alternative target later this week.

Kendall's backroom staff at

Aston Villa have been warned

Earlier, Ajax confirmed they had turned down a £5m bid for Ronald de Boer from Arsenal, saying: "We will not let Ronald go until 2004, whatever offers we get."

Ajax's manager, Mark Bosnich, Gary Charles, Mark Draper, Julian Joachim and Riccardo Scimeca, have been offered new contracts by 15 July, they will be put on the transfer list.

Jock Brown, the Celtic general manager, has denied the claims of sacked assistant coach Murdo MacLeod that he interfered with team affairs and delayed bringing Paul Lambert to the club because he did not rate the player.

Brown accused MacLeod of criticising former manager Wim Jansen in his attempts to press his own claims for the job and claimed MacLeod tried to increase the terms of his own contract in October last year, just four months after arriving at Parkhead.

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TODAY AT FRANCE 98
FIFA'S ELECTION
Sepp Blatter (right) is the new president of FIFA, world football's ruling body. In yesterday's election to succeed Joao Havelange, Blatter, a Swiss, beat Lemar Johnson, who then launched a bitter attack on the Football Association for supporting his opponent.

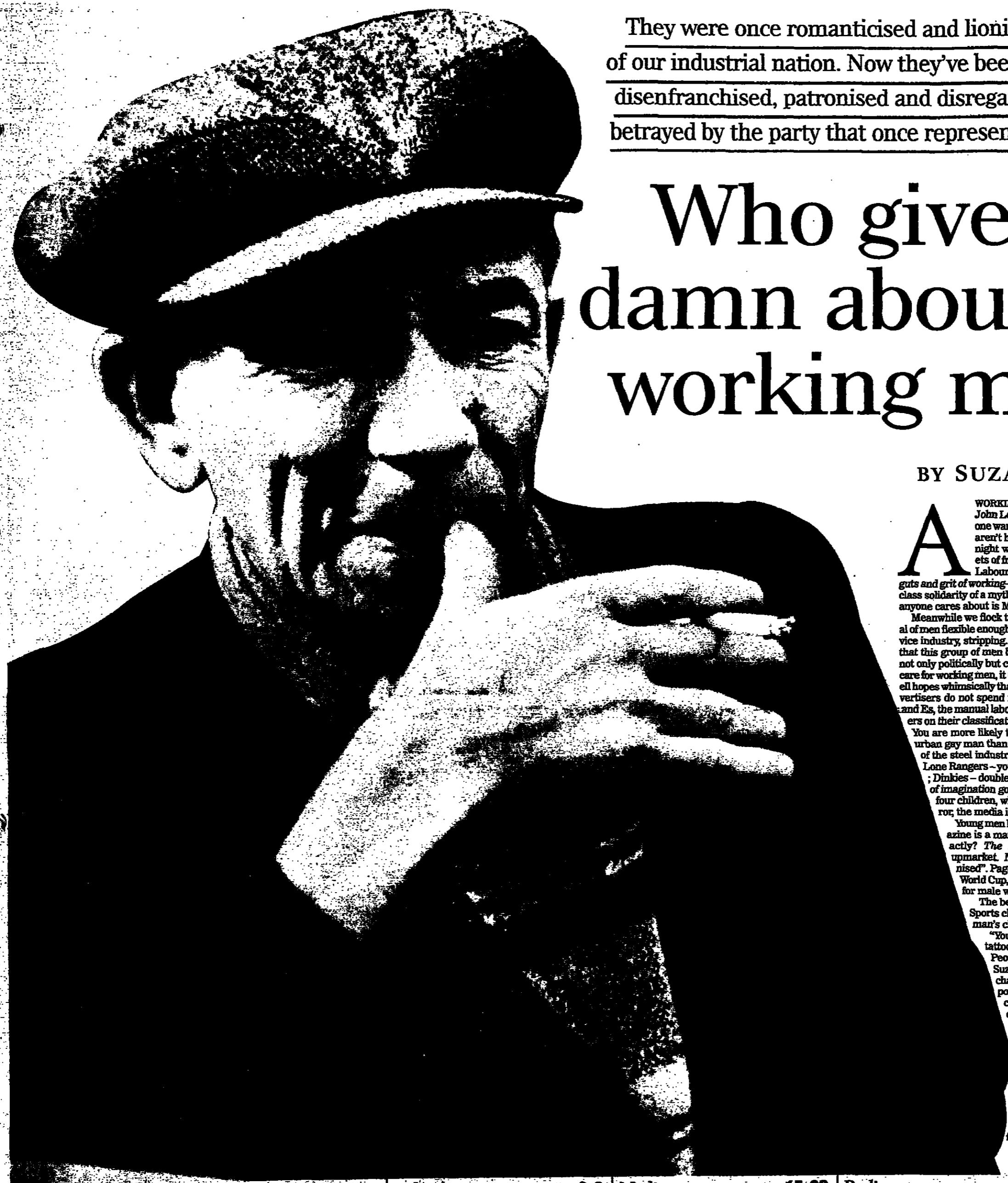
INJURY UPDATE
France's influential playmaker, Zinedine Zidane, has been unable to train in the past few days after suffering an ankle injury. He may miss France's opening match against South Africa this Friday.

OUTLOOK
The temperature in Paris is expected to be only 18C for tomorrow's opening game. Thunderstorms are possible.

OPENING CELEBRATIONS
Today's festivities in Paris to celebrate the start of the tournament have cost 15.2m alone to organise. The celebrations include processions and concerts around the capital.

TUESDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION



They were once romanticised and lionised, the rocks of our industrial nation. Now they've been stripped bare, disenfranchised, patronised and disregarded. They feel betrayed by the party that once represented them. So...

Who gives a damn about the working man?

BY SUZANNE MOORE

A WORKING-CLASS hero is something to be. So went John Lemon's own bitter-sweet symphony. But no one wants songs about the working-class men who aren't heroes, the ordinary blokes you see late at night with the beer bellies and their party buckets of fried chicken. Sure, even in the days of New Labour there are still those who romanticise the guts and grit of working-class life, who speak of the community and class solidarity of a mythical land. In reality the only mythical land anyone cares about is Middle England.

Meanwhile we flock to films such as *The Full Monty*, a portrayal of men flexible enough to retrain themselves for the ultimate service industry, stripping. Yet even as we laugh, every day it seems that this group of men becomes more and more disenfranchised, not only politically but culturally. New Labour does not pretend to care for working men; it takes their vote for granted and Tessa Jowell hopes whimsically that they might consume less cholesterol. Advertisers do not spend millions of pounds trying to reach the Ds and Es, the manual labourers, the semi-skilled and unskilled workers on their classification scales. ABs are what everybody wants. You are more likely to be courted as a consumer if you are an urban gay man than if you are a foundry worker in what is left of the steel industry. No, nowadays we have new categories: Lone Rangers - young women with large disposable incomes; Dimes - double income, no kids; Grey Panthers. Not a lot of imagination goes into targeting the man, with a wife and four children, who makes mouldings. Even, horror of horrors, the media ignores these guys.

Young men have their range of lad mags, but what magazine is a man over 40 on the dole supposed to buy exactly? *The Economist*? The tabloids are moving upmarket. Newspapers are becoming more 'feminised'. Page 3 may even go. Of course there is still the World Cup, but besides that, just what is there to cater for male working-class taste? Cheap beer?

The beer is cheap at The Dial House Social and Sports club in Wadsley, Sheffield. This is a working man's club in *Full Monty* country, but a nice one.

"You can go down the road and see them all tattooed. Fights every Saturday. Here it's clean. People won't come out now to sit in muck," Suzanne," says Keith Chapman, who is in charge. Anyone can become a member; even policemen, which is a new development. This club is proud of its reputation with its own cricket team, bowls team, pensioners' trips, kiddies' pantomime. Line dancing is the new craze. They did salsa last year and even got some students in. They have top acts such as Showaddywaddy and the Beverley Sisters and failing that, good videos of the likes of Chubby Brown and Lily Savage.

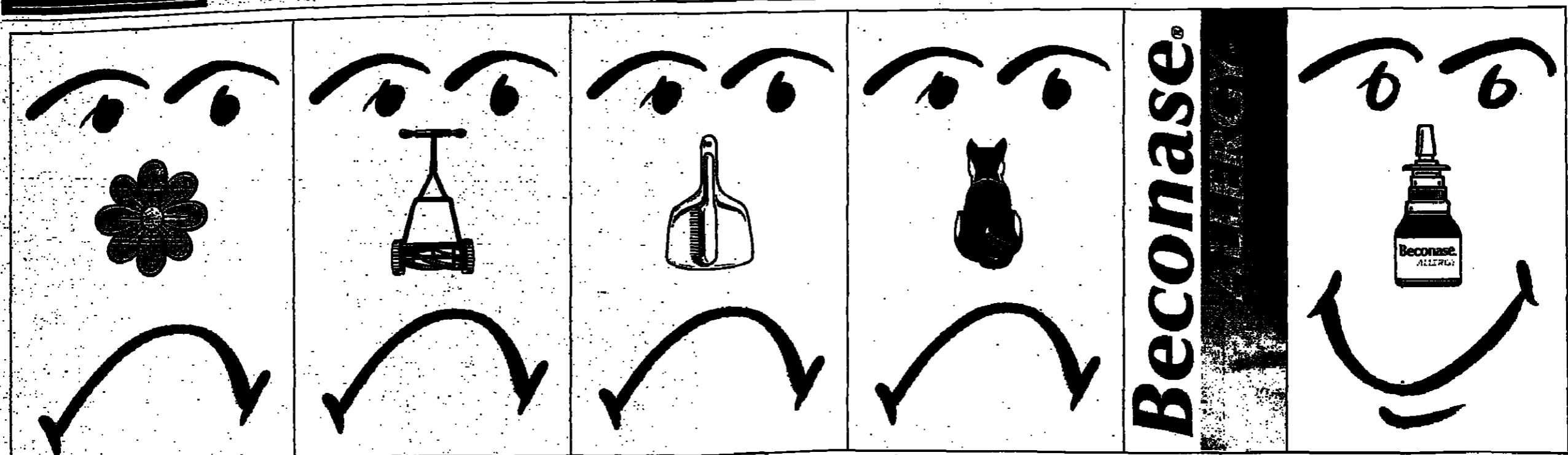
It reminds me of the club where my mum worked as a cleaner. Women are always "ladies", except the strippers who perform on a Sunday lunch time. There are

Turn to page 8

INSIDE

Letters	2	Features	8-9	Media	15-20	Radio	23
Leaders and comment	3-5	10-11	21-22	Satellite TV	23	Today's TV	24
Obituaries	6-7	Arts	22				

MEDIA
INCLUDING APPOINTMENTS



Now Beconase Allergy can help treat and prevent not only hayfever, but other allergies that get up your nose, like dust and pet hair. Freedom from hayfever and all other airborne allergies.

Out of one closet, into the next one

I WAS at a dinner party the other night when the subject of polenta came up.

"Take polenta, for example," said somebody.

"As an example of what?" said somebody else.

"As an example of something that is fashionable to like, which pops up in trendy places like the River Café, which is thought to be ever so ethnic and authentic, and yet which is absolutely horrible. It would seem impossible to turn maize into a stodgy, unappealing mess, but they have done it. The Italians! You might expect the Americans to make a mess of maize, but popcorn isn't half bad, until ground into cinema carpets..."

There was a silence.



MILES KINGTON

Normal, sexy, boy-interested girls play hockey, and look like a horse

"What's the point you're trying to make?" said some one, who spoke for all of us.

"Just that because polenta is so very trendy, nobody dares say out loud that they don't like it. There must be other things that people don't like but don't say so."

"Yes," said someone else. "I've never dared say this before, but fresh pasta is not as nice as dried pasta."

There was a sharp intake of breath from someone who, I happened to know, was the owner of a fresh pasta maker.

"Nick Hornby," said someone else.

"What about him?"

"It's not cool to admit Nick Hornby leaves you cold."

"And does he?"

"Yes. And so does Inspector Morse."

And suddenly everyone came out of the closet and their unspoken, secret dislikes came tumbling out.

"The Edinburgh Festival," "Angus Deayton."

"Jazz," "Loose Ends," "Rick Stein," "Melvyn Bragg," "Stand-up comedy," "Sting," "Stephen Fry," "Cornwall," "Seinfeld," "Holidays in France."

"Hold on," said someone. "Do you think anyone would really be shocked if someone didn't like Seinfeld?"

"I'd be shocked if anyone liked Jeremy Clarkson," said someone else.

"Ah!" said the original speaker. "Maybe there's another list here. Things that people secretly like but don't say so..."

"Like what?"

"Peter Mayle?"

Everyone laughed, but we got the idea and another closet opened.

"Linda McCartney," "Prawn cocktail," "Madonna," "Sandwich spread," "The Germans," "Oprah Winfrey," "Prince Charles," "UHT milk," "The Dome," "John Major," "Kenneth Branagh," "Kenneth Branagh,"

"said someone, puzzled. "Shouldn't he be on the other list?"

"He used to be," said the person who had put up Kenneth Branagh for membership, "but he moved on to the second list. It's quite possible to be so trendy that you don't admit to disliking it, but then go so out of fashion or become so popular that tories like us wouldn't be seen dead liking it."

"Oh God," said somebody else. "Is this a third list? A list of things that have moved from one list to another?"

"I think you're being unfair to the Germans," said someone else. "I can think of one good thing they've done."

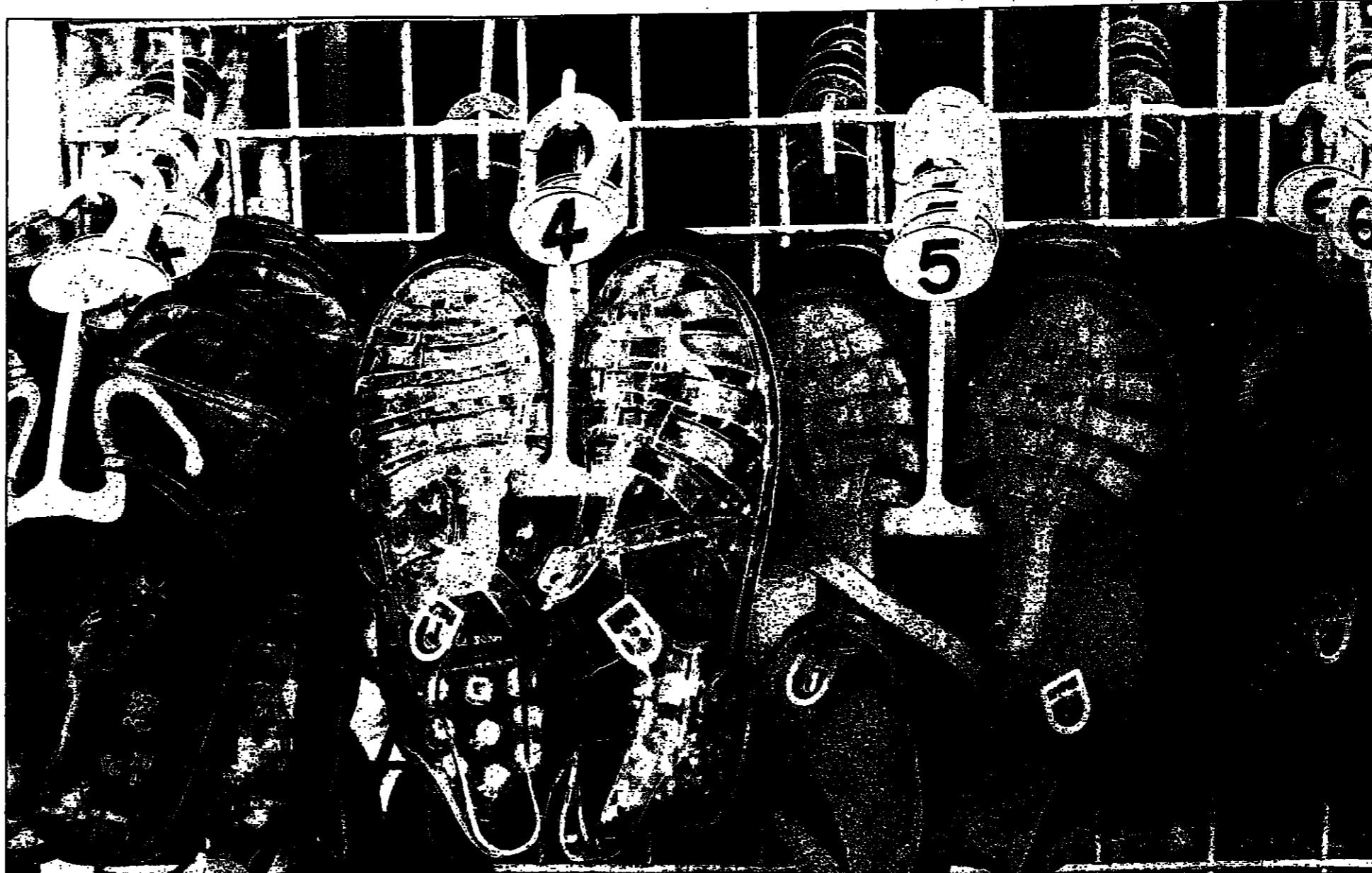
When there were German prisoners of war in Italy in the Great War, they encountered polenta for the first time and so disliked it that they named it "the yellow peril".

Someone turned to me and said I hadn't added to any list yet.

"I'm still worried about polenta," I said. "Someone said that even the Americans hadn't turned maize into a nasty, soggy mess. But they have."

"What's it called?" someone asked.

"Cornflakes," I said.



Seaside Britain: Jelly shoes that will be filled by visitors to Bognor Regis. The first of a series of photographs by Nikki English on Britain's coastal resorts

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk
E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

Struggling schools

Sir: No doubt the article "The school that rose again from the ashes" (4 June) was supposed to be upbeat, but I found it depressing.

A badly failing school is given a tough, energetic, imaginative head, a highly motivated, mainly new teaching staff, a lick of paint and a few rolls of carpet and, hey presto – a dramatically improved school. The message is simple, and for the Government very pleasing. Failing schools are created by poor teachers. Replace a weak staff by a good one and a failing school succeeds. Nothing to trouble the Chancellor here.

One factor was almost hidden at the foot of the third column: "About 50 children were expelled or suspended during that summer term."

Every teacher in an inner-city school has to face large numbers of difficult pupils, but most can cope with them. What makes the job impossible even for the most inspired teacher is the small number of severely disturbed pupils who are virtually beyond control. Just one such child can wreck a lesson.

In even in the most difficult schools, most teachers would agree that if they could exclude just a couple of dozen such pupils they could transform the place. Sadly, even a handful is virtually impossible. A teacher can be sworn at or assaulted by a pupil only to have to teach the child a few days later.

However, find your school under the spotlight as a failing school and suddenly you can throw out 50 of them. Meanwhile those schools which can just about cope are expected to slog on without relief. No articles praising their achievements, just the reward of finding themselves near the bottom of the league tables as they try to push a declining pool of able pupils through GCSEs whilst trying to keep the lid on the nation's unteachables.

Dr STEPHEN SHAW
Neathorpe, Nottinghamshire

Sir: Your report and leading article on class sizes (4 June) seem to be the victims of spin. Let me inject some facts into your suggestion that the class size pledge won't work.

First, our very clear pledge was to deliver a maximum class size of 30 for every five-, six- and seven-year-old by 2002 by phasing out the Assisted Places scheme. Already we have passed the legislation to phase out assisted places; we have allocated 22m from Assisted Places from this September to 65 LEAs who have developed clear proposals to provide 1,500 extra teachers and smaller classes for 100,000 pupils.

Second, we have also provided 240m which will be allocated to help to provide around 600 extra classrooms over the next year to allow parental choice of school to be met. Third, we have given clear guidance to LEAs and are taking the necessary legislation on class sizes through Parliament at present.

Fourth, our infant class-size pledge is one of a number of important initiatives we are taking to improve primary school standards – and links with our commitment to improve literacy and

numeracy teaching and achievement.

All of this is on schedule – and the schedule was well publicised before the election. We will deliver our pledge ahead of schedule by September 2001. Naturally there will be those who will wish to lobby us and put their own spin on matters. But the facts are different and the evidence locally is that the pledge can and will be delivered in a way which benefits pupils, parents and teachers.

STEPHEN BYERS
Minister of State
Department for Education and Employment
London SW1

Sir: As a retired primary school headmaster I am bemused by the anxious concern about "mixed age" teaching (leading article, 4 June).

Since when has birth control been so honed as to provide children in nearly packaged age groups to fit each school's individual requirements? In any case a child's reading age is more important in the planning of work than chronological age.

The priority should be for reduction of class sizes. Then perhaps as much emphasis could be placed on class organisation as on curriculum content.

W GLYN JONES
Bolton, Greater Manchester

Answers for Africa

Sir: As one who spent many years in African countries, I agree with Suzanne Moore ("Clark Short is Right", 5 June) that these places are far from being all doom and gloom, but also that humanitarian aid, while totally laudable, provides no long-term solution to the problems that exist. The problem is really the one that the Government has recognised at home: welfare or work. For "welfare" read "charity", for "work" read "sustainable development".

But neither is developmental aid necessarily the answer. Billions upon billions have been poured into Africa during the last thirty-odd years and the continent is in a worse state now than it was at the start. Neither is the answer to be found in a blanket moratorium on debts which, in places such as Sudan, would merely enable the ruling factions to spend more money on arms. People in the West are frequently asked to use their generosity to save people from the incompetence or brutality of their own governments, while our governments do little to bring rogue governments to heel or to assist in their removal.

Such aid as is given should be channelled into sustainable development. This means anything other than large-scale, prestigious, technology-dependent projects in places where neither the infrastructure nor the manpower exists to sustain them and which are ripe for exploitation by the ruthless parasites who prey on the misery of the poor. Developmental aid has all too often been a means of guaranteeing markets for the donor country while swelling the bank accounts of the ruling classes.

If Robin Cook's ethical foreign policy is to mean anything, Britain

must take the lead in getting the world to adopt the following agenda:

1. "Name and shame" countries who abuse civil rights or conduct civil wars.
2. Ban the sale of arms to all listed countries with ruinous penalties (such as withdrawal of trading licences) on companies who violate the ban.
3. Declare debts interest-free or non-repayable only for those Third World countries who satisfy the Geneva Convention on Human Rights, retaining the option of renewing the interest and repayments on all countries who backslide.
4. In countries which conform to the accepted standards, begin local, small-scale projects, administered by aid agencies on a low-interest loan basis providing infrastructure (roads, vehicles, irrigation, medical care, literacy programmes), technology and vocational training. To begin with these projects will be little more than an extension of subsistence agriculture. The initial aim should be to grow more food and to plan in such a way that the questions of starvation and malnutrition never again arise for the small number of people dependent on each project.

Only if we use the power of the developed world to ensure that all the world's citizens live in an environment guaranteeing basic human rights can we ensure that minimum standards of material prosperity exist everywhere. While charity provides the only solution situations such as the one in southern Sudan will be recurring nightmares.

STUART RUSSELL
Poulton, Gloucestershire

Blair or Machiavelli

Sir: Machiavelli would have given

somewhat better advice to the Prime Minister and Chancellor than Donald MacIntyre, who dismisses the effect of high interest rates on British industry and seems more concerned with the success of government tactics than the ultimate result of their reliance on interest rates to govern both the level of demand and the level of the

point at which to change from the absurd reliance on interest rates alone to govern both domestic demand and the exchange rate was four years before the next election when the Government's huge

majority would be judged entirely on its performance and not on excuses or promises.

He might go on to suggest that the point at which to change from the absurd reliance on interest rates alone to govern both domestic

unfortunate electoral commitments not to use taxation as a regulator of demand and not to seek the help of its trading partners in supporting the currency at a fixed but competitive rate.

So the peak of his political skill would have been to find new external conditions, unforeseeable at the election, which compelled government to act speedily, despite its previous commitments, and gave it the solid economic success needed to win the next election.

Sir FRED CATHERWOOD
Cambridge

Second homes

Sir: No one group forces another out of a community in this country, rather what we see in the countryside is merely an extension of the mobility that started several hundred years ago.

From the countryside to industrial areas, pursuing prosperity to the cities, the population has shifted. When the cities became full and transport links allowed, the suburbs grew, and subsequently some city workers felt that the time spent commuting was well spent in order to move back to the countryside.

The experiences of Mr Collins in the Lake District (letter, 6 June) should be treated seriously, but not by primitive taxation of second homes, which would adversely affect those, like me, who do not drive

Mercedes to "chocolate box" suburban houses, but have decided to remove their vehicles from the commuter routes and live close to a place of work during the week, whilst maintaining family homes and links with the community elsewhere.

This is not a cheap option, but beneficial to the environment and to productive and healthy use of time, and paying only one-and-a-half times the council tax of others seems a reasonable compromise, but hardly generous.

The imposition of 200 per cent taxation will not dissuade the "chocolate box" hunters and provide houses for "the locals" – only employment prospects will do that. Rather, increased costs may persuade me, and many others, to add vehicles to the already congested and polluted commuter routes.

RICHARD J CROWE
London W3
and Thame, Oxfordshire

Gazza's tears

Sir: Any working man or woman is bound to feel a sense of injustice (or even jealousy) at the phenomenal amounts of money most

Premiership players earn these days. None more so than Ken Jones, who despises tears in the eyes of these superstars ("Sport and crying don't mix", 4 June).

Mr Jones seems to feel the sting all the more sharply because he comes from a family of footballing folk who experienced wage restrictions in their playing days. As a regular reader of *The Independent* I am becoming increasingly aware of Mr Jones's bitterness.

He would agree that the Government had made some

capacity to move people not because they are justified but because they are so fundamentally sincere. The man failed and is being punished for not taking care of his body. Anyone on his wages should know better, but that is hardly the point. Gazza is a folk hero, an icon of popular success. The fact that he is incapable of controlling his self-destructive urges only makes him the more human, the more understandable to a generation of success-hungry people who dare not contemplate the possibility of failure.

MARC FRANCIS
Brussels

Queer Warhol

Sir: I must protest against the puritan jibes of Tom Lubbock about Warhol in his review of the current show at the Barbican (2 June).

Warhol encapsulates something of immense historical importance about American capitalist culture in the late 20th century. In everything he did (films, paintings, magazines, books, collectibles) he expressed his fascination with capitalist commodity fetishism with great wit and camp good humour; as this hugely enjoyable show demonstrates.

The artist and the gay man cannot and should not be separated. They were one. For many of "us" Warhol is an exemplary queer artist.

ROGER COOK
Lecturer in Fine Art
The University of Reading

IN BRIEF

It is disingenuous of Professor Akbar Ahmed (letters, 4 June) to dismiss the dangers of the Pakistani bomb as yet another example of "Islamophobia". Pakistan's nuclear weapons are more dangerous because they, unlike those of India, are controlled not by the civilian government, but by the army: an army itching to avenge its defeat at the hands of the Indians during the Bangladesh war of 1971.

PRAKASH SHAH
London NW7

Tragedy though it was, the 1988 Clapham crash is far from being Britain's worst rail disaster (report, 4 June). About 227 died in the 1915 Quintinshill collision and fire, and there have been eight further disasters with death tolls greater than that at Clapham.

RUSSELL ASH
Lewes, East Sussex

Consciousness may be difficult to define ("Does your pet have an inner life?", 8 June) but is comprehensible nonetheless. The difference between a malfunctioning washing machine and a sick dog is that, for most people, the former elicits irritation and the latter compassion. Anyone who denies that a dog has a consciousness is out of their mind.

JAMES EARL
Lecturer in Philosophy
Richmond, the American International University in London
London W9

P.S. for those interested in the correlation between philosophers and pets, I am the proud owner of Sable, a black cocker spaniel.

THE REVIEW DAY BY DAY

MONDAY REVIEW

As well as our regular columnists, features and expanded comment pages, Network, our information technology section, moves to Monday.

TUESDAY REVIEW

An improved media section, with appointments, moves to Tuesday. Visual arts and more health pages are also Tuesday regulars.

WEDNESDAY REVIEW

Fashion, midweek money pages, in addition to finance and secretarial sections (previously City+) will stay on Wednesday.

THURSDAY REVIEW

Our education section will appear as a separate tabloid section. Improved and expanded film pages now move to Thursday.

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Mr Prescott: a minister on the right road

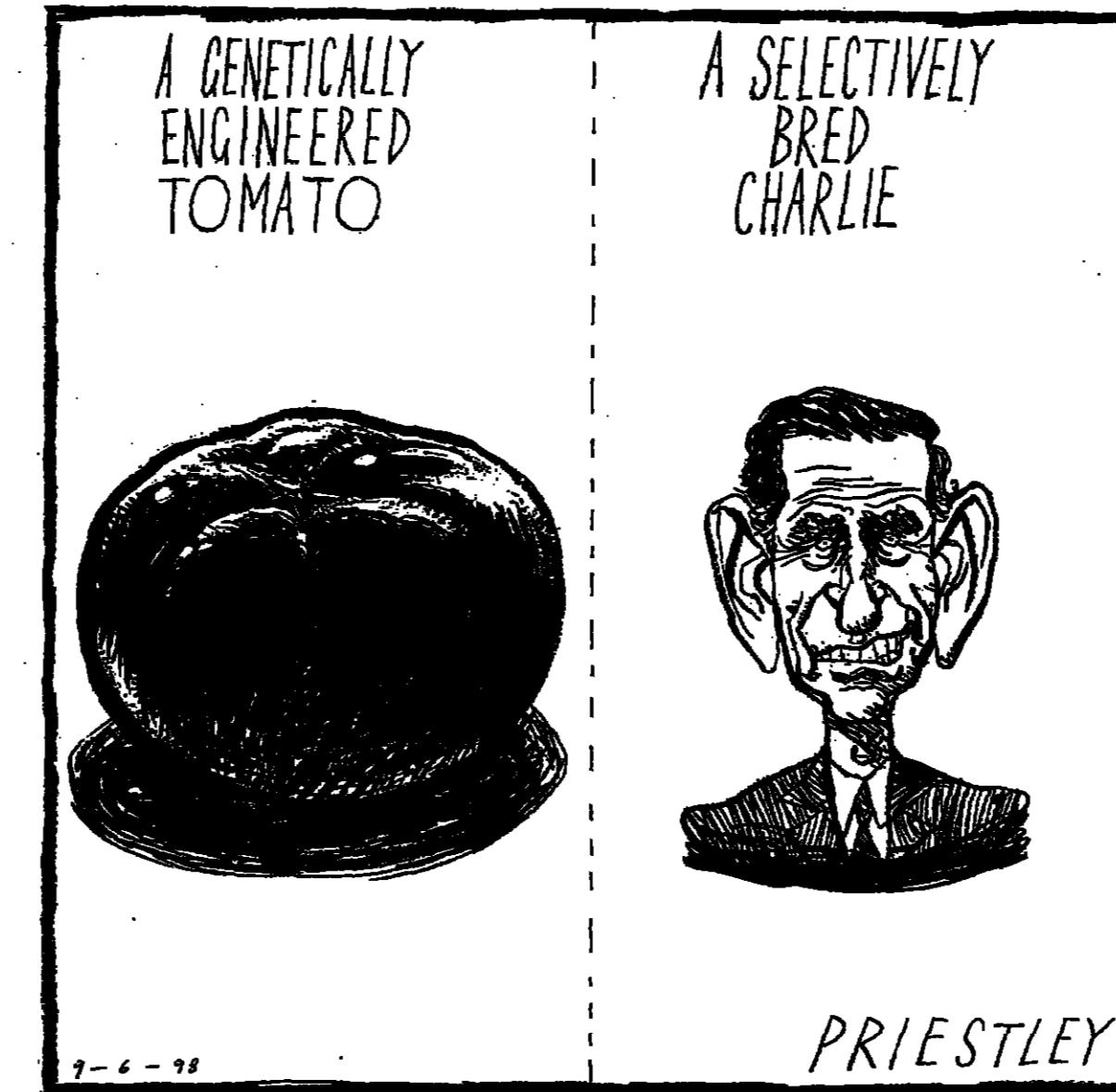
IF ONLY there was a magic wand waiting to be waved. At a stroke, all our transport problems would disappear. We would have reliable, affordable and comprehensive public transport. Traffic would flow. Road rage would disappear. We would all drive environmentally friendly cars. The sun would always shine, and... but there is no magic wand. There is no "solution" to our transport problems, only a series of measures that can help alleviate one of this country's most intractable problems.

The decision to delay the publication of the white paper on transport until the completion of the comprehensive spending review in July is a good one. A result of the newly minted love-in between John Prescott and Gordon Brown, it means that when it is finally published it should be better able to answer the question: where's the beef? The decision that transport should join health and education as a spending priority for the next three years is welcome and shows that the Government realises that the transport infrastructure has knock-on effects well beyond the speed with which we can travel from A to B.

As our report today shows, the Government appears to have learnt the lesson from the hammering its first (leaked) proposals took, that progress in transport does not mean simply attacking the motorist. Rather it means helping to bring about a balance. Often motorists are portrayed as if they are some sort of alien species, whose interests are destined always to frustrate the more worthy objectives of the rest of us. But we are almost all motorists, and the point is not that there is a divide between motorists and the rest, but that transport policy should instead offer us an alternative between the car and public transport. There are very few of us who use only one form of transport.

The Government's approach of promoting a series of different measures rather than a grand sweeping corporate plan is sensible. The White Paper will propose, for instance, greater security for the car parks which make park-and-ride schemes possible and which are now often an open invitation to car thieves. Again, small-scale schemes, such as the cycle bridge built over a railway line in Leicester that enables hundreds of children to cycle to school in safety, are a tiny but significant contribution towards cutting back on the congestion caused by the school run.

The plain fact is, however, that most worthwhile improvement - and certainly the necessary invest-



ment in public transport - costs money and takes time to have an effect. Congestion charges, increases in petrol duty, road charging and charges on parking at out-of-town supermarkets are all possibilities. But Mr Prescott should avoid the superficial attractiveness of hypothesising extra revenue towards extra transport spending. Why stop at transport? Why not defence? Or social security? If the case for extra spending is so compelling, then he should be confident enough to make it on its own merits.

More attractive is the idea of a motorists' charter, which would set out the rights and responsibilities of

those bodies such as the Highways Agency and the DfT that look after our roads and the cars that travel on them. We all have horror stories of major road works which are concentrated on the rush hour while the site stays deserted on a Sunday evening. But the balance is again crucial. Local authorities tend towards a rigid application of rules and are often responsible for so-called traffic-calming measures which do little except incite road rage. In all these areas, the key point is to be flexible and to go with the flow.

These caveats aside, Mr Prescott's thoughts are on the right lines, and he deserves support.

Genetics and the Monarchy

FIRST ARCHITECTURE, now genetic engineering. Truly, the Prince of Wales is a Renaissance man. He is, of course, perfectly right to observe that we need much more information about the effects - or lack of them - of genetically engineered food. But we have to wonder whether the Prince of Wales is really the man to tell us.

The monarchy is living in turbulent times. It has just about recovered from the knock it took in the aftermath of the Princess of Wales's death. But the very foundation of the monarchy - the hereditary principle - was set on the path towards abolition in the House of Lords yesterday. Prince Charles is an intelligent man, with a range of interesting opinions. He of all people should be able to see the dangers of using his position - acquired by that same hereditary principle - to float controversial views. Tempting as it must be for him, he should keep quiet. The monarchy is, if it has any relevance to the world today, a symbol of the nation. As such, it must be above all controversy. It must indeed be difficult for the Prince to live with the knowledge that the one thing he must not do is share his views with us. But if he feels able to tell us today what he thinks about genetics, what is to stop him moving on to the homeless tomorrow, or fiscal policy the day after? He appears to see his role as being to initiate debate. He is wrong. When Emperor Akihito refused to apologise for Japanese war crimes many commentators sneered. But under the Japanese constitution he is quite clearly unable to say anything in the least political. Prince Charles should take a leaf out of his fellow royal's book.

The last laugh

ALMOST EVERY article ever written on the Internet has contained one common theme: as the information age takes over, so we will see the gradual disappearance of the book and the printed word. What delicious irony it is, therefore, that the only runaway commercial success on the Net is the American online bookshop, Amazon.com - which proudly boasts that it can find any out-of-print title. How passe! Its success, and the news that W.H. Smith, purveyor of that recherché phenomenon, the book, has just bought Amazon's British challenger, Bookshop.co.uk, are no doubt explained by the more accurate description of the two sites' prefix, www, as "world-wide wait".

Memo to government: our enterprise culture is thriving

DO WE, as a society, approve of entrepreneurs? I believe we do. But I raise the question because, over the weekend, I happened to read that cabinet ministers are proposing to tell Britain's wealth creators that they are not matching up to their American counterparts - in other words, that we don't have much of an enterprise culture.

But whether we do or do not, nothing could be sillier than members of the Government exhorting entrepreneurs to pull their socks up; they might as well tell the England football team to play better. I hope the story was erroneous.

That Britain's enterprise culture compares poorly with the situation in the United States is expected to be shown by a study which will be launched on Thursday at a breakfast meeting to be held by Margaret Beckett, President of the Board of Trade, and Geoffrey Robinson, Paymaster General.

I know the kind of figures that can be used to support this assertion. The amount of private capital put up for new businesses in the UK last year was just over £1bn compared with nearly £28bn in the US. Plus, only 10 per cent of the British total went to high technology companies compared with 70 per cent across the Atlantic.

The other statistic which is often quoted is that the miserly £1bn also compares badly with the large amount of finance made available in this country by banks and investment institutions for management buy-outs, approaching £20bn annually.

Management buy-outs take place when the directors of a company that

is part of a larger group decide that they could achieve a better performance if their business was independent. Given their freedom, they might be able to raise much-needed fresh capital that their parent company had been unable to supply or provide better incentives for staff, or introduce improved working practices and so on.

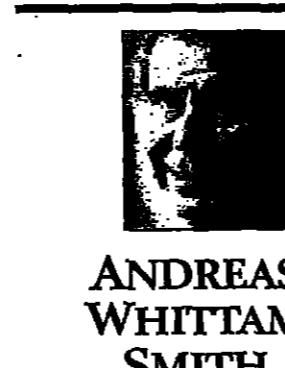
Management buy-outs are really a way of unpicking the unwise mergers of the past. To my mind, it is very welcome that a lot of such deconstruction is going on.

Not enough high tech start-ups? Perhaps not, but entrepreneurs tend to operate wherever they find attractive prospects. The list of the nation's top 100 entrepreneurs published in the latest issue of *Enterprise* magazine is revealing.

It shows that 10 of them made their fortunes in computers, nine in software, and six in mobile phones. Thus, one quarter of those listed have been working in information technology, which lies at the heart of the industrial revolution through which the world is passing. Their predecessors 175 years ago would have been developing steam power in all its forms.

The entries on the current list are just what one would hope to find. And in software, by the way, British companies are greatly respected in the American market for their sheer inventiveness. When you go to see Microsoft or Intel, a British address on the visiting card is almost an advantage.

A discussion devoted to entrepreneurs took place on Talk Radio on Friday morning on the Scott Chisholm



ANDREAS
WHITTAM
SMITH

Nothing could be sillier than members of the Government exhorting entrepreneurs to pull their socks up

Show in which I participated. It was an excellent seminar on the subject.

There you heard the authentic voices of entrepreneurs, as listeners called in to recount their experiences: "Somebody told me that if I bought a particular type of lorry, they would give me work for it," said one who went onto to make a success of a haulage business. A woman who is now running her own market research company said: "I was lucky, opportunity came along and I took it. Often people don't recognise opportunity until it's gone."

There were many different ideas of what made a good entrepreneur. One advanced the Japanese doctrine of

kaizen or continuous improvement. Tim Waterstone, the bookseller, argued that the crucial quality is getting people to go along with you - staff, suppliers, banks, shareholders. "Somehow to work the alchemy so that people want to support you, want to go with you - that is precious attribute." Tim Waterstone's view was that the first four to five years "are always brutal".

Most new businesses begin in the proverbial back room or garage, and then skim along with funds either previously saved or provided by family and friends until they are solid enough to turn to conventional sources of finance. That is why they do not show up in the statistics for raising start-up capital.

The original financing of *The Independent* in 1986 was an exception to this rule, because a national newspaper cannot begin in a tiny way and then grow. It has to be started full-out. But when called upon, the City institutions did put up £18m. And a few years later their £1 shares were bought out for over £3 each. The system worked for the launch of *The Independent* and will continue to do so whenever an interesting proposition is put forward.

We do indeed have an enterprise culture, not least, because, for 20 years, successive chancellors of the exchequer beginning with Geoffrey Howe in Mrs Thatcher's first cabinet, have found ways of encouraging the entrepreneurs.

Last week, for instance, Gordon Brown announced the creation of three new venture capital funds with £240m to invest; part of the money

comes from the European Union. In the Budget, the Chancellor outlined a £50m University Challenge Fund to provide scientists with "seed" capital.

This culture, too, is spreading. A recent report for Demos, by Charles Leadbeater, argued that social entrepreneurs will be as important in the next decade as business entrepreneurs.

In Mr Leadbeater's formulation, social entrepreneurs are like business entrepreneurs in the methods they use - they can make something from nothing, and create innovative forms of welfare, health care and housing which are both cheaper and more effective than the traditional services provided by government.

The final proof is surely that successful entrepreneurs are greatly admired.

Richard Branson's achievements in business are so highly regarded that people put forward his name to be president should the country become a republic, or to be mayor of London in the forthcoming elections. Similarly, Anita Roddick is a role model for many. Chris Evans is beginning to earn additional kudos for being an entrepreneur as well as a radio personality.

I say two things to government ministers. Look past the statistics and comparisons with other countries to what is really going on around you. You will not be disappointed.

Second, even if you apply my thesis that we have a healthy enterprise culture, do not relax. Adopt the notion of kaizen in government and engage upon a programme of continuously improving the help which the state can provide.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I don't want to get into a slanging match with the Treasury. I repeat what we have already said: This is not a tax protest. It's a business decision." *Bernard Doherty, spokesman, the Rolling Stones*

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Between the idea/And the reality/Between the motion/And the act/Falls the shadow. *T.S. Eliot: The Hollow Men*



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MONITOR

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Today: the West's response
to the Kosovo crisis

Leader: 'Le Monde' (France)
WE CANNOT continue to indulge the Yugoslav president under the pretence that a negotiated settlement can only be obtained through him.

He must be threatened - politically, legally and with the military.

If Moscow continues to protect "the man of Belgrade", we should even consider withdrawing our financial help, of which Russia is so desirous.

Noel Malcolm: 'Time' (US)

IT is a virtual certainty that Kosovo will become independent from Serbia within the next 50 years. The only question is how we get from here to there?

A negotiated solution based on a prolonged interim phase,

like the one agreed for Chechnya by General Alexander Lebed, may be possible, but only if the Albanians are assured that independence remains an eventual option.

With Western governments blithely telling them that even long-term independence is out of the question, the chances for "stability" in the Balkans are slender indeed.

Peter Lipman: 'Nando Times'
(Internet)

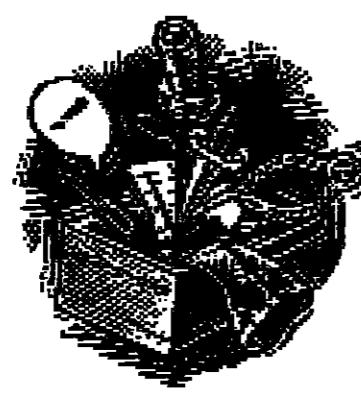
KOSOVO's underground Albanian government, led by Ibrahim Rugova, has successfully advocated a non-violent response to Serbian repression - and this in a region where the blood feud was practised unfriendly.

But his leadership has been passive and the Albanians' patience has not been rewarded. In response, small groups of Albanians in the countryside have armed themselves.

It's doubtful that they have any chance of beating the better-equipped Serbian police and army.

After last month's massacre in the central region of Drenica, the Kosovo Liberation Army is unlikely to gain the necessary sympathy and support from the outside world, other than Albania, to defeat the Yugoslav People's Army.

The West will intervene militarily only if there are many more Drenica's, and by then it will be too late.



PANDORA

HAILED for his bravery last week after he rebuked the Prime Minister for encouraging "fawning and obsequious" parliamentary questions, the Labour backbencher Andrew Mackinlay can hold his head high. But Pandora has learnt that Mackinlay - whose question implied that many questions asked by Labour backbenchers were thoroughly rehearsed - did some reworking of his own. Before he ever rose to his feet in the House, he was coached by Dennis Skinner who took pains to ensure that Mackinlay did not fluff the word "obsequious". Odd that, since it's the last word you would associate with the Beast of Bolsover.

IT SEEMS the latest male sexual wonder drug is already, indirectly at least, making an impact on the frontiers of British fashion. Word reaches Pandora of a must-see fashion show coming to the Cornerhouse arts centre, in Manchester, in July. Two sisters, the fashion designer Helen Storey and the biologist Dr Kate Storey, have collaborated on a collection of clothes whose theme is the first 1,000 hours of human life. Called Primitive Streak, a big highlight is the "1,000 sperm coat" which is described as "embroidered onto dissolved fabric". Pandora wonders if all the It Girls will be sporting these to ward off next autumn's chill? Of course the show is being sponsored by Pfizer, manufacturers of Viagra.

THE HIGH PRICES of football tickets and team merchandise have long been a preoccupation of MP Nigel Griffiths, the Trade & Industry Under-Secretary. Readers of his column in the now defunct *Labour Party News* will recall Griffiths' zealous protests against clubs who exploited their loyal fans. Now that he is in a position to do something, Griffiths has ensured that the Office of Fair Trading is undertaking a review on football strip prices.

However, when Pandora rang the OFT, a spokesman said that an individual club could be forced to reduce its ticket prices only if it has a 25 per cent share of the entire UK football market. Otherwise they were "in a position to charge what they like". Even giants like Manchester United and Arsenal fall woefully short of 25 per cent of the 24,680,052 footie tickets sold in this country last year. Pandora suggests Griffiths in-



The Manchester United striker Teddy Sheringham

The shocking truth: I'm not a lad

IT WAS the cake. Lying in bed, bug-eyed and clammy-skinned, at 3am, I suddenly understand why I'm feeling unusually wakeful. Earlier in the evening, the goalkeeper had produced his own contribution to the evening, homemade to his own special recipe and politely, I had taken a large slice. Homemad? Special? Ganja cake, of course. Here I am, in my own bed, in my own house, stoned out of my box. No wonder I can't sleep.

Not that the reggae party going on downstairs helps too much. Nor for the loud voices and occasional bursts of guitar, nor the occasional bewilderment that, to my poor befuddled brain, seems to shake the house to its foundations. What an excellent idea this was. A Saturday night away from London for the football team. Tomorrow morning, we'll be playing a local Norfolk village side but, before then, it's a night out for the lads. Beer, barbecue, laughs, music and - dashing the hopes of the midfielder who, with tragic innocence of the night life of Diss, has brought two packets of three - not a woman in sight



TERENCE BLACKER

I suppose I'm not alone among domesticated males in yearning now and then to get in touch with my inner lad

Someone's hit the volume. The juddering thuds are becoming more frequent. It occurs to me that, as manager, I might now be obliged to invoke the Teddy Sheringham ruling and suggest that, in view of the big match tomorrow, a few hours' sleep might not be a bad idea. But

they're having such a good time and this was what a lad's night out was always meant to be - an escape from families and babies and guilt.

Sod it. Half an hour later, I'm downstairs. In a casual, non-authoritarian way, I ask them to pack it in for the night. The thudding continues. I pad about the house, eventually discovering that a defender is perfecting his penalty-taking skills against the back of the house. "You're kicking against my wall," I shout feebly into the darkness.

Back in bed. A sort of silence descends upon the house. Then, from under my window, the ominous "tuck" of wood against wood. Some of the team are winding down with a game of croquet. I really think they've had enough now. Have they any idea what time it is?

I suppose I'm not alone among domesticated males in yearning now and then to get in touch with my inner lad, to return to a hawdry, innocent, prelapsarian past of bad behaviour, before responsibility began to exert its iron grasp. We dream of being able to sit around, smoking, lagered up, getting it down us, telling inappropriate jokes,

occasionally breaking wind in a comradely fashion.

The fact that some of us never were authentic, fully-fledged lads, even when we were lads, doesn't shake our belief that, at the right time, in the right place, our healthy, immature boorish maleness will burst into glorious bloom. Within every Gary Lineker among us, a Gazzza is waiting to stagger forth. All we need is our own private Five Bells to lead us astray.

By morning, I've discovered that my inner lad doesn't exist; instead I have an inner Mummy. As I rouse the team with some difficulty, set up breakfast, clear away some of the debris of the night before, I find that the real me is emerging, good-humoured but tight-lipped and slightly put on, wiping down surfaces with a martyred air.

I love my team very much. Once a week from October to April, we meet, chat briefly while changing, go out and play the silky-skilled yet committed football for which we're famous, have a quick drink and then go our separate ways. But now, honestly, talk about irresponsible. They're husbands, fathers, citi-

zens, some of them have even got jobs, and yet they're as sublimely self-contained and oblivious to others as teenagers. How do they manage that? I'm jealous.

We get stumped. Of course we get stumped. What did we expect when half the team can hardly see the goal, let alone put the ball into it? 1-0. As we leave the pitch, there are a few heated and acrimonious discussions as to who was to blame for the defeat but, in the bar with the opposition, we're all just Sunday footballers together.

Afternoon. The team's hard core lingers on, consuming the brandy and beer that one of them has bought with the money he was meant to pay me for last night's barbecue. I've gone a bit silent now, as I collect the beer cans from under the bushes around the garden. Eventually, even they get the hint.

After they've gone, I grant myself a bit of quality time in a deckchair, rewatching this morning's 90-minute hangover of a game and the long, arduous night before. Then I get out the hoover; a dustier, even - yes, I'm not afraid to admit it - the Pledge, and set to work.

Why I'm happy to 'play God' with your food

Prince Charles has given voice to widespread public concern about transgenic crop plants. We genetic engineers are "playing God" and threatening "living pollution that cannot be recalled". But is there real cause for concern?

I've worked with transgenic plants for 15 years, in the US and the UK. The more I do it, the less I worry about it. It's striking that in contrast to the nuclear and chemical industries, there are no whistleblowers; people who work with the technology do not experience alarm about how it is being deployed.

Remember when nuclear power was going to make electricity "too cheap to meter"? We've all been disappointed. But that doesn't mean that everything every scientist says is untrue. Much is made of the BSE scare, but scientists said they could not be sure if brains of BSE cattle were safe to eat, and MAFF perniciously took this to mean there was no need for caution. Blame MAFF, not the scientists.

Environmental concern led me to a career in plant biology; we cannot take our high-tech society back to a low-tech agriculture. There is no doubt that increased human populations throughout the globe are extremely destructive to the environment. It simply is appalling how rainforests are cut down, fisheries fished out and water resources are overutilized and polluted. But the solutions require more science, not less. Science of course is not the only solution; strong and effective laws are needed to prevent environmentally destructive practice.

I'm proud to work on how plants resist disease. As a consumer, I worry about fungicides and insecticides in the food I and my children eat. The solution? Agriculture based on genetics, rather than chemistry. Delivering crop protection inside the

plant is less polluting than spraying chemicals.

Early deployment of transgenic plant technology includes herbicide resistance and insect resistance. Not surprisingly, herbicide manufacturers seek to engineer varieties that resist their herbicides. Herbicides are not all the same: some are persistent and toxic to animals, and others are rapidly inactivated on soil contact and not toxic. Monsanto's Roundup is a less undesirable herbicide than those it replaces. Soybean farmers in the US have broadly embraced Roundup-ready soybeans, because it makes it easier for them to prevent weeds over-running their crop.

In cotton, insect damage is severe and 60 per cent of all US insecticide applications go on this crop. Very substantial reductions are now being made in cotton insecticide application by engineering insect resistance. With the same technology, big yield increases in maize have also been obtained, with more effective insect control. How can this possibly be a bad thing?

Roundup resistance is accomplished by slightly modifying an enzyme that is present in all plants, and which is a target of the herbicide, to a form that is insensitive to the herbicide. In every other respect the plant is identical. A typical plant carries 20,000 genes, most of which we do not understand the function of.

Genetic engineering of plants involves adding two or three genes to this complement of 20,000, and the

genes that are added are extremely well understood. I do not believe the statements we so often hear that "we cannot predict the consequences of our actions". We can predict them very well. We can also predict the consequences of large scale application of agrochemicals, and I know which I prefer.

Is this technology significantly different from traditional plant breeding? Yes. Is it worryingly different? No. In fact it's better. It's more precise, it's easier to control, it enables one to take the properties of a plant more directly towards a specific goal.

Contrary to popular belief, there are no tomatoes out there in stores with fish anti-freeze genes in. But I would be unfazed if there were. After all, every time we eat fish we eat a lot of fish DNA and it doesn't seem to have done us any harm so far.

When we eat tomatoes we are eating material that carries disease resistance genes that have been bred in from wild relatives of tomato, and perhaps 2,000 other genes unavoidably brought in at the same time that are not the same as in the cultivated plant. This is a much less well controlled exercise, with less easily foreseen consequences, because we don't know what these genes are. Nevertheless, the human population continues onward and upward.

We have always been making substantial changes to the environment through agriculture, and the



every change has been a disaster. For example, it is quite unnatural to grow potatoes, tomatoes and sunflowers in Europe. These are American plants. Doubtless, they displaced many local varieties; so what? It is irrational to fetishise transgenic plant technology as a technology where protracted public consultation is required. Why not have a public enquiry every time a new fungicide or insecticide is released?

There's an irony about the complaints about engineering herbicide resistance. The worst possible outcome about which alarms are sounded is that the herbicide resistance will "get out" and give rise to "superweeds". But without the resistance gene in the crop, the herbicide would not be applied. If it did get out, so that the weeds were also resistant, we would simply revert to the status quo ante, and the herbicide would not be used.

This is surely precisely the outcome that opponents of herbicide use are seeking. It is also precisely Jonathan Jones is a professor at the Sainsbury Laboratory, Norwich.

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How to liberate the people of Britain

MY SUBJECT is the way we run our country. The Thatcher years were about the financial empowerment of the citizen through share ownership and other measures, while the present programme of constitutional reform is about matching that with the political empowerment of the citizen.

Britain probably now leads Europe in our modern business structures. But we're far behind almost every other free democracy when it comes to the openness and structure of our politics. It's time to catch up.

We have our first "fair votes" election within a year - for the European Parliament. And this autumn, the Jenkins Commission on the Voting System will recommend a proportional voting system for the House of Commons to be put to the British people in a referendum.

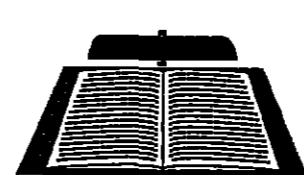
The Government of Britain will never be the same again. The onus is now on those of us who believe in reform to set out why we believe, and to set out the big picture of the kind of society we are trying to build.

We should be prepared to

allow communities to experiment with new ideas. Take the idea of elected mayors. I have some doubts about these. But I believe the risks could be worth taking if they lead to more awareness and accountability in local politics. At the local level, we should be prepared to use referendums much more often to give local government wider powers of expenditure on capital projects, subject to certain safeguards, provided they had first obtained the agreement of their voters in a referendum.

But increased limited use of direct democracy at a local level does not mean that we should leave our representative system as it is, because our electoral system does not provide for majority rule as democracy is meant to require. Most of the time, it lets the strongest minority rule. Polling experts predict Labour could win the next election, even if they get less votes than the Tories - just because their votes are in the right places, and the Tories aren't.

It is very odd. The 21st century voter marches down the

PODIUM
PADDY ASHDOWN

Extract of a speech by the Leader of the Liberal Democrats to the Westminster Forum, London, yesterday

of their new supermarket polling station on election day. What do they see? Twenty brands of washing powder. Thirty flavours of soup. Forty kinds of microwave meal. But at the ballot box only two choices of government.

Think about it. How should

a true socialist have voted at the

General Election if Peter Mandelson was their Labour candidate? Or a pro-European Tory in John Redwood's seat? Or an anti-European in Ted Heath's?

There are huge numbers of people in Britain who look at ballot papers and find no candidate to reflect their views. And there are many more who have no candidate to vote for who stands a chance of winning, and therefore feel they have no way of making their vote count.

Does our electoral system ensure all significant minorities are fairly represented? No.

Proportional representation is the politics of inclusion. It's about giving people a chance to vote for what they believe in. Some say PR will mean weak government. John Major, of all people, had the gall to claim this in Parliament last week. PR, he said, leads to governments which are "unstable" and "uncertain", "coalition, compromise and indecision". Even he, he said, to governments "hamstrung by small religious parties". Not like him then!

All governments are coali-

tions. What PR actually leads to is not weaker government, but more considered government, open coalitions, without the opportunity for a government elected with minority support to railroad through proposals which lack broad, popular support. We would not have had either the poll tax or rail privatisation under PR.

And government should concentrate on providing less active, but more effective, administration. Government that steers, but doesn't itself row. I do not believe we need all 100 of the ministers we have now. It is absurd that the number of ministers has increased while the number of civil servants has shrunk. It should be a principle that the number of ministers does not exceed a tenth of the number of MPs. We don't need them.

What does all this add up to?

It can be summed up in a single sentence.

Our aim is a Britain built around a single concept - that of the powerful free citizen, living in a strong community and supported by an enabling government.

مكنا من ألا نصل

So did I kill Diana?



DAVID AARONOVITCH
It doesn't matter who gets the blame. The real villain is the current epidemic of credulity

Isn't all this Diana conspiracy stuff a hoot, eh? A bit upsetting for the families maybe, but anyone else watching last week's TV programmes dealing with the 1997 crash, including hilariously acrimonious debate between two rival documentary makers, will have been - at the very least - entertained. And if one of these shows failed to live up to the highest standards of investigative journalism, well so what? The fact is that, for most people, conspiracies are great fun.

Unless, like me, you happen to be part of one. I discovered only last week that I am involved in a pretty big plot, and it's made me feel rather nervous. I happened upon it when - in one of my periodic bouts of mingled vanity and insecurity - I was searching the Internet for mentions of, er, me. And there I was. Mentioned twice in what the authors described as "simply a study of who controls public opinion in Great Britain".

This project, conducted under the auspices of something called Radio Islam, asked itself: "Who is behind it all? Who are the people who determine what is watched on television and printed in the newspapers?" and went on, "This is not so easy a study because a great many of the people concerned operate in the shadows. And even in the case of those whose names are known, what is known about their backgrounds and their connections? Very little."

And who are they? Yes, you've got it. "For this reason, very few people in Britain are aware of the huge influence over the mass media exercised by a certain ethnic minority, namely the Jews."

Helpfully, Radio Islam sets about the difficult business of naming names. "In the following text, we have highlighted individuals of Jewish origin by setting their names in bold type. Not all of the names in question will seem obviously Jewish; it has been the habit of Jews over the centuries to change their names, adopting those which best blend with the populations of the countries in which they have settled."

My grandparents, illiterate peasants that they were, presumably made the mistake of adopting the kind of name - Aaronovitch - that was very popular in the East End at the turn of the century. Unfortunately for their sinister plan, it turned out that the East End was full of other Jews. Foiled again!

"Where persons with non-Jewish names are designated as Jewish, the reader can rest assured that extensive research has established them." And, reassuringly, my colleagues Donald Macintyre and Hamish McRae do not appear on the list. Neither does the proprietor of this paper, Tony O'Reilly - though I have my suspicions. I mean, what would a Jew landing in Cork call himself in order to "blend in"? Netanyahu?

Now, some conspiracies are less popular than others. It's a bit of a fashion thing, and since the Holocaust the taste for Jewish plots has subsided a tad. And this could be because everybody has become a little more aware of the possible link between suggesting that Jewish people were involved in a conspiracy, and the subsequent ill-treatment of the race so accused. But this awareness had taken a very long time.

In 1039 a chronicler named Rodulfus (or Ralph the Bald) told the tale of how, 30 years earlier, the Jews of Orleans in France secretly persuaded the Muslim prince of Cairo to pull down the church in Jerusalem containing the Holy Sepulchre. Apparently they had bribed a fugitive serf and sent him to Cairo with letters in Hebrew, written on thin parchment strips hidden inside the iron of his staff, urging them to perform the destruction.

The story got out and, according to Rodulfus: "Once they knew this the Christians throughout the whole world decided unanimously to drive the Jews from their lands and cities. Some were put to the sword, others drowned in rivers, and many found other deaths ... After this very proper vengeance had been taken, very few of them were to be found in the Roman [i.e. Western] world."

The same thing happened periodically over the next nine centuries, with Jews accused of ganging up with lepers and the Moslem king of Granada to poison wells (thus causing the Black Death), and - a hundred and fifty years ago - of getting together and plotting world domination. The minutes of that supposed meeting were, of course, the infamous Protocols of the Elders of Zion, which are also thoughtfully provided by Radio Islam on its website.

What has all this got to do with Diana?

Though *Secrets Behind The Crash* was coy about who might have shone the wholly speculative military flash-gun in the eyes of M Henri Paul on the last night in August, others detect the hand of Mossad, the Israeli secret service. Some Arab journalists actually suggest that the marriage of the world's third greatest Christian icon to a Muslim would have been intolerable to world Jewry. Mr Fayed has not himself blamed the Jews, preferring (as far as I can tell) to implicate a jealous anti-Muslim British establishment.

But it doesn't really matter who gets the blame. The real connection between Blame and Aaronovitch is, I believe, the current epidemic of credulity. Sixty-four per cent of Americans are said to believe that aliens have been contacting people on earth, abducting them and probing their amuses. Books that claim that the world is full of human/alien hybrids sell in their millions. TV programmes lend credibility to weird theories, such as *The Face On Mars* (constructed by alien civilisations and covered up by NASA), to faith healers, to ghosts, toumbo jumbo of all kinds. The pyramids were built by spacemen, dogs know when their masters die a continent



Police tackle a protester outside the Palace of Justice in Paris this week

Jack Guez

away the Bible has a secret code which predicted the assassination of Rabin - but not this year's Eurovision song contest winner.

There is, as Frederick Crews points out in this week's *New York Review of Books*, a vast amount of money in all this - Whitley Strieber's *Communion* (the abductionist classic) got an advance of a million dollars. But it is a fair bet that the publishers and executives, who commission and print this tosh, do not believe any of it themselves. When was the last time you spotted a senior newspaper or TV exec consulting a

faith-healer, having his or her house exorcised, or - at a dinner party - opining that Stonehenge was the work of威尼斯人?

No, they just print it, transmit it, and take the money or enjoy the ratings - over 12 million watched the Diana programme, a huge figure for a "current affairs" show. You can't help wondering whether, had ITV existed in the 11th century, we might not have had a trailer read in that boomy, doomy voice: "Tonight: What shadowy forces may have been behind the destruction of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre last year?

Who was this man, and what was in his staff? Watch *The Secret Behind The Scaffold* on ITV tonight!"

Tosh begets more tosh. Suspend your disbelief here, and why should you retrieve it there? So a world in which Diana can be murdered by MI5, and a world in which NASA can cover up certain evidence of alien existence, is a world in which I got together with the Chief Rabbi and Mossad to plan this misleading article. And where someone else might just decide that I deserve to be punished for it.

FOR 10 DAYS at the end of May more than 40,000 descended upon the border town on Hay-on-Wye home to 1,100. They filled hotels, B&Bs and campsites for miles around; they ate and drank, they walked on the hills and along the Wye; some fished, some cycled, some browsed in local shops. All came to the Festival.

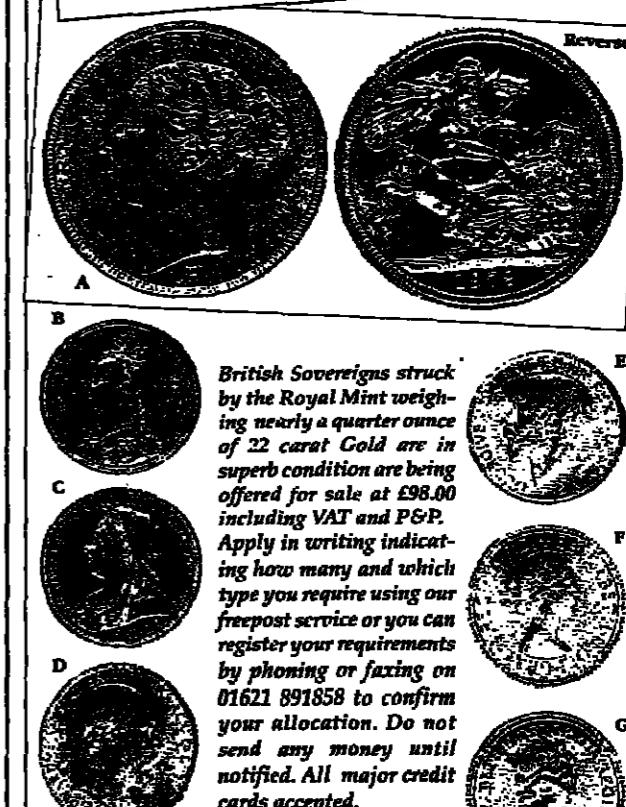
Last Tuesday, Michael Glover wrote in this paper about the foolishness of those who go to Hay and the vanity of the performers - as he has done repeatedly in recent years, although he and his delightful family have been guests of the festival, staying in beautiful accommodation nearby and driving one of the official cars he professes to despise.

This year's attack was astonishingly vituperative. Writers are "a damnable chit-pack", readers an "ignorant" bunch of pensioners. Let them jump in a lake, he wrote, "and may a thousand Escaliburs be poised to receive their tenderest parts."

The Festival takes place in a jumble of marquees on a school's playing fields. Everyone, performers and audiences alike, eats in the same tent, walks through the same puddles, stays in the same B&Bs, chats in the same sunny courtyard. Never have I seen so leveling and unpretentious a setting for such a mixed group of people, such scaling down to size of the few egos there are.

As a writer who has been lucky enough to appear five times at the festival, I find audiences well-informed, intelligent and friendly. The Festival is celebrated, enjoyed, loved, by those who run it, patronise it, profit by it or perform at it. How sad for Michael Glover that he still feels unable to join in.

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A thoroughbred and his stable

TUESDAY BOOK

DARK HORSES: AN EXPERIENCE OF LITERARY JOURNALISM
KARL MILLER, PICADOR, £16.99

hurry, abandoning Leavis and Cambridge, and going over to the enemy: London, the media. The young man survives, sporting the same chips on his shoulder. He says he is vain, unprogrammatic, with a republican, Scottish, Labourite bent. Time and teaching have made him less iconoclastic than he was at *The Spectator*, the *New Statesman*, and - dramatically - at *The Listener*. Miller traces his editorial antecedents back to 1802, to Francis Jeffrey's *Edinburgh Review*. Like Jeffrey he's a severe Scot, pitting the Enlightenment against the Establishment, agnostic before the institutions of culture.

Even in retirement, Miller remains reckonable. As a young writer, I knew he was the editor to send things to. As a middle-aged editor I regard him as a star to take bearings from, if not to steer by. What makes his memoir uneasy reading is his double standard. He forgives Amis, Naipaul and O'Brien for opinions he condemns in writers in whom he has a smaller investment. The stockbroker again.

The author of *Dark Horses* comes over as a malcontent. He allows himself one epiphany: "that night in Ireland" when he attended a ceilidh with Seamus Heaney in Belfast, with the Irish fiddle, elbow-pipes, recitations and

singing. "The house was filled with airs that hurt not," says Caliban, "and it seemed like holy ground, though far from clerical ground, or holy-war ground." How far! A gathering of friends - Republican friends - in Belfast in the Seventies. Miller acknowledges himself as the occasion's "sentimental monoglot over-interpreter", but he won't let go his abiding

joy at this inclusion. He talks of camaraderie but celebrates outsiders. Duality again.

Martin Bell, who contributed to the *London Review of Books*, has moved from "balanced, dispassionate, objective" journalism to a "journalism of attachment". Miller seems to concur. A practical man, he knows that responsible criticism and journalism

clear spaces for creative, as for political, action. The dynamics of working for his four journals propelled him towards "attachment", especially in the Thatcher years, with the founding of the *London Review of Books*; Miller's *Mary Kay Wilmers*, and *Susannah Clapp*'s indispensable legacy.

In Miller's journals, the sense of deliberate design was compelling. *LRB* controversies had had the delicious sense of having been choreographed. Storm clouds were gathered by a deliberate hand; the thunder and lightning might go on for weeks.

Dark Horses is cobbled together. Miller cannibalises his Northern lectures, introductions and journalism. It is no doubt good ecology to recycle, but journalism and lectures are different in kind from book-writing, unless the book is a mere collection of journalism. The pace of *Dark Horses* is uneven. Miller wants to reflect his multifarious concerns - Eric Cantona, Richard Rorty, Richard Crossman, Fanny Hill. He should have started from memory, making those risky juxtapositions which were the news of *Modernism*.

Almost-revelations tease us; it's still not clear why Miller left the *LRB*. He sets out bare facts but doesn't flesh them out. I wish he had; it was an important creation and departure. Perhaps we'll never hear the full story from the horse's mouth. We leave him on his bed, netsuke in hand, gazing out of the window, and beyond it, to the deep blue air ...

TUESDAY POEM

FRESH SIGNS
FOR SALE
BY ALAIN BOSQUET,
TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL
BECKETT

Fresh signs for sale!
Prime doubts a penny!
Scowls going at a loss!
When I'm sold out I'll go
far from me and these
among

born again:
a mango warm from the
bough,
a more than feline kiss,
a few oysters without
name.

Fresh hopes for sale!
Smiles going at a loss!
Bargains, bargains in and
out of reason!

Our poems today
and tomorrow come
from the latest batch
of Poems on the
Underground. The 15
poems by major
modern European
poets, which will
appear in London
tube carriages
throughout June and
July, mark the British
presidency of the
European Union.



Seamus Heaney: camaraderie with outsiders

MICHAEL SCHMIDT

John Titchell

JOHN TITCHELL was a fine draughtsman. A simple approach, very straight, intense observation, bent on finding out what he needed for his work. He worked rather slowly and methodically. There was an obsessiveness in his work, no flourishes. The drawings were tightly structured and strongly designed and composed, constantly looking, sifting and selecting.

His sequence paintings were original like the man. He would make four versions of the same subject from morning to sunset or through the seasons and arriving on site as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. I know of nobody who used colour in his manner. Completely

He creates a parallel which embodies both a reality and an idea, like a poem about light

unphotographic, his work translates and sits his visual experience. He creates a parallel which embodies both a reality and an idea, like a poem about light.

Titchell was affectionately known as Titch, but was in fact rather tall. He was born in Kent in 1926. He served in the Army during the Second World War and saw something of Germany and India. He talked a lot about India and always wanted to return. He said the experience profoundly affected his attitude towards colour and he was amazed by the light and its brilliance. He liked the Indian people and developed a taste for Indian food and he would travel miles to a good restaurant.

My wife and I visited Titch on the day he died. We had a wonderful afternoon visiting Egerton House,

where it had all begun in a sense - a dilapidated old Georgian house in the Kent countryside rented in turn by a number of artists, including Titch (in the late Fifties), Campbell Bruce and Jacqueline Stanley, and myself; we returned afterwards to Titch and Audrey's for cake and tea. There was no indication of what was about to happen, as he looked so well. We were planning a visit to Somerset. During our conversation he was reminiscing about Sidcup Art School where our friendship began.

Sidcup was an experience which he maintained changed his life. The Principal, J. Robinson (Robbo to his students), made a lasting impression on Titch by his calm, patient manner to young pupils of 14 years of age. He also met a young Ruskin Spear and Robin Guthrie who Titch said was a gent, both excellent draughtsmen and painters.

Under their guidance he gained entrance to the Royal College of Art, where he was taught by Rodrigo Moynihan, Carel Weight, John Minton, Colin Hayes, Robert Buhler and others, all professional painters. His appetite for art was insatiable. Music, literature, films, painting and sculpture - where better a place to encourage and nurture this appetite than art school.

I believe that Titch in turn was repaying a debt for the treatment he had received at those schools, for when he became a teacher himself he was to become one of the finest and most conscientious of all his generation. He taught in a number of art schools, principally Hornsey, Walthamstow and Maidstone.

His teaching was direct and simple. Critical of weakness, he countered this with sound advice as to a remedy and was quick to praise and to encourage effort and hard work to guide his students to a fuller understanding of their work and problems. He had no ambition to become a full-time teacher. He did not want that kind of safety. "It would stop me working if I had a cushy number." Such was his inspiration.

He was dogged by ill-health for the last 20 years of his life, suffering



Titchell at home in Kent: 'It would stop me working if I had a cushy number'

not in meetings and on committees.

In the late 1950s, he and his family moved to the countryside and in the early 1960s found their home in Pluckley, where his wife Audrey started to plan and build the garden which became such a central and important theme in Titch's work. It is a beautiful garden, just as exciting on a small scale as Great Dixter or Sissinghurst. The garden, the Kent landscape and the coastline around Folkestone and Hythe were his inspiration.

He was dogged by ill-health for the last 20 years of his life, suffering heart problems. These he refused to recognise and continued to work as regularly and as hard as ever before. Sadly in his life he did not receive the recognition he deserved.

He loved creative people and his friends included musicians, writers, composers, painters, sculptors and potters and people from every walk of life. All of them were captivated by his charm, his work and his stories, for he was one of the greatest of yarn spinners, some true, some invented on the spur of the moment. He occasionally struck a lyric vein that became poetic. For example his description of the tea tent at Canterbury Cricket Week - "the clicking of bat to ball and the steam of the tea urns and the wheelchairs and the hats." The polite applause mingled with the gentle clacking of false teeth filled the air." Such imagination and observation.

He was a great family man, enjoying his grandchildren, and indeed all children, since he was infinitely patient and he never lost his touch with the young. He gave the greatest attention to his students and their problems, possessing that rare grace of seeming to have all the time in the

world to listen and to advise. He loved to argue and converse on any subject, to be devil's advocate. He would argue against his own argument in order to prolong a discussion.

We all in our lives have had some good and some bad luck. Like many I am sure, I thought if my good luck to be friends with John Titchell.

Fred Cuming

John Titchell, painter: born Crayford, Kent 6 August 1926; RA 1986, RA 1991; married 1947 Audrey Ward (one son, one daughter); died Plockley, Kent 11 May 1998.

Professor Alan Milne

ALAN MILNE was a distinguished political philosopher whose achievement is all the more remarkable because he was totally blinded in military action during the Second World War before he had even begun university study.

Most university teachers of political theory are historians who expand the work of great thinkers of the past. Just a few are genuine philosophers who take a critical approach to the classical texts and add their own contribution to the subject. Alan Milne was one of that select band.

He was born at Marlow in 1922 and educated at the Dragon School, Oxford, and Uppingham. He enlisted in the Army immediately on leaving school in 1939 and served first in the Royal Artillery and then in the Commandos. It was when leading a bridgehead commando in Germany in the spring of 1945 that he was hit by a sniper's bullet which blinded him.

After receiving training for the blind at St Dunstan's, he became a student in the Department of Government at the London School of Economics. He was of course unable to read for himself and there were no audiobooks in those days, but a number of his fellow students took it in turn to read books and articles to him. He married one of those devoted readers, Anita Littlestone, having been for all those years his

while still a student. He completed the undergraduate course in 1949 and went on to research for a PhD, which he gained in 1952. He was then awarded a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship to continue his studies for two years in the United States.

After a brief period back at the LSE as an Assistant Lecturer, he was appointed in 1956 to a Lectureship in Social Philosophy at Queen's University, Belfast. Since the post was firmly in philosophy rather than social studies or politics, he felt it was incumbent upon him to become thoroughly proficient in philosophy, which he did off his own bat.

He found himself attracted to post-Hegelian Idealism, which was regarded by most of the Oxford philosophers as having been refuted by G.E. Moore and the disciples of J. Cook Wilson. A notable exception, however, was R.G. Collingwood, who continued the Idealist tradition in his own inimitable way and who came to have a considerable influence on Milne's development.

At Belfast Milne's success as a teacher and author led to his being promoted to a Readership and then to a personal Chair. He left in 1973 for Durham, where he held the Chair of Political Theory and Institutions until his retirement in 1987. His wife Anita died of cancer in 1983, having been for all those years his

"indispensable helpmeet", to quote the words of her successor, Susan Elkan, who had likewise been one of Milne's readers in his student days, and whom he married in 1986. His tribute to her in his last book shows that she too was an indispensable companion.

Milne's first book, *The Social Philosophy of English Idealism* (1952), was something of a pathbreaker in inducing students of philosophy to go back to F.H. Bradley, T.H. Green, and Bernard Bosanquet, and to attend also to the American Idealist Josiah Royce. In later years, which he did off his own bat.

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Richard Jaeger

RICHARD JAEGER was known as a forthright arch-conservative Bavarian CSU politician, a man of principle who did not compromise, and a politician to his fingertips. He was prominent among the first generation of post-war German politicians. Elected to the first Bundestag in 1949, he remained a member until 1990.

The Bavarian Party (BP), for decades a significant force in Bavaria, sought to embarrass Jaeger by attempting to make political capital out of the fact that he was born in Berlin rather than Bavaria. However, both his parents were Bavarians and he came from a long line of southern Germans. His father, Dr Heinz Jaeger, was director of the Munich city insurance office. There his son Richard was born. Later the family returned to Munich where Richard attended the prestigious Maximilian Gymnasium.

Jaeger studied law at the universities of Munich, Berlin and Bonn. As a Catholic he remained loyal to the Catholic youth organisation and the Catholic students' body when others were de-

tecting to the Hitler Youth and National Socialist Students Corps. He qualified as a lawyer in 1939 only to find himself in the army for the duration of the war.

Remarkably, his war service, as artillery NCO in the West and in Russia, did not prevent him from continuing his legal studies. After a brief incarceration as a prisoner of war, he returned to Munich, gaining his doctorate at Munich University in 1947. He joined the new Christian Social Union (CSU), the Bavarian wing of Christian Democracy, in 1946 and gained entry into the Bavarian civil service. He served as mayor of Eichstätt 1948-49.

From the start of his parliamentary career Jaeger made his mark as a robust exponent of Bavarian interests and conservative values. Among the causes he championed was the re-introduction of the death penalty, more rigorous law enforcement,

tougher sentences for sex offenders and opposition to pornography.

Despite his popularity in conservative circles, his legal mind and his relative youth, Jaeger did not get promotion under Chancellor Adenauer. Perhaps one of his problems was rivalry with Franz Josef Strauss. Both were Bavarians, both were Catholics, both had attended the same school and both had served in the artillery. Two years younger, Strauss had been promoted to officer while Jaeger ended his military career as an officer cadet.

One would have expected that Jaeger's more subdued style and temperament would have found favour with Adenauer rather than that of the more flamboyant Strauss. Jaeger had to be contented with the consolation prize of election as one of the five vice-presidents of the Bundestag, an office he held from 1953 to 1965 and 1967 to 1976.

He also served as chairman of the powerful parliamentary defence committee, 1953-65, and as such he had considerable influence on the development of West Germany's new armed forces established in 1955. He was strongly in favour of political control of the armed forces. In this he both supported the Defence Minister, Franz Josef Strauss, and later Kai-Uwe von Hassel, against the military, and sought more power for his committee. He also argued that the German forces should be equipped with nuclear weapons.

In 1963 Konrad Adenauer retired and was replaced as head of government by Ludwig Erhard. Jaeger had hopes of a ministry. Firstly, Erhard was also a Bavarian. Secondly, Jaeger supported him on his pro-American stance as against the "Gaulist" position of many Bavarian politicians. Jaeger had

served for many years as President of the German Atlantic Society.

His reward came in 1965 when Erhard formed his second ministry and appointed Jaeger Minister of Justice. This was a hollow victory for Jaeger as the government of "rubber lion" Erhard was brought down in December 1966. He was not included in Kurt Georg Kiesinger's grand coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats. His replacement was the very liberal Social Democrat Gustav Heinemann. Richard Jaeger's last major post came as a surprise when in 1984 he was appointed head of the West German delegation to the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva.

David Childs

Richard Jaeger, politician: born Berlin 16 February 1913; married 1940 M.A. Kemp (one daughter); died 14 May 1998.

Geraint Jones

IN THE YEARS following the Second World War, Geraint Jones explored the world of baroque music and was influential in a return to an "authentic" performing style. Despite a sometimes hostile reaction from the press, he persevered, and through several series of concerts as both conductor and keyboard player, he demonstrated the validity of these musical ideas.

The son of a minister, Jones studied at Caterham School, in Surrey, and was subsequently a Sternale Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music. He volunteered for service in the Second World War but was rejected on the grounds of poor health. Determined to "do his bit", Jones made his debut as a harpsichordist in 1940 at one of Dame Myra Hess's National Gallery concerts, where he continued to appear on a regular basis until 1944. He soon became known as a virtuoso.

Immediately after the war, Jones launched into a series of concerts performing the complete organ works of Bach in London. This was a composer to whom he returned a decade later at the Festival Hall, but to a mixed reaction.

One reviewer said: "It is in resource and in the handling of Allegros that Mr Jones's performances excel." Ten days later, the same newspaper (the reviewers were then anonymous) wrote: "As a player Mr Jones has a clean technique and an austere taste; his playing of the big Prelude in E flat could only be described as antiseptic." The epithet was not unjustified as it might sound: while intellectually brilliant, Jones's playing was not renowned for its emotional content. Undeterred, Jones embarked on an annual series of organ recitals at the South Bank which ran for more than 30 years.

Already married and divorced by the end of the Forties, Jones undertook many concerts for violin and harpsichord with his second wife, the violinist Winifred Roberts. Together they toured the world performing neglected music of the baroque era.

Winifred subsequently became the leader of the Geraint Jones Orchestra, which evolved from a series of acclaimed performances of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with the soprano Kirsten Flagstad and the baritone Thomas Hemsley, conducted by Jones, in the opening season of Bernard Miles's *Mermaid* Theatre in 1951.

The now historic recording of this *Dido and Aeneas* - which included Elisabeth Schwarzkopf - was produced by Walter Legge for HMV and was the first of many recordings featuring music by Bach, Handel and Mozart. Among them was the Italian version of Gluck's *Aceste*, also with Flagstad. Jones's discs won the Grand Prix du Disque in 1959 and 1966.

By 1969 Jones was hitting relatively modern music. With the pianist Stephen Bishop he championed all of Mozart's piano concertos in a 15-month series at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London. At the end of the final concert in April 1970, the artists returned to the stage to acknowledge the applause and by way of an encore repeated the slow movement of the C major Concerto (K467) but with Jones at the keyboard and Bishop on the rostrum.

During the 1960s and 1970s Jones came to be seen as more of a musical statesman. He was artistic director of several festivals, including the Lake District Festival which he founded in 1960, Salisbury Festival (1973-77) and Manchester Festival (1977-87). But it was to the Kirkman Concert Society, founded in 1963 to provide a platform for outstanding young artists, that he devoted much of his time and energy.

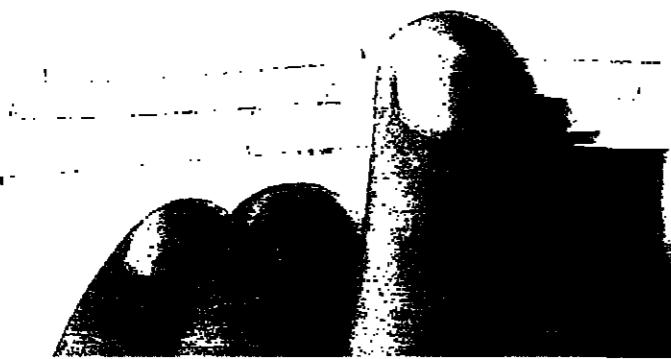
His 35 years as director of the Kirkman Concert Society marked him out as a man with a great knack for spotting talented youngsters. Stephen Bishop was just one of Jones's protégés. The singer Mitsuaki Shirai and the pianist Hartmut Höll, and more recently the Empress String Quartet, were other beneficiaries of the society's largesse.

Away from the platform Jones was very highly thought of as an organ designer. Like Bach he was a connoisseur not just of music but of instruments, and he was involved in the construction of organs at the Royal Northern College of Music, St Andrew's University, the Royal Academy of Music and the Academy for Performing Arts in Hong Kong.

A true Welshman in manner and character, Jones forever had a twinkle in his eye and had a mischievous sense of humour. He adored smart cars, pretty women, and parties, where he was a shrewd people-watcher. He retained a large and assorted circle of friends until the very end of his life.

Tim Bullmore

Geraint Jones, musician: born Porth, Glamorgan 16 May 1917; FRAM 1954; Professor, Royal Academy of Music 1961-88; married 1940 M.A. Kemp (one daughter); died London 3 May 1998.



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Phil Hartman

WHEN the actors providing the voices of *The Simpsons* cartoon series threatened to go on strike earlier this year unless they got hefty pay rises, the news made headlines around the English-speaking world. It gave viewers the chance to put faces to the names they regularly see on the credits and to realise how versatile those performers can be, since they often lend their talents to several characters.

Alongside Nancy Cartwright (Bart Simpson), but also his friend Nelson Muntz, and Todd Flanders, the neighbour's kid, Dan Castellaneta (Homer, Grampa Simpson, Krusty The Clown, Barney Gumble, Mayor Quimby etc), Hank Azaria (the bartender, Apu the convenience store owner, Chief Wiggum, Superintendent Chalmers and 25 others) and Harry Shearer (Mr Burns, his sycophantic assistant Smithers, Homer's neighbour Ned Flanders, Principal Skinner, newscaster Kent Brockman and a host of others) and the many celebrity guests (including Elizabeth Taylor as Maggie, and U2 in the 200th episode), Phil

'Hi, I'm Troy McClure, you may remember me as the star of ...'

Hartman didn't warrant a huge mention.

Yet Hartman contributed to 49 episodes of the long-running cartoon series. He was the voice of Moses, of Under-Secretary of State Evan Conover, of the fast-talking salesman Lyle Lanley, of Homer's inept lawyer Lionel Hutz and, most famously, portrayed a fading celebrity, Troy McClure, who introduced himself with the immortal: "Hi, I'm Troy McClure, you may remember me as the star of ... whenever he appeared in yet another infomercial interrupting the Simpson family's compulsive television-watching. There were similarities between the comic actor and his vocal cartoon creation but, considering his late start in the world of show-business, Hartman's star was very much in the ascendant.

Born in Brantford, a small town in Ontario, Canada, Hartman followed his parents and seven siblings first to Connecticut and then, in the late Sixties, to Los Angeles. He often entered

tained schoolfriends with his impersonations of John Wayne, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, but wouldn't make a career out of this until the mid-Seventies. He originally studied graphic design and, when he wasn't working in advertising, created artwork for Crosby, Stills & Nash and other rock acts of the day.

Theatre workshops offered an outlet and a release for Hartman's acting abilities, and in 1975, he joined the Groundlings, a Los Angeles comedy troupe specialising in improvised sketches. While he was part of that ensemble, he met Paul Reubens, a comedian who would soon fashion a new image for himself as the colourful and outrageous Pee-wee Herman. The two collaborated on the script for the 1985 film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, in which Hartman guested alongside his friend.

The following year, Hartman appeared in *Three Amigos* (featuring Steve Martin, Chevy Chase and Martin Short) and joined the cast of NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, American television's number one satirical comedy show. The show had already provided the springboard for talents like John Goodman, Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase, who had been part of its repertoire cast.

Over the following eight seasons, Hartman's uncanny ability for mimicry came to the fore as he lampooned everyone from Ronald Reagan to Frank Sinatra via Jack Nicholson and the television evangelist Jimmy Swaggart. The election of Bill Clinton to the presidency in 1992 provided Hartman with another chance to shine. His Clinton, complete with sincere, southern vocal inflections, proved so spot-on that the president had no recourse but to congratulate his impersonator. Coincidentally, both played the saxophone too.

From that point, Hartman's career really took off. "I started doing Clinton and then I was on the cover of *TV Guide* [America's best-selling listings magazine]. I became a household name," he later reflected. "I didn't have to look for work any more. Work came to me. Like a tremendous amount of commercials and voice overs."

The smarmy delivery of a Hartman character had often been used to introduce or narrate sketches on *Saturday Night Live*. In 1990, while fleshing out *The Simpsons'* rich array of cultural references, high- and low-brow, the show's creator Matt Groening decided to hire Hartman to



become the voice of has-been actor Troy McClure.

Having quit *Saturday Night Live* in 1994, Hartman, who had become a US citizen, could concentrate on *The Simpsons* and various small but lucrative appearances in movies such as *Conheads* (1993, with Dan Aykroyd), *House Guest* (1995), *Sgt. Bilko* (1996, with Steve Martin) and *Jingle All the Way* (the poorly received Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle of Christmas 1996).

By then NBC had found a suitable vehicle for Hartman's talents with the launch of the sitcom *NewsRadio*, in which he played Bill McNeal, a self-important radio announcer. The series

never quite delivered the ratings the US channel expected and has not been shown on British television, possibly because the format closely resembles Channel 4's newsroom series *Drop the Dead Donkey*. Ostensibly an ensemble piece, *NewsRadio* nevertheless often revolved around Hartman's character and may now be cancelled following his death.

Pierre Perrone

Philip Edward Hartmann (Hartman), actor, comedian, impersonator, scriptwriter; born Brantford, Ontario 24 September 1948; three times married (one son, one daughter); died Los Angeles, California 28 May 1998.

GAZETTE

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Duke of Edinburgh, Senior Trustee, attends a meeting of the trustees at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, London SE10; as Patron, unveils a plaque to commemorate the founding of the Royal National Institute for People with Disabilities, the Duke of Edinburgh's International Association, gives a reception at Buckingham Palace. The Queen Mother visits Queen's College, Cambridge, to mark the 550th anniversary of its foundation. The Duke of York takes the salute at the Royal Artillery Sunset Ceremony on Horseguards Parade, London SW1. The Princess Royal, President, the Princess Royal Trust for Carers, visits Gloucestershire Carers Centre and attends a reception at the Parliament Rooms, Gloucester; opens the new premises of the Haven Trust, Gloucester; and, as President, Riding for the Disabled Association, attends the Maisemore Group 25th Anniversary event at Maisemore Riding Centre, Maisemore, Gloucestershire. The Duke of Gloucester, Commissioner, English Heritage, attends the 1998 Annual Commissioner's Tour.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guards.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at 50p a line (VAT extra).

BIRTHDAYS

Mr Tony Britton, actor, 74; Mr Edgar Evans, tenor, 86; Mr Michael J. Fox, actor, 37; Mr Gérard Griffy, former Director, University of Wales Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies, 70; Mr Jeremy Hardie, chairman, W.H. Smith, 60; Sir Peter Healy, former chairman, Commonwealth Games Federation, 74; Mr Douglas Henderson MP, Minister for Europe, 49; Lord Islwyn, former MP, 73; Mr Derek Hunt, chairman, MFI Furniture Group, 59; Sir Roger Hurn, chairman, Smiths Industries, 60; Miss Sheila Keith, actress, 76; Mr Peter Kilroy MP, Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Office of Public Services, 52; Sir Nicholas Lloyd, former Editor of the Daily Express, 58; Mr Robert McNamara, former Secretary of Defence, 82; Mr Michael Mates MP, 64; General Sir Geoffrey Musson, former Adjutant-General, 88; Mrs June O'Dell, director, Aylesbury Vale Community Healthcare NHS Trust, 69; Mr David Ridgway, ambassador to Bolivia, 57; Mr Charles Saatchi, advertising executive, 55; Mr Peter Sanders, former chief executive, Commission for Racial Equality, 60; Sir Douglas Smith, former chairman, Ascas, 66; Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick Symons, former Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic's Representative in Europe, 65; Mr David Troughton, actor, 48; Col John Williams-Wynne, Constable of Harlech Castle, 90; Mr Peter Wilson, chairman and chief executive, Gallagher Group, 57.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Leopold I, Holy Roman emperor, 1640; Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia, 1672; Andrew Ramsay, writer, 1686; Georg Friedrich Grotewold, classical and cuneiform scholar, 1775; George Stephenson, locomotive engineer, 1781; John Howard Payne, actor, playwright and consul, 1791; Carl Otto Ehrenfried Nicolai, conductor and composer, 1810; Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, physician, 1838; Lady Anne Isabella Ritchie, writer, daughter of W.M. Thackeray, 1837; Walter Weedon Grossmith, comedian and writer, 1853; Sir Henry Hallett Dale, neurophysiologist, 1876; E.M. Delafield (Edmée Elizabeth Monica de la Pasture), novelist, 1890; Cole Albert Porter, composer and lyricist, 1893; Robert Cummings (Charles Clarence Robert Orville Main Cummings), actor, 1908; Deaths: Jan van Eyck, painter, buried 1441; William Lilly, astrologer and publisher of almanacs, 1681; Pope Gregory XVI, 1846; George Payne Rainsford James, novelist, 1860; Charles John Huffam Dickens, novelist, 1870; Sir Walter Besant, writer and philanthropist, 1901; Edward Moran, artist, 1901; Ugo Betti, playwright and judge, 1953; William Maxwell Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook, 1964; Dame Sybil Thorndike, actress, 1976; Alexis Smith (Gladys Smith), actress, 1994. On this day: the first Book of Common Prayer was issued to all dioceses in the Church of England, 1549; the French defeated the Austrians at the Battle of Montebello-Casteggio, 1800; Alsace-Lorraine was annexed to Germany, 1871; the US heavyweight boxer James J. Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons, of Great Britain, in New York, 1892; the London Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert, 1894; Charles Kingsford-Smith and Charles Ulm became the first to pilot an aircraft across the Pacific (California to Brisbane, Australia), 1928; the Norwegian forces surrendered to Germany, 1940; the USS George Washington, the first ballistic missile submarine was launched, 1958; in Britain, the proceedings of the

House of Commons were broadcast live for the first time, 1975. Today is the Feast Day of St Columba of Iona, St Ephraim, St Pelagia of Antioch, Saints Primus and Felician, St Richard of Andria and St Vincent of Agen.

LECTURES

National Gallery: Marion Carlisle, "Match of the Day" (D: Botticelli, *Venus and Mars*), 1pm. Tate Gallery: Michael Ricketts, "Warhol and Emotion: boredom", 1pm. British Museum: Nicole Dohle, "Jewels of the Pharaoh", 11.30am. National Portrait Gallery: Rebecca Lyons, "G.F. Wattis and Ellen Terry: Pygmalion and the image", 1.10pm. Wallace Collection, London W1: Miranda Neave, "Aspects of French Furniture", 1pm.

DINNERS

Inter-Parliamentary Union - British Group Mr David Marshall MP, Chairman, Inter-Parliamentary Union - British Group, hosted a dinner yesterday at One Great George St, London SW1, in honour of a Parliamentary Delegation from the People's Republic of China led by Mr Jiang Chunyan, Vice-Chairman, Standing People's Congress.

Lejeune Clinic Mr Dominic Grieve MP was the host at the launch of the Help Campaign for the Lejeune Clinic held yesterday in the Jubilee Room at the House of Commons, London SW1. The clinic, for the care and assessment of Down's syndrome, was launched two years ago at the Hospital of St John and St Elizabeth, London NW8. Among the guests were:

Lady Banton; Lady Pitlochry; Dr S. James Atkin; Mr Simon Hart, MP; Dr. James Le Fanu; Mr Alan Widdicombe MP; Mrs Rose Lejeune; Chairman of Trustees, Lejeune Clinic Dr Peter Doberty; Vice-Chairman of trustees: Dr Margaret White; Vice-Chairman in

Trustees: Mrs Elizabeth McLean, Trustee; Mrs Corinne Bellini, Director, The Lejeune Foundation, Paris; Dr A. C. Clark; Dr P. Hart; Dr F. J. Kilmartin; Mr John Marples MP.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments have been announced by the Church of England:

The Rev Gary Astor, Prior, Society of the Sacred Mission, Vassall Road London; to be NSM Curate, Angel Town St John the Evangelist (Southwark).

The Rev Dr Michael Baker, Bishop of Bishop's Stortford and St Andrew with St Bartholomew (Grisel); to be Team Rector, Bishopsgate and St Andrews (same diocese).

The Rev Peter Barlow, Team Rector, Kinross and Rural Dean of Peebles (Selkirkshire); to be also Non-residentiary Canon of Selkirk Cathedral (same diocese).

The Rev Hart, with permission to officiate (Wincanton); to be part-time Chaplain, Christchurch Hospital (same diocese).

The Rev Nigel Bass, Curate, Hilton St John the Evangelist and St Luke (Gipton); to be Team Vicar, Moor Allerton with special responsibility for Alwoodley St Barnabas (same diocese).

The Rev Dr Ian Carter, Vicar, St Peter's, Peterborough (Peterborough); to be Team Vicar, The Peasey Team Ministry (same diocese).

The Rev John Eley, Producer/Presentator BBC Radio 4, with permission to officiate (Wincanton); to be Team Vicar, St Peter's, St Paul (same diocese).

The Rev Ian Gammie, Chaplain, University of Edinburgh; to be Team Vicar, St John Chrysostom (Glasgow).

The Rev Peter Gruber, Assistant Curate, West Bromwich St. Andrew and Christ Church (Lichfield); to be Rector, Newton Heath All Saints (Manchester).

The Rev Christopher Hulme, Curate, St Paul's, Gloucester (Gloucester); to be Assistant Curate (Team Vicar designate), Swindon and Pendlebury (Manchester).

The Rev Brian McCloskey, Curate, St Peter's, St Gabriel (Glasgow); to be Diocesan Youth Officer (same diocese).

The Rev Bill Moore, Curate, Hob's Moat (Birmingham); to be Vicar, Dosthill St Paul (same diocese).

The Rev Peter Parker, Curate, Whitford St. Mary (Shrewsbury); to be Team Vicar, Berrow Valley (Salisbury).

The Rev Nicholas Wright, Team Vicar, Worcester South East with special responsibility for Holy Trinity with St Matthew (Worcester); to be Vicar, Moseley (Birmingham); to be Team Vicar, with Colwich and Kingstone with Dornon (same diocese).

APPOINTMENTS

Mr Ian Alexander QC, to be an Ordinary Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

Miss Caroline Banks, to be Director of Consumer Affairs, Office of Fair Trading.

Proceedings were not an abuse of process

TUESDAY LAW REPORT

9 JUNE 1998

Re Barings plc; Secretary of State for Trade and Industry v Baker and others Chancery Division (Mr Justice Jonathan Parker) 5 June 1998

DISQUALIFICATION proceedings under section 6 of the Company Directors Disqualification Act 1986 would not be stayed as abuse of process on the basis that disciplinary proceedings had previously been taken against the respondent by the Securities and Futures Authority.

An application by Ronald Alwyn Baker for a stay of proceedings brought against him under section 6 of the Company Directors Disqualification Act 1986 was refused.

On 21 February 1997 the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry issued proceedings against 10 former directors of companies in the Barings Group, including Mr Baker seeking disqualification orders under section 6 of the 1986 Act. The proceedings arose out of the collapse of the Barings Group in 1995.

Mr Baker had been appointed a director of Baring Brothers & Co Ltd in April 1992, and had been registered as a director by the Securities and Futures Authority (SFA). In July 1995 the SFA suspended Mr Baker's registration, and in March 1996 instituted proceedings against him before the SFA Disciplinary Tribunal.

At an early stage of the disqualification hearing, an application was made on behalf of Mr Baker for a stay of the proceedings against him, on the ground that to prosecute those proceedings would infringe the principle of double jeopardy, since he had already successfully resisted the proceedings brought by the SFA in which the same, or substantially the same, charges had been made against him.

That was not to say, however, that the status of the pre-

vious decision, and its relationship (if any) with the subsequent proceedings, were not important factors in deciding whether the collateral attack principle applied in a particular case.

In considering whether the principle applied in the particular circumstances of the present case, the submission made on Mr Baker's behalf, that in substance the SFA was the Secretary of State in another guise with the consequence that in commencing disqualification proceedings the Secretary of State could be said to be taking a second bite at the cherry, must be rejected.

The SFA was a company limited by guarantee, and its disciplinary jurisdiction over its members derived from its rules; it was found in contrast, not in statute, and that respect differed from the court's jurisdiction under the 1986 Act. Moreover, withdrawal of registration by the SFA only affected an individual's ability to work for companies registered with the SFA and operating in the financial services sector, whereas a disqualification order under the 1986 Act prevented an individual from being concerned in the management of any company during the period of disqualification.

To hold that the Secretary of State was, in effect, bound by the decisions of the SFA Tribunal would be to sanction the imposition of a restriction on her powers and duties under the 1986 Act which would be inconsistent both with the express terms and the underlying purpose of the Act.

Kate O'Hanlon, Barrister

WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON
Gascoigne n. (obsolete)

GASCOIGNE. Gascoigne and Gascoigne are all, according to the OED, obsolete forms of Gascon: a native of Gascony in south-western France. In 1608 there were said to be 300 Gascoignes at Dieppe. From that original meaning, the word came to mean: "anyone who resembles a Gascon in

hind, in conceit a Gascon". The word was also used for a kind of wine from Gascony. As long ago as 1550, Freiris of Berwick wrote of "ane gallone full of Gascone wine".

The derived word "Gasconade" is a verb or noun meaning: (to indulge in) extravagant boasting or vainglorious fiction.



Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603)

had seen several unions in her immediate family break down, including that of her own parents.

Some writers, on the flimsiest of evidence, have argued that Elizabeth was frightened or incapable of the sex act, but it is more likely that she feared childbirth. Two of her stepmothers, her grandmother and several acquaintances, had died in childbirth. Moreover, in pregnancy she was bound to lose her grip on affairs.

Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII, had had her mother, Anne Boleyn, executed for treason and adultery; her stepmother Catherine Howard later suffered the same fate. When Elizabeth was 14 she was all but seduced by Admiral Thomas Seymour, who also went to the block within a year for treason. Witnessing these terrible events at an early age, it has been argued, may have put Elizabeth off marriage.

Elizabeth had to decide her priorities. There was no contraception in those days, and to risk an illicit pregnancy would have jeopardised her already insecure throne. A woman's reputation was paramount, especially that of a queen who bore the title Supreme Governor of the Church of England. Marriage or celibacy were her only choices. Elizabeth was far too intelligent to compromise herself. The choice she made was courageous and revolutionary, and, in the long run, the right one for England.

• From Alison Weir's book *Elizabeth the Queen* (Cape, £18.



Career women turned mothers may talk about nappies for a while, but before long their work interests will surface and they may make valuable contacts

Neville Elder

JOYS OF MODERN LIFE

1. VELCRO SANDALS
BY HUNTER DAVIES,
AUTHOR

FOR the past 20 years I haven't worn shoes. Where do I go, that I need shoes? I wore trainers, always plain white, whether going to the Gruncho Club, while living in London, or walking up Grasmere, while living in Lakeland. In really nasty weather, I might put on some wellies, but mainly I lived in trainers.

I swear by them: how comfy, how casual, brilliant for walking, far better than those stupid walking boots which are so heavy.

The only criticism I would accept about trainers was the pong. So what, I said. Then about five years ago, I began to get problems. Nothing to do with wearing trainers, certainly not. A spot of arthritis which resulted in a nasty growth, some sort of bunion thing on my big toe. Trainers became hell to wear, wellies impossible.

Then I saw an advert in a mail-order catalogue for a new sort of walking sandal. Only £27, they said, half the retail price. I bought a pair. They were so marvellous, I bought another two.

I have lived in walking



Where networking is child's play

You make your first friends in the schoolyard. Many women are now finding their first business contacts here, too. By Kathy Harvey

Ask most professional women why they struggle back to work after childbirth and they nearly always mention fear of falling off the job ladder. Yes, earning enough to pay off the mortgage normally comes first, but insecurity about future status in the world of work lurks not far behind.

Tracey Posner realised the future would be uncertain when she left her job as a director with a PR and advertising firm after her first son Joshua, now nine, was born. She planned to build up her own home-based business gradually with new clients. But the contract that gave her business a springboard into a much bigger league came sooner than expected – not via a professional contact, but through another Mum on maternity leave. "I got to know her socially through trips to the local toddlers' gym class our children attended, and she recommended me to the manager of Optiva UK, a firm which makes sonic toothbrushes. It is now one of my best clients, and has been worth around £25,000 a year to my business," Tracey explains.

The network of connections which brought Tracey her first big solo break is not as unlikely as it sounds. As more professional women in their thirties take time off to have babies, the chance of meeting potential business contacts through children has increased. Catherine Fitzsimmons, the manager from Optiva, had no reservations about offering Tracey work after receiving a personal recommendation from a friend. "Women seem to underestimate what they will be talking about while they are on maternity leave and can be their own worst enemies in playing down their expertise. The Mum who introduced me to Tracey, Kate Syms, had watched her organising the local parent-toddler group and was impressed to see how much press attention she got for her work and for its members' magazine. I now do a lot more work through friends' recommendations, and funny enough the network is mainly female."

It would be unrealistic and embarrassing to loiter round the playgroup in search of your next promotion. However, the break that many women take to look after younger children can give them the breathing space to find a new direction, a luxury not on offer to many men. Jo Stewart was a software engineer with IBM until she moved to rural Gloucestershire with her husband to run a family-owned hotel and have children. "I kept in touch with colleagues at IBM through Christmas cards, but despite this I was lost to them in all but memory," she says. "I was surprised to find that I felt a huge void after leaving the business world of

London to come here. In some sense I felt I had lost a lot of the respect I had worked so hard to build up over the years." When the family hotel was sold after the birth of her third child, Jo began to look round for a new career. She had an idea for putting recipes onto a computerised database for businesses but no experience of the mass catering industry. "I was collecting my son from the local school one rainy afternoon," she recalls, "when I struck up a conversation with another mum, Tricia Bidmead, who had once been in the contract-catering industry before her own family arrived. We got together and between us we had forged a successful business selling recipe software."

The business grew to the point where it has now been sold to Granada, who employ Jo and Tricia to produce the database for them. Jo admits, however, that she would probably never have turned into an entrepreneur unless having children had forced a change of career path. "I have proved that you can start all over again in something new. But although I altered course I never stopped thinking of myself as someone who worked." Many of her contacts were, she says, made while she was chatting with other pregnant women or new mothers.

The need to network is drummed home to everyone setting up their own business, but some experts believe women are better at it than men. Jo Bond of Contis Consulting, which specialises in helping people to find new careers, says women are often more open-minded about how they will find future work. "When we ask people to make lists of everyone who might form part of their network women are more likely to mention people who might be categorised as less important than themselves, as well as those who are higher up the career ladder. It could be the secretary in their office or the managing director of a local firm. Men tend to focus more on those people they consider to be in positions of influence, and are more likely to compartmentalise their contacts."

Networking is, she says, about gathering information that might be useful to you, and you will get nowhere if you decide in advance how you are going to judge someone. "When I worked for myself I got one of my most lucrative contracts with a large blue-chip company through a lady I knew who was a temporary secretary in the organisation."

The theme is echoed by women like Tracey Posner, who have used their experience as mothers to further their own career. She argues

that there is no need to be pushy, or to panic about the future when you are just learning to cope with life with children. "There's nothing wrong in spending some time talking about nappies with other Mums for a while, and your brain certainly won't atrophy just because you do that. At the same time you will gravitate towards other mothers with similar interests. Don't forget that you may not get work through your own immediate contacts, but they might introduce you to someone else. I think many women network unconsciously, but you do have to be sensitive. Being friendly and talking about what interests you is always the best way forward."

The days also seem to be long gone when you had to don a suit and pretend you worked from an office block in order to appear credible. The increase in outsourcing, independent consultancy and laptop computers have all combined to turn home working into a common occurrence. When Tracey met up with Catherine Fitzsimmons to discuss working for Optiva UK she suggested a hotel venue for the meeting. She was told not to bother. "I couldn't see what difference it would make, as long as the conversation was conducted in a professional manner," says Catherine. "It made no odds to

me where the meeting took place, and we have been working together successfully ever since." She still meets up with Kate, the mum who introduced her to Tracey Posner in the first place, and who went back to her job as a head hunter for the energy industry after her own maternity leave. Their new mum network is still in place.

There is a downside of course. One mother who decided to remain nameless told how a business contact with a daughter in the same class harshly spoke to her and refused to let their children play together once the business relationship went sour. "We disagreed over how a project was going to proceed and it was fairly easy to end the professional connection. The only problem was meeting each day at the school run. As I had made the contact in a social setting originally it was rather embarrassing to find myself an icy glare at 8.45am every morning. On reflection, I may have rushed in too soon to make the most of a personal contact without considering the fall-out."

The days also seem to be long gone when you had to don a suit and pretend you worked from an office block in order to appear credible. The increase in outsourcing, independent consultancy and laptop computers have all combined to turn home working into a common occurrence. When Tracey met up with Catherine Fitzsimmons to discuss working for Optiva UK she suggested a hotel venue for the meeting. She was told not to bother. "I couldn't see what difference it would make, as long as the conversation was conducted in a professional manner," says Catherine. "It made no odds to

sandals for the past five years. They have these Velcro straps so I can alter them to give my bunions a bit of space. But they also happen to be enormously comfortable, with their shaped soles, and enormously strong, tough enough for any Lakeland walk. I can go over rocks and through bogs, easy peasy, and not get soaked or bring back half the bog with me.

Two years ago I went up Table Mountain in Cape Town in my sandals. I didn't mean to. We turned up for the cable car but the queue was three hours. I said bugger this, I'm not waiting, and my wife agreed to walk with me. We got up in two hours, no problems.

I adore my sandals. They are perfect for my needs. If only we could find such ideal supports for all our practical and spiritual needs as we travel through life. I can well understand why trainers are now so passé. Ugh. Nasty smelly things. Was I really in love with them for so long?

Brian is not a fan of Blair. 'Same as the Tories,' he says

Continued from page 1
some clubs where women who go out Sunday lunch time are known as "pudding-burners". The strippers aren't in this week. Last week only 12 people turned out for the stripper.

Nobody I speak to thinks stripping is demeaning to women. "Do you get £30 for 20 minutes' work?" they ask me. Money is empowerment. They know this in their bones. These are the men, after all, who are being asked to work for a minimum wage of £3.60. "I wouldn't get out of bed for £3.60 an hour. I'd rather get a shotgun and rob a bank in his life."

On the whole though, the men I talk to do not feel marginalised by the media because, as they say, they select their own entertainment. They only buy newspapers once or twice a week because of an economy drive, and then only for the football. The older guys talk of the terrible hardships of the Thirties, when to be unemployed was to be half-starved. Now, they say, since the mines and steel industry have gone, half the men in working men's clubs don't actually work. It's not a crime any more. There are jobs but they are women's jobs. Part-time. You go down the job centre and you see jobs in supermarkets or as care assistants. There is a lot of that."

Over and over again they tell me that women are taking over. So what will they do? "Go fishing," laughs an out-of-work foundry worker. "It's about time women did something," one guy explains. "The roles are reversed now, aren't they? I read in my wife's magazine that young women down South can get £20,000 a year." No one here needs a sociological explanation of the effects of globalisation, the running-down of industry and the rise of the service sector. They live it every day. The old men talk of their children who relocate, who move far away to Barnsley, even Halifax for a job.

Brian, a highly tattooed man, is not a fan of Tony Blair. Nor are many of his fellow drinkers. "Same as the Tories," they keep on saying. The minimum wage is not a side issue for these men, it is the only issue. After all, many of them describe themselves as "retired undefeated".

At first I didn't understand – they look too young to be retired, but these are the men who went through the miners' strike and took the redundancy payments. "Some of them," say Keith Chapman, "the miners with brains got as much as £40,000-260,000," though many slipped through the net. Other men claimed disabilities and give a wink when I ask what kind. A couple of them act hard and tell



Working men drink together as always. In Sheffield they're resigned to their fate Tom Pilston

me that you only get married so that your wife does everything. They do "nothing indoors and never will". Afterwards their mates tell me that they are too frightened to admit that they do the housework. But these guys are adapting. Their wives work so they pick up the kids from school. "I put the pots in the dishwasher and press the button," they remark proudly. "My wife's a nurse, she works shifts so I've got to do it," says a 33-year-old forklift truck driver. It

is the men over 40 who find it hard to take but even they are re-thinking. While the middle classes talk of downsizing and stress, how they'd like to spend more time with their families, these men have been forced to reconsider the role of work in their lives.

"You can't live in the past," says a former milkman for 35 years. "I'd rather get up and hoover than go out to work at 6 o'clock. I can get up now and go out there," he gestures to the surrounding hills. "You may think I'm daft but it is beautiful..."

"There will never be full employment in this country, we know that," says his older friend. Like many men, he now sees more of his grandchildren than he ever did of his own kids. A pensioner called Dennis fetches his poems for me. They are about his eternal love for his wife and how everyone thought that after the war they would build a better country.

I do not meet a soul who does not accept that the roles between men and women have changed. Why do we assume that the motor of social change always comes from the South rather than the North? Some of these men have wives with three jobs who are learning to drive, while they have no work and no car. "The ones that can't change, they're going to end up in the shit." These men are more flexible than anyone gives them credit for; yet it is in their attitude to work itself that I find the residual definitions of masculinity that seem to be holding them back. Men's work is hard physical labour. They would rather work all day in a damp pit than work on a till in a supermarket. What they want is the physical proximity of other men, the camaraderie involved in moving parts of the earth. That is what they get here in the club. They drink together as if to remind themselves that they once worked together. They still eat the food that working men eat. They like their pork butchers. "There's nowt that comes out of a pig that you can't sell except its squeal." They were pleased about BSE because it brought down the price of a steak. "It's always been there, even 45 years ago I used to see the farmers shoot the wobbly cows."

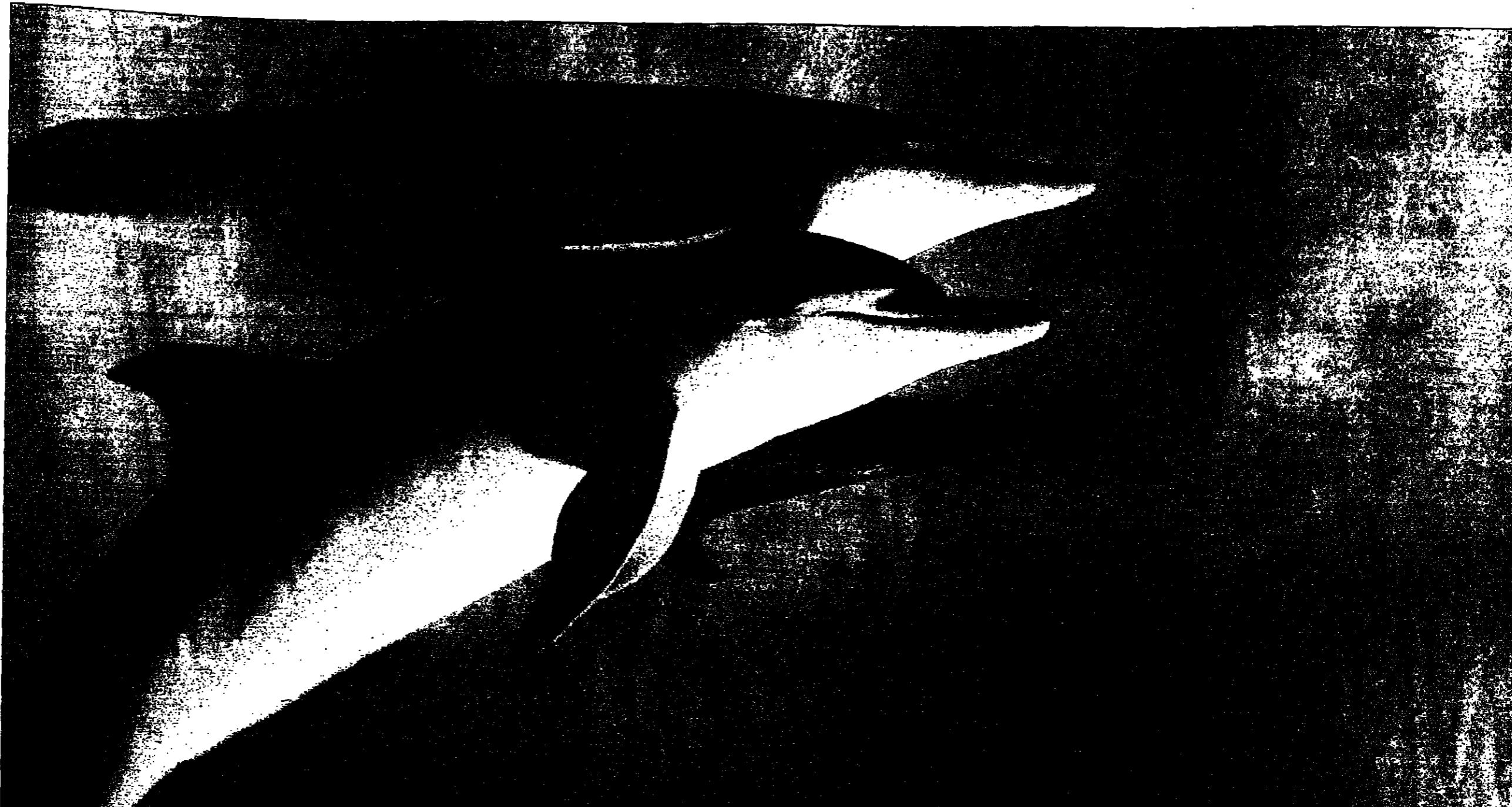
Who will look after these men? "We look after each other," they keep saying, as if saying it enough will make it true. Without the work that fostered the solidarity, they have to rely on increasingly fragmented social networks. That night they could see a Phil Collins tribute band and later in the month watch the England v Romania match and get a full silver service five-course dinner for £12 a head. That's good value. They like everyone else these days, are forced to define themselves through what they consume.

"We don't get many career women in here, Suzanne," says Keith, yet no one I meet uses the phrase working class. "What we get here is a good class of person."

But does the rest of the world care? For no one talks anymore about good and bad or even class, they talk of demographics, of aspiration, of lifestyle, of consumer profiles. In the midst of all this, what happens to working men whose lives are not the ones they thought they would have, whose lives are not loved but lost? "You've got to move on" was a phrase I heard repeated many times. But fully formed new identities don't just drop out of the sky. While the rest of the world moves on, they watch and wonder and clutch their pints as if they, too, might be taken away, put just out of their reach like so many other of their expectations.

مكالمات من الأصل

Aren't they cute? Except when they're trying to blow you up...



The use of dolphins by the US Navy has been known about for years, but their role remains a secret. Below, a Soviet 'kamikaze' dolphin?

Donald Tipton (above), Douglas Cartilidge (below)

AS a Soviet special forces diver is parachuted from extreme altitude into sensitive waters. His secret mission is to use high-tech sonar equipment to locate a piece of valuable military hardware that has accidentally splashed down in the wrong place. In the event of meeting an enemy diver, this Hero of the People is equipped with a weapon that will inject his adversary with 3,000psi of carbon dioxide and literally blow him up. Sounds like a scene from a re-make of *Thunderball*? Well all this really happened and it gets better. The highly trained operative was a dolphin.

The controversial use of dolphins and other sea mammals by the US Navy has been known about for many years, although the precise extent and nature of their activities is still shrouded in military secrecy. But details of the parallel Soviet developments in the field are only now starting to emerge, and they tell a literally fantastic Cold War story. They also beg the question as to whether the Americans have been doing similar things.

The idea of training airborne dolphins, for example, seems incredible. But conservation campaigners have heard the tale first-hand from the former Soviet naval personnel who trained the animals to "jump" from heights of up to three kilometres to avoid detection. Other dolphin "soldiers" were pitched directly from helicopters 50 ft above the sea.

"If I hadn't seen the evidence myself I just wouldn't have believed it,"

Bizarre as it seems, dolphin 'soldiers' were parachuted from helicopters above the sea by the Soviet Navy and were the US Navy's deadly agents in the Gulf. By John Davison

says Doug Cartilidge, a dolphin consultant and front-line campaigner with the Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society (WDCS). He has visited the highly secret naval base at Sevastopol on the Black Sea, home to the once-proud Dolphin Division, to advise trainers on alternative uses for their expertise now that both are surplus to military requirement. While being shown around the unit's museum he saw a full-size model of a dolphin wearing a parachute harness.

"I was amazed at how open they were about the whole thing. But they are desperate for help," says Doug, who once ran the dolphinarium at Windsor Safari Park but has since campaigned for the release of captive dolphins. He was even taken on exercise with the few remaining military-trained animals.

The unit is now part of the independent Ukrainian navy, but there are no funds to run it, and a special ship used to transport the animals was recently commandeered by the Russian Navy. The unit has sold off most of its animals to make ends meet. It has also gone into business with a private company to capture more than 30 Black Sea dolphins from the wild for sale to dolphinariums in several countries.

The most controversial of its past activities was the training of "killer dolphins" for use against enemy divers. The US has always strenuously



denied that its animals have been used in this way, and even animal rights campaigners have been sceptical about the possibility of doing it. A dolphin is so sensitive to distress signals from divers, they say, that even if it were possible to get an animal to unwittingly kill once, it would not do the same thing again. The secrets of Sevastopol, however, show how the Soviets devised a way of doing just this.

A known use for dolphins by both

superpowers was in guarding naval installations. If an underwater intruder was located then they would "report back" to their handlers, acting as an effective early warning system. The Soviet "guards", however, would carry a titanium clamp on the nose, which could be attached to any diver they found by simply nudging them. On the clamp was a device, the size of a ping-pong ball, capable of injecting a high-pressure charge of CO₂ into the diver's body. This was activated remotely if a subsequent search failed to locate the enemy.

It has also been reported that Soviet dolphins were trained to carry out "kamikaze" missions. Explosives were supposedly strapped to their backs and they were sent out to blow up enemy submarines. One estimate said that a total of about 2,000 animals had died on such operations. Doug was told that a total of 300 animals had been "tested to destruction" in the Black Sea alone.

The Dolphin Division was established in 1968, following the mysterious sinking of the Black Sea fleet's flagship in Sevastopol harbour. Apart from guard work, other uses include search and recovery following the test firing of navy missiles and torpedoes. Often these could not be detected using conventional sonar equipment - a dolphin's superior system can penetrate up to a metre under the sea bed.

It seems that Doug is not the only one who finds this fascinating. Last month the WDCS detected an attempt to hack into its computers by the Pentagon. The US Navy had previously asked for an advance copy of a report into the trade in Black Sea bottlenose dolphins, which used some of Doug's research. The Americans' own Marine Mammal Program, also once a top-secret affair, has become more visible since the end of the Cold War. Animal rights campaigners there, however, are convinced that the full story has still to be told. One former civilian trainer from the unit claims that killer dolphins have been used by the US, in a wonderfully named "swimmer nullification program".

In 1994 the navy announced that it was to pension off up to 30 of its dolphins, for sale to dolphinariums and leisure parks. There has since been a growing clamour for the animals to be released into the wild and for the whole operation to be closed

down. The issue has been the subject of numerous legal actions and in the process quite a lot of information has come to light.

The US programme, known as NRAD, is based at San Diego, California, and was established in 1959 with a single dolphin for the purpose of conducting scientific research into sonar. By 1994 the unit had grown to 123 animals, including 20 sea lions and several beluga and false killer whales used for recovering test-fire hardware from depths of up to 500 ft. At its height, the programme was said to cost \$1m a year.

The first recorded use of dolphins on guard duty was in Vietnam in 1970. The only other "operational deployment" that has been admitted involved five dolphins used to protect navy ships in the Persian Gulf for eight months in 1987-1988 during the Iran-Iraq war. The navy has denied that dolphins were used during the Gulf war, but it says the animals have been used for mine-hunting.

The most recent allegation of US military use came in February this year, after the mysterious deaths of 22 dolphins whose bodies were washed up on the French coast. All had a neat, fist-sized hole on the underside of their necks. One theory was that the animals had been part of the American naval operation sending warships to the Gulf at the time of threatened military action against Iraq, and had been killed after "deserting", so their mission would not be discovered.

Who knows? Given the bizarre history of this form of underwater warfare, anything seems possible.

The war was over, but the nightmares were just beginning

REVELATIONS

BERYL BAINBRIDGE, PHILHARMONIC HALL, LIVERPOOL, 1946



WE WERE never taught about the war at school. Because my father's business friends in Liverpool were mostly Jewish, I actually believed that the war was being fought to save the Jews. I couldn't have been more wrong.

When the war was over we went to the Philharmonic in Liverpool. We got out of the train at Exchange station, then walked in a crocodile to the Philharmonic Hall in Hope Street and saw the films the troops had taken when they entered Belsen.

It was the most extraordinary, numbing experience - those little mummified skeletons which were being pushed up by a machine, to be carted into pits... I had nightmares for a long time afterwards.

At 14 I was thrown out of school for writing rude rhymes, and went away to ballet school at Tring. Every time my parents came down in the car for the weekend there were rows between them. Before that, my brother and I had taken it in turns

to stay in rather than leave them on their own, to try and stop the shouting - no physical violence, but verbal horrors...

Because of the way my parents were, I had to sleep with my mother, my brother slept with my father.

Two things used to annoy my mother tremendously: I had a cough, a psychological cough, and I had nightmares, and she'd get cross.

I'd be moaning and rolling about, and she'd say, "For God's sake Beryl,

keep still". I think - and talk - about death a lot, and I encourage my children to talk about death. That must have something to do with all those years ago, with seeing the Belsen films.

As far as my writing went, I was always just making sense of everything. That was the reason I started writing: to make sense of what was happening in my own home. So I fixed the first six novels more or less around my own childhood. One or two of them have got Italian prisoners in them, or German prisoners.

It seemed to me that those films were like some image from nowhere, because nobody afterwards, or in the following years, ever said: "Wasn't it terrible what the Germans did?" It was all shuffled aside. Nobody went on and on about it. It all began to fade into the back-

ground, except for those white skeletons being piled up, the bodies.

Anything that you live through in your own time, at an impressionable age, becomes part of you. If you happen to turn into a writer, those are the themes you hit on, so that you will always be writing about conflict and oppression. It doesn't have to be torture, or killing people, but it has to have death in it, that's important.

If it goes very deep, so deep that you're not so aware of it. You turn, in the end, more towards subjects that are to do with death.

My first book had a death in it, and the second one. The third or fourth had a hostage situation in it. Young Adolf was pointing out what might make people behave oddly.

Two years ago I went by train with my editor, Alice Thomas Ellis, to

Poland to do some lectures, and we ended up in Cracow, which is half an hour from Auschwitz. I never got there: they wouldn't let me go, they thought it would upset me. I was desperate to go there. I'm furious I never insisted.

Cracow is untouched. The Germans were about to blow it up, but the Americans got there quicker, so it's medieval, with sloping roofs...

We got off the train and felt this terrible weight - of something terribly wrong. The camps were 12 or 15 miles away, so that the ashes, the smoke, must have stuck to the roofs of all those houses.

I don't read Jewish literature any more. I haven't read camp literature for years. I had many books on the camps, and about Adolf and the rise of fascism, and I read them and read them until I had children of my own. After that I found myself unable to open a book on it.

I'm now published in Germany, and I went to Frankfurt Book Fair last year, but I'm uneasy about Ger-

Most artists find success by carving out a niche in one medium. Others won't be pigeonholed so easily. By Andrew G Marshall

Divide and rule with the genre benders

Is it a book, is it a CD, a music video, a film, a website or a postcard? No, it's Luke Sutherland. With the media breaking down into ever more niche markets, it is harder for new artists to achieve mainstream success; however, if they can work a variety of different media there is more chance of being heard. Sutherland, 23, is a prime example, considering himself both a musician and a writer. His band, Long Fin Killie, is a cult success, with John Peel placing one of its tracks in his top 10 favourite songs of the year. Now he has written *Jelly Roll*, a muscular novel about men in crisis set against the backdrop of a jazz band touring Scotland. The book is scheduled to become a film next year.

"I've been writing for longer than I've been playing," Sutherland says. "I was in bands from the age of 18 and sending stories to magazines, but the music took off first. I started writing *Jelly Roll* in 1990 but had to put it away until Long Fin Killie had a van accident touring Sweden. I was thrown out of a window and broke a collarbone and shoulder blade and had a partially collapsed lung. Recuperating last year, I finished the novel."

"Books and music help each other along. I'm surprised that more of this has not happened. The only other person I know of who has had both out at the same time is Nick Cave. Although I always felt I had stories to tell, I could never find the voice. Until, on my way to a lecture as a student, I went into the university bookshop and flicked through a short story by Jamie Galloway, a Scottish writer, and the language blew me away. When I listen to songs, I lock into the sound of the music, not the lyrics, and reading this book I found myself responding to the rhythm of the words rather than the story. It was a quietly life-affirming moment."

Sutherland is difficult to categorise. "I'm adopted, my parents were white, and I have Afro-American ancestry. I was born in London, moved to Humberside and then to the Orkney Islands. I've also lived on the Borders and then Perthshire. I don't feel I belong anywhere, but I get a kick out of that."

Another artist making waves on more than one front is Jamie Di Salvio, who started as a film-maker and DJ but now, as Bran Van 3000, has a Top 40 single, "Drinking in LA", and is touring Europe with Massive Attack. "While others are virtuous musicians because of a particular

love for the cello, I do music as a way of exploring my creativity," says Di Salvio. "All my media have a common denominator; they are all attempts at getting to know myself better. In many ways the different areas complement each other; the songs I have written are narrative based because I have been working on film scripts. I'm also playing with notions for a graphic novel."

Di Salvio decided to take the plunge into music during a stint in New York, where he was directing a jazz video: "It gave me \$10,000 in cash and I hopped on the subway down to 42nd Street and bought some studio equipment." The result is the CD *Glee*, whose style ranges from trip hop to ZZ Top: "I impose no walls on media and none on musical genres either." Jamie Di Salvio, who is the same age as Sutherland, believes his generation does not recognise boundaries: "If I'd been around in the Fifties I'd never have been able to make a record. I'm not a singer or a player; so I wouldn't have performed in night-clubs and an A&R person would not have signed me, so technology has allowed me to make a record. There are people who have done great things by focusing on one thing their whole life and finally painting the Sistine Chapel, or whatever their medium, but my medium is all media."

It is easy to forget how we used to pigeonhole creative people. When Jane Asher wrote her first cake book no one was interested. "In those days actresses did not write; it was not the done thing," says Asher. "Nobody liked my ideas - they thought there were plenty of cake books. It was a real struggle to get it published; it took seven or eight attempts. How things have changed - actresses are always being asked to write something because they know a name will sell." Jane Asher is now a novelist too. Her second, *The Question*, is a well-plotted story of betrayal and revenge.

When Sutherland is asked whether he wants to be both a musician and a writer, he makes a face.

"I have an instinctive reaction against someone being known for one thing and branching out into something else, with the assumption that the something else will be of less artistic merit - not a first choice." He is honest enough to admit that he can be prejudiced against other multi-talented artists. "It's good as long as the quality is maintained. I must admit when I hear that a comedian like David Baddiel has written a book, I'm guilty of thinking they

just trying to make more money."

As a consumer, Jamie Di Salvio does not care about the background of the performers: "William S Burroughs was not a musician but I like his records, and there are moments now where non-musicians are starting to reach your heart with their records. I have the wild card. Although other people have studied jazz standards at Berkley, where is the song that is getting my soul?"

Although the costs of creating might have been brought down by new technology, marketing budgets have needed to rise dramatically in order to attract our attention. So it

makes sense to find artists who can succeed across different media and spread the costs. Sutherland's book carries an ad for his new music project, *Bows*, and the record company is promoting the book on its website.

"Excellence itself does not necessarily find an audience. Things which help get a book out to a wider public are increasingly important," says John Sadler, publisher of Anchor Books, Transworld's new literary publishing list. However he believes Sutherland is unique: "Lyrics are a short event and to go from that to a narrative book is a huge jump. Although technical barriers to film and

music have been swept away - the equipment is accessible and easy to use - writing a book is the same as it was 100 years ago."

Jelly Roll is being hyped as having more sex than *A White Merc with Fins*, more drugs than *Trainspotting* and more rock'n'roll than *The Commitments*. With the children of the multimedia age reaching adulthood, Sutherland could well be the vanguard of a new wave of artists who simply defy categorisation. The trend will be accentuated when the new breed of Ultra-Super bookstores arrive here from the US. They stock not just

books, but CDs, CD-Roms and tie-in theme merchandise from films and videos - along with food and coffee. So soon we'll be able to buy the latest products from Luke Sutherland and Bran Van 3000 under one roof, while refreshing ourselves with one of Jane Asher's cakes.

Jelly Roll by Luke Sutherland is published by Anchor at £6.99, and his musical project, *Bows*, releases its CD in the autumn. *The Question* by Jane Asher is published by HarperCollins at £16.99. Bran Van 3000's CD, *Glee*, is out on 15 June on Capitol.

RENAISSANCE PEOPLE: ARTISTIC ALL-ROUNDERS

Versatile rock gods
LEONARD COHEN (*Beautiful Losers*) and Bob Dylan (*Chronicles*) both produced acclaimed volumes of writing, while last year Ray Davies used characters from Kinks songs as the basis for a novel. As well as more than a dozen dark, murderous albums with the Birthday Party and the Bad Seeds, Nick Cave has written a novel, *And the Ass Saw the Angel*. Captain Beefheart, the man with the vocal range of four and a half octaves, was a child art prodigy until he met Frank Zappa at high school. Since giving up his Magic Band, the Captain has returned to art, exhibiting widely under his real name, Don Van Vliet.



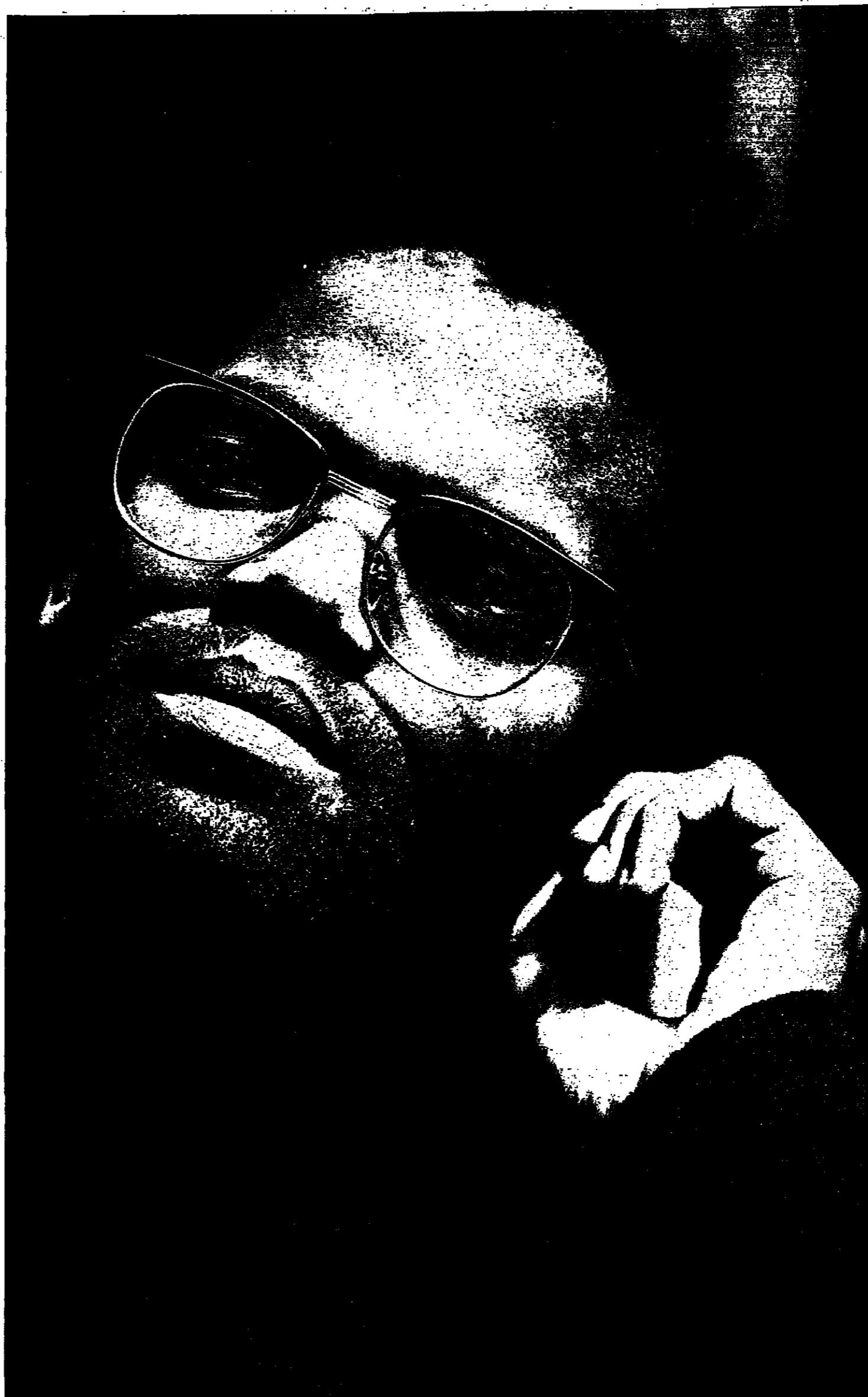
Musical novelists
ANTHONY BURGESS: The writer of *A Clockwork Orange* and *Earthly Powers* included a setting of Joyce's *Ulysses* among his compositions. A recent CD of his guitar music had critics reeling for the ear-plugs. The only novelist to cover himself in musical glory has been Paul Bowles. His first novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, didn't appear until 1949, by which time he had already written most of the 150 compositions, including two operas, that make up his oeuvre. He also helped to engineer the legendary meeting between Rolling Stone Brian Jones and the Pan Pipes of Joujouka.



Serious comics
BEN ELTON: writing novels and plays has increasingly displaced comedy as his core activity - no bad thing if his just-finished BBC series was anything to go by. He is joined in the league of comedians turned writers by Ardal O'Hanlon, David Baddiel and Rob Newman, along with Sean Hughes and Pauline McLaverty.



Oh, and then there's...
Bruce Dickinson, Iron Maiden singer; former member of the British fencing team and author of a science fiction novel... Albert Camus, goalkeeper and intellectual... Damien Hirst, artist, video director, restaurateur... Naomi Campbell, model and "novelist"... and the template, Brian Eno, singer, songwriter, composer, producer, avant-garde entrepreneur, performance artist, conceptual artist, thinker, seer, prophet...



"I've been writing for longer than I've been playing," says Luke Sutherland, novelist and member of Long Fin Killie Rui Xavier

The real super furry animals

POP
JAMES RAMPTON



THE LATE 1990s - where everything comes with built-in inverted commas - is exactly the right time for a comeback by The Wombles. The audience of twenty-something hipsters at the ultra-fashionable Regency Rooms variety show in London last week obviously thought so. They accorded the super-furry animals' first live show for 24 years a standing ovation - before they'd even played a note.

As trendsetters wallow in the 1970s retro-chic of everything from *Saturday Night Fever* to platform shoes, you sometimes wonder why dedicated followers of fashion can't latch on to

something fresh and innovative, rather than reheating a 1970s stew with ironic flavouring.

For all that, The Wombles did put on a storming show when they topped the bill last week. The show had up until that point been like a 1970s warm-up. Singer Jackie Clune had donned a Balloon jumpsuit and matching shoes to croon the timeless Carpenters number "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft", and a naff comedian called Frankie Tan had impersonated such 1970s icons as *Stingray*, *Supershop*, *Top Cat* and *The Double Decker*. All that was missing was a song from Leo Sayer. He'd been at the Regency Rooms a couple of weeks earlier.

The kitsch host of the evening, Lenny Beige, gave

The Wombles a suitably tongue-in-cheek billing: "You need a band to come back and show the kids how it's really done. They influenced a generation, and we've been recycling ever since. I'm gonna introduce you to one of the greatest bands ever ... With a build-up like that, the crowd went wild?"

Led by the ageless Mike Batt as Orinoco, The Wombles proceeded, as they say in the heaviest rock circles, to tear up the joint. Which was all the more amazing given that on a sweltering night they were dressed not only in rodent costumes but hats and scarves too.

After bringing the house down, there was excitable talk of The Wombles playing the spiritual home of all cult acts, Glastonbury. Anything Rolf Harris can do ...

The Wombling Song is re-released this week.

Wilde words, mild music

CLASSICAL
STEPHEN JOHNSON

BACH CHOIR,
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL,
LONDON

CHOOSING THE right words, said one composer, is half the battle. If so, Robert Walker fought that half of the battle well.

From the long and, as Walker admits, "patchy" letter Oscar Wilde wrote from prison to his lover Alfred Douglas, he contrived a fine, moving text, part narrative, part inspired sermon, packed with choice Wildean epigrams: "He who would lead a Christ-like life must be entirely and absolutely himself. Most people are other people; their life is mimicry, their passions a quotation."

The musical result, *De Profundis*, for baritone, chorus and orchestra, suggests - to a point - a composer determined to be entirely and absolutely himself. Walker turns his back on fashionable "isms". Much of *De Profundis* isn't so much post-modern as pre-modern.

If the choral writing (elegant and obviously good to sing) echoes anyone, it is the young Gustav Holst. In the final bars comes a quotation from Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*: *De Profundis* was commissioned by the Bach Choir's new musical director, David Hill, to accompany Elgar's masterpiece.

At the opening, the soloist speaks Wilde's account of his ordeal at Clapham Junction, handcuffed on the platform in front of jeering crowds - the orchestra simply accompanying their passions a quotation.

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and orchestra, suggests - to a point - a composer determined to be entirely and absolutely himself. Walker turns his back on fashionable "isms". Much of *De Profundis* isn't so much post-modern as pre-modern.

Adrian Thompson was persuasive in the title role - not searingly powerful, perhaps, but warmly human and especially touching in moments of quiet intensity. Wilson-Johnson, reincarnated as Elgar's Priest and Angel of the Agony, was on stirring form. Jean Rigby's Angel was disappointing; I was aware of the sound of the voice, much less of musical phrasing. Still, it was a performance to remind you what a great work this is. Irredeemably English? Its first triumph came in Düsseldorf - not at the Birmingham premiere. We may cherish Elgar as a national institution, but it wasn't always us who discovered his work.

Symphony Orchestra, as in *De Profundis* - Hill isn't just a choral conductor. Both parts of *Gerontius* were well shaped, with powerful climaxes and the requisite sense of serene underrun in part two.

Adrian Thompson was per-



هذا من الأصل

It's life, but not as we know it

Lucian Freud has been called the world's greatest living realist painter. But whose reality is he painting? Tom Lubbock isn't sure, but he likes what he sees

LUCIAN FREUD'S "Portrait on a Red Sofa" is various kinds of picture, but a portrait is not obviously one of them. It is, I suppose, a nude. The figure is a naked woman, face nearly averted, limbs akimbo, posed over this piece of furniture in a most peculiar way, almost upside down, one hand placed on the floor, one foot over the back of the sofa. Or, if you look for an everyday life reading of this pose it can only be a sex-position, though whether auto-erotic or with off-stage partner isn't clear. Or again, there are inklings of grand narrative: imagine away the sofa and the room, and the woman becomes one of those noble, plumping figures from a Christian apocalypse, like something out of Rubens' "Fall of the Damned". But he doesn't often bring it off like this.

"Portrait on a Red Sofa" is one of the 27 works in *Lucian Freud: Some New Paintings*, which opened last week at the Tate Gallery. The idea itself is heartening. This is a small show of Freud's pictures from the last five years or so, most of which - as the publicity elegantly phrases it - have "passed into" private collections. The Tate doesn't normally do this sort of display. But since Freud isn't represented by a British gallery who might put his recent work on public show, the Tate has taken on the job. In other words, this is public service curating. It assumes, I guess rightly, that there is a public who will want, will need to know the latest news from Lucian Freud.

What news is it? Nothing revolutionary. Freud hasn't found startlingly new models, as he did at the start of the Nineties with Leigh Bowery and a very large woman known as Big Sue. The paint has got

even more dotty, so that when you go up to a picture expecting to enjoy some brushwork, you often find a granular moon-surface has accumulated, a heavy deposit which doesn't appear to correspond to what's depicted, just registers a much-corrected bit of anatomy. But there are some fantastic bits of painting, especially of dogs.

What sort of news do you expect from Freud, though? His business is reality, everyone says so. He is "the greatest living realist painter" (Robert Hughes), or even "the only living realist painter" (John Russell). But if you like the sound of that, remember that reality is admitted into his pictures on very strict conditions. It must, nearly always, be happening in his studio. And in a factual way, the main news here is that Freud's studio hasn't changed a lot from what we knew before. It still has its bare boards and discoloured walls, still that worn, leather sofa and plain bedding. People are still coming in to sit, stand or lie around, clothed or naked, to be painted. The dog - the old greyhound - hasn't died.

Freud operates by the rules of that by no means old genre, life-painting. Life-painting means painting people without any motive other than the desire to paint people, where all you can say about the models is that they're being painted. It's a modern practice, after all the traditional ways of doing humans - narratives, allegories, everyday scenes - had come to feel phoney. It's a radical reduction. Freud has made this genre his own, but it's worth remembering how odd its conventions are.

It involves not asking certain obvious questions - as with several of

the pictures here. Looking at "Girl in Attic Doorway" for instance, you're not meant to ask what's she doing up there with no clothes on, her legs dangling out of a trapdoor at the top of the wall? Or with "Pluto and the Bateman Sisters": what are those two women doing bare on a mattress with that sleeping dog? Or with "Sunny Morning - Eight Legs": what's he doing on that bed, limbs akimbo, arm embracing the same dog, and why are there two more male legs poking out from under the bed? At least, you're not meant to think up a story behind it.

On the other hand, I don't think

you're meant to fall back on the common sense answer, either, that these scenes are simply studio constructions, artistic arrangements of flesh, dog, prop and background. No, they want to come over as some sort of real life. And they do. Freud doesn't work like that other life-painter Euan Uglow; Uglow is quite up-front about his studio constructions. In his pictures, the studio is reduced to a blank, neutral setting. The models are pretty well anonymised. What you get are bodies, arranged.

But Freud's studio is always an actual, particular place. His sitters are identifiable individuals (family

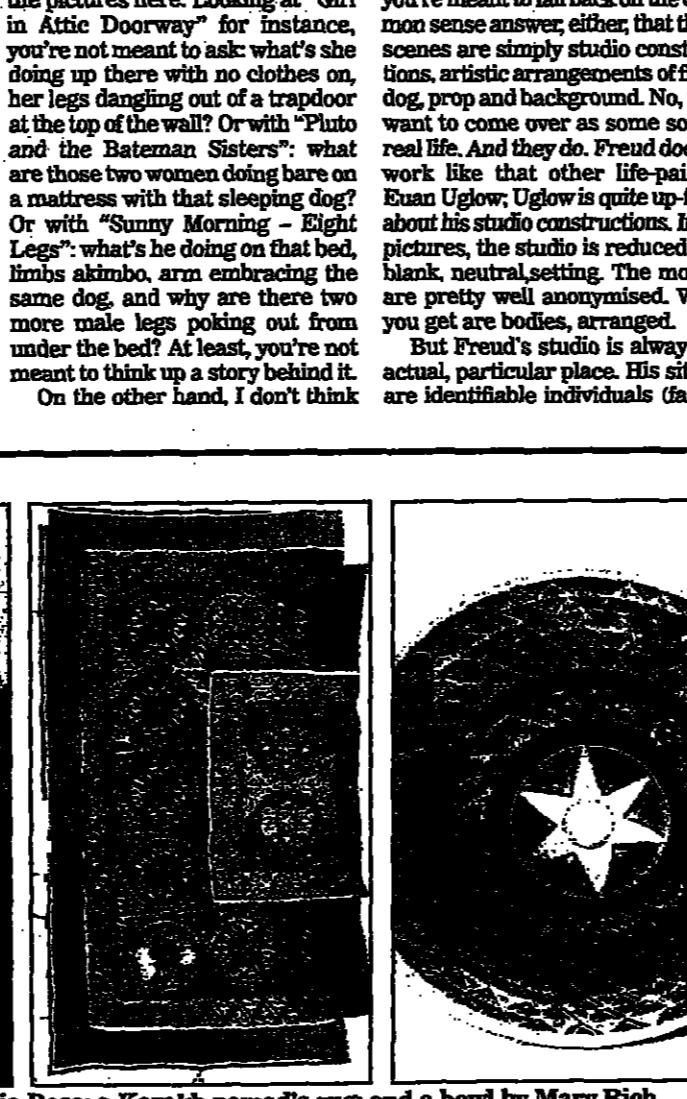
and friends). His compositions are awkward - suggesting that the incident has some inconvenient actuality, independent of the artist's whim. Yet his scenes don't look at all like slices of life. There's no pretence that they're taken from the everyday lives of these individuals. There's no pretence that this place is anything but that strange no-man's-land between fiction and actuality, an artist's studio.

This has a point, of course, or Freud has given it one. It becomes a form of concentration and isolation, a way of getting hold of and exposing the essential human thing, as

apart from all social excrescences - a way of focusing on flesh, embodiment, mortality, sheer human presence. But at the same time, those stubborn, realistic questions about what's going on here can never really be held at bay. Straining between inarticulate drama and implausible *vérité*, Freud's scenes take on the aspect of solemn play. What are these people doing? They've come into his studio to take part in a weird existential charade. "Who are you being, darling?" "I'm being stark human presence - isn't it obvious?" The studio itself then dramatises this play. It's not just

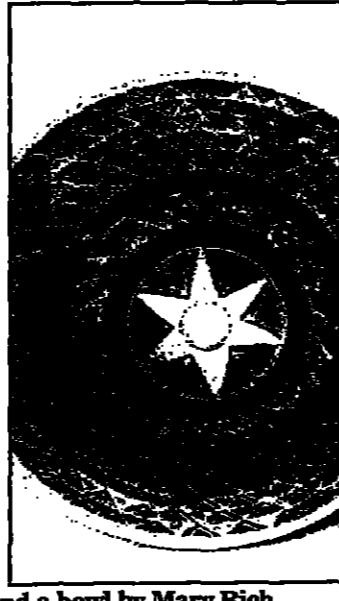
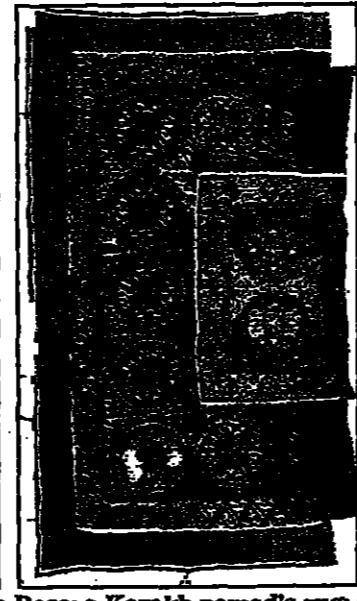
a studio, but a deliberately equipped theatre of bleakness.

The charade continues, oblivious to its oddity, and sometimes it becomes simply comic. The intensity of the looking and the painting can't overcome the preposterousness of the set-ups. Or it might be better to say that Freud has fixed his art with tensions that much of the time pull it apart, but sometimes come wonderfully together - images which, whatever questions you put to them, have an answer; that prove themselves real every way. I come back to "Portrait on A Red Sofa". That is the good news here.



Portrait on a Red Sofa by Lucian Freud. A nude in the classical style or unambiguous erotic voyeurism?

Tate Gallery



Left to right: Michael Ayrton's *Arsenal* painting; work by Claudia Böse; a Kazakh nomad's rug; and a bowl by Mary Rich

Arsenal and Villa in the picture

ART MARKET

THE MOST glitzy event of the art-market year - the Grosvenor House Art and Antiques Fair - abandoned its datelines four years ago, which means that, among the many Old Masters and antique silver, you can now see a selection of 20th century works such as Michael Ayrton's painting of *Arsenal* vs *Aston Villa* at Highbury in 1952, price £36,000 on Peter Nahum's stand. *Arsenal* won the match 3-1.

The fair, in Park Lane, west London, opens on Thursday, June 11 (11am-5pm) until June 20, other weekdays (11am-5pm) and on week-ends (11am-5pm). Entry fee is £15

for a single including handbook (£13 in advance), £25 for a double including handbook (£22 in advance), £2 for a single ticket during the last two hours of each day (without a handbook it's still £2), and children under 12 with an adult get in free (£17-45-8745).

AT THE other end of the price range, with no reserve price over £100, an auction of 390 works from the studio of 34-year-old German painter Claudia Böse, who graduated from the Royal Academy two years ago. She is raising money for her forthcoming sabbatical in Berlin.

Eighty per cent of estimates are £20-£150. The auction is tomorrow (7pm), and the paintings are on view until then, at the Proud Gallery, 5 Buckingham Street, Strand, central London - where Böse's earlier

show realised prices of over £3,000. Her portrait of a Jewish woman, *Golders Green*, 30 by 22ins, oil on paper, is estimated at £100 (reserve £40) in the sale (0171-839-4942).

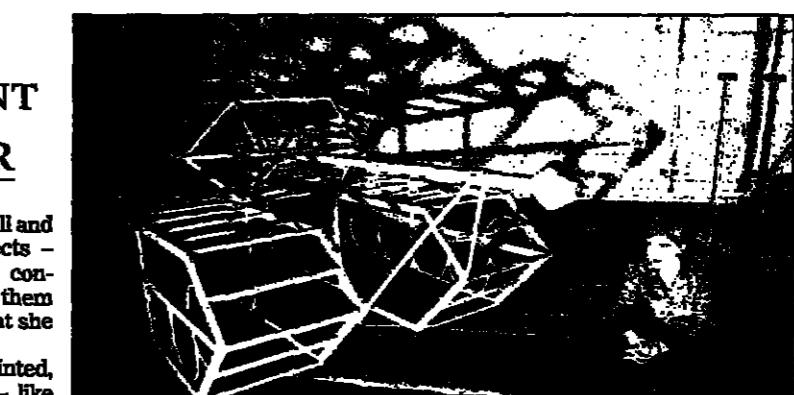
THE FIRST-EVER fair dedicated to textiles - rapidly rising in value - opens with 50 dealers this week in London, the market's hub. Among textiles for sale is a mid-20th century embroidered cotton wall hanging, 8ft by 4ft, from a Kazakh nomad's yurt (hut) on the borders of Siberia, where the Kazakhs are again herding their yaks and camels after fleeing to Mongolia from the Russians. It is £1,000 at the stand of the Kew dealer Dennis Woodman (0181-878 8182).

The Hali International Antique Carpet and Textile Art Fair is at Olympia 2, Thursday-Monday

entry £5 (0171-710 2135). The adjacent Olympia Fine Art and Antiques Fair is until Sunday (0171-370 8186/8212).

POTTER Mary Rich, trained by David Leach in the early Sixties, has spent full-time in Cornwall for the past 36 years. Her porcelain bowls, which show Middle Eastern influence, are glazed and fired three times. She applies liquid bright gold and other lustres. The bowls, ranging from 12-20ins £140-£350, together with a selection of her bottles and pots and porcelain by Emmanuel Cooper and Mary Vigor, are in Perspectives in Porcelain, at the Devon Guild of Craftsmen, Riverside Mill, Bovey Tracey, until Sunday (10am-5.30pm) seven days a week. Inquiries (01626-832223).

JOHN WINDSOR



Lucy Wood, with 'War Games'

Kalpesh Lathigra

When art is a dangerous ride back to childhood

THE INDEPENDENT COLLECTOR

LUCY WOOD'S artworks can kill and maim. They are found objects - playground climbing-frames condemned as unsafe. She picks them up in hired flat-bed trucks that she drives herself.

Spruced up and gloss-painted, they look harmless enough - like ethereal, drawing-board designs. But, whenever they are put on show, attendants mount guard to stop children - and adults - from climbing on them. A glance at the list of genuine casualties, displayed alongside, is usually enough to scare them off: "Facial, head and spine injuries, damaged testicles, concussion, fracture, open fracture, fractured wrist, and elbow, fractured arm and wrist, injured skin and knee, laceration..."

Wood signs indemnity agreements with the dealers, local authorities, promising that the dangerous playthings will never again be played on. Contractors who remove them from playgrounds are happy to let her drive off with them for nothing. And safety organisations have helped her to compile casualty statistics. But she is unpopular with manufacturers, who refuse to tell her the whereabouts of newly-condemned equipment.

Charles Saatchi bought for £2,000 Wood's early work, *Can't Play, Won't Play!* - a trampoline with a sheet of glass where the canvas should be. That work led her to seek other, forbidden objects that seduce the view-

er into wanting to use them. Condemned children's climbing-frames fitted the concept, ready-made. She inserts strips of glass into them, to emphasise the danger.

Wood, 23, a graduate of Camberwell College, London, says: "I'm playing psychological games with adults whose competitiveness probably dates back to the days when they played on such frames. Now they are faced with a dilemma - 'Oh, but it's dangerous'". It's a shock that makes them confront their competitiveness as adults. Some of them step back like children and look panic-stricken."

She first clapped eyes on the tank - now entitled *War Games* - on a bleak council estate in Romford. "All you could see was this tank on top of a hill, seemingly blasting the tower blocks. I thought to myself, 'What on earth were those designers thinking? What has happened to the softness of childhood? No wonder some children feel aggressive'."

In her south London studio she has a collection of condemned

frames and a roundabout. But she has not yet found a conical "witch's hat" swing. This weighed a ton. Yet gangs of children could lift it off its ball-pivot and crush themselves - or pull the swing to one side and release it to hit a bystander. The swings were destroyed in the Seventies.

Wood has exhibited at the South London and the Tannery galleries and at Space in Exeter. This year's Whitechapel Open showed her *Fatal Attraction*, a car-shaped climbing-frame condemned for trapping children. The car is for sale at £3,000, the tank costs £6,000, a rocket-shaped frame, *Open Fracture*, is £4,500 and *Spin Off*, a roundabout, is £2,000.

Her dangerous gym equipment is at the East International show of 25 young artists at the Norwich School of Art and Design, 13 July-5 September (01603 610561). *Spin Off* is at Alice, an exhibition of childhood at the Corner House, Manchester, 17 July-23 August (0161-228 7821).

JOHN WINDSOR

Whistleblowers are often ostracised and the stress can cause severe illness, from which many never recover. By Roger Dobson



Alison Taylor: 'The real problem was the stress you were under. It affected my health considerably and I think once you have that kind of chronic damage, you never recover'

Iola Williams

Sick to death of morals

BETTY MILLAR was once a healthy and well-paid computer manager in the NHS. Then she blew the whistle on overspending, lost her job, and descended into such a spiral of chronic ill health that she is now suing her former employers for the stress she suffered.

Whistleblower Alison Taylor, who put the spotlight on years of child abuse in North Wales, also became physically ill after she was sacked, while another social worker who complained about problems in her local authority has been unable to work for more than three years, after suffering a nervous breakdown.

Workers who report abuse, bullying and bad practice not only run the risk of being ostracised by fellow workers, victimised by managers, suspended and sacked, they can also suffer serious ill health.

Years of depression, anxiety, panic attacks and low self-esteem are common among those who have given up almost everything to raise the alarm, according to Dr Geoffrey Hunt, author of a new book on whistleblowing published today.

They are also more likely to commit suicide and experience higher rates of disease, ranging from colitis to ill health.

Despite the popular image of the whistleblower as a folk hero, the reality is that it can be a deeply traumatic time for those social workers and others who want to pick up the pieces and carry on with their life.

"The whistleblower is caught in the middle - a hero to the public, and a troublemaker, even a deviant, to the organisation, and that takes its toll on their mental and physical health," says Dr Hunt, editor of *Whistleblowing in the Social Services* and director of the European

Centre for Professional Ethics at the University of East London.

He says that a large proportion of the 200 whistleblowers who belong to the pressure group Freedom to Care, which he also co-ordinates, have suffered ill health as a consequence of what they did.

"We now have plenty of evidence that whistleblowing affects health. When people are put under that kind of stress it can cause all kinds of illness," he says.

"Severe depression is pretty common, and we have people who have been diagnosed as having post traumatic stress disorder and who are receiving treatment for it. People lose weight, have panic attacks, and suffer with insomnia. We know, too, that the very high stress levels they experience are also predictors of physical disease."

The health problems in whistleblowers such as Alison Taylor and Betty Millar are caused both by the stress of their situation, and the personal repercussions of their action, which often alienate them from people who were once colleagues and friends. Whistleblowing is still regarded by fellow workers and employers as sneaking or telling lies, and as evidence of disloyalty. And it is being forced out of the group that puts the most stress on whistleblowers, says Dr Jill Wilkinson, a psychologist at the University of Surrey.

"The need to belong is important for self-esteem and mental health. If it is a moral decision to blow the whistle rather than one of career enhancement or revenge, then it is going to lead to a conflict. We like to be members of groups which give us crucial social support, which is

itself one of the most important indicators of how people cope with stressful situations," she said.

And social scientist Dr Keith Macdonald says that the pressure can become intense when the whistleblower goes against conformity. "People like doctors, social workers and police officers who go against the culture of these groups find themselves in highly stressed situations where people who were

once colleagues can be hostile towards them. They are challenging the establishment and they suddenly lose everything, the group support, career, job and so on."

Betty Millar traces her ill health back to when she was working in an NHS trust and was becoming increasingly concerned about an overspend that was going on.

"I raised my concerns with internal audit, but they didn't do any-

thing. A colleague complained about similar problems and resigned and then took the trust to a tribunal for constructive dismissal and won. I gave evidence at the tribunal and on the same day I was given my redundancy notice. I was told that management saw me as the enemy and wanted to keep me quiet.

"I didn't realise at the time what it was doing to me. People tell me I have changed. I have become more withdrawn. I cancel social things, I didn't go to a friend's wedding, for instance. I have been treated for depression and I have difficulty in getting motivated. I get very tired and every day it's like there is a battle going on inside me."

"You try to be positive and to keep going but it is very hard because it has such a major effect on your life. I have gone from having a very responsible job, and I loved my work very much, to working part-time and my salary is a third of what it was. I don't know if I will ever be able to work full-time again."

"Until all this happened I was healthy and happy and enjoying life. I did what I thought I was being paid to do, and I have lost everything. I took the trust to an industrial tribunal and they made a settlement out of court. I am now taking legal action against them for the stress that they caused me."

Former social worker Alison Taylor, now a novelist, also suffered ill health when she blew the whistle on child abuse in North Wales.

"I was sacked because I refused to ignore persistent and widespread allegations about the abuse of children in care. It was a time in my life that had a profound effect on my health," she says.

"I made myself unacceptable to employers and colleagues, some of

whom shared my disquiet, but I was the only one to break out, to commit professional suicide and I was labelled as a disruptive and deviant personality, just as children in care are labelled."

"At the time I was the sole wage earner, so financially it was a pretty stressful and traumatic prospect. My son was then 10 and my daughter still at university and there was a mortgage. I realised things were going to get bad and it affected my health considerably and once you have that kind of chronic damage, I think you never recover from it."

"I have an arthritic condition, which is something to do with the immune system, and it affects the joints and the muscles. I suffer from very painful colitis which is triggered by stressful situations, and my insomnia has got worse."

"When I was working as a social worker I used to get a churning of the stomach when I saw somebody who I knew was an abuser. Ten years on, I still suffer from that condition. When I saw those same faces at the North Wales Abuse Tribunal, I had the same feeling."

Another social worker, who raised concerns about the way her report on the poor quality of care a mother was providing was dealt with, describes how her life was turned upside down three years ago.

"I believe I suffered a nervous breakdown due to management's mishandling of the situation. As a result I was absent on full sick pay for six months, on half pay for the following six months, and I received no pay at all for the last six months," she says.

"One weekend I could go on no longer. I knew I could not cope with another day at work, and I collapsed at home on a Sunday as I faced the prospect of work the next day. I have not been to work since. I feel I was either intimidated, patronised or bribed to take early retirement on the grounds of ill health."

There are concerns that the long-term impact of whistleblowing on the health of those who have the courage to take action may deter others from doing the same.

Most worrying, given the apparent scale of the abuse problem in Britain, the book reports research among social workers which shows that many believe it has become more difficult for them to complain. Nearly eight out of 10 also want changes in the law to give more protection for whistleblowers.

While Britain's whistleblowers run the risks of dismissal, discrimination and ill health, their counterparts in America have enjoyed formal federal protection since 1989 and in some states victimisation of those who complain has been made illegal.

Whistleblowers, as Dr Hunt points out, are mostly motivated by wanting to put right something that they saw as being wrong. The tragedy is that only abusers prosper when the treatment of whistleblowers deters others who want to speak out.

Whistleblowing in the Social Services, edited by Geoffrey Hunt, Arnold, £15.99, is published today.

GREAT WHISTLEBLOWERS OF OUR TIME



Clive Ponting, Sarah Tisdall and Helen Zeilin

Senior civil servant Clive Ponting appeared in court in 1988 accused of breaking the Official Secrets Act by passing data about the sinking of the Belgrano to MP Tam Dalyell. He was acquitted and is now a lecturer and writer in Wales.

Foreign Office clerk Sarah Tisdall was jailed in 1984 for leaking a secret document about the arrival of cruise missiles. She admitted copying it while in a minister's office.

Former MI5 officer Cathy Lassiter in 1985 leaked information about the agency tactics against left-wing activists and CND to a television docu-

mentary crew. She left MI5 - whereabouts now not known.

Dr Chris Chapman, a senior scientist at Leeds General Infirmary, lost his job after revealing scientific fraud in 1988.

Dr Helen Zeilin, a consultant haematologist in Bromsgrove, left the NHS in 1990 after highlighting shortages of nurses. She now lives in mid-Wales.

Peter Rayner lost his job at British Rail in 1991 after warning about safety.

He was chief operating manager on London Midland and said that privatisation might affect safety.

MORE than half the population are ignorant of one of the most basic rules of first aid - to call an ambulance immediately if someone has a cardiac arrest.

A survey carried out for the British Heart Foundation found three-quarters believed that mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and heart massage could alone save a patient's life and many said that was what they would do first. The foundation last week launched a film appeal for defibrillators - machines that deliver an electric

shock which is necessary to re-start the heart. Mouth-to-mouth and heart massage can keep the patient's blood oxygenated until the defibrillator arrives but it cannot restart the heart.

MANY couples seeking fertility treatment consult the league tables published by the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority, which give pregnancy and live birth rate for each test tube baby clinic. But the information may be less use-

ful than it seems. Experts who applied a new statistical technique to the data found only five of the 52 clinics could be confidently ranked in the top quarter and only one in the bottom quarter.

They say in the British *Medical Journal* that the high degree of uncertainty about the rankings suggests they should not be taken too seriously. The finding does not bode well for the Government's plans to include death rates in hospital league tables from next October.

A NEW medicine for high blood pressure and angina was withdrawn from sale around the world yesterday because of concern about the way it interacts with other drugs. Manufacturers Roche Products Ltd voluntarily decided to stop selling Posicor, which was launched last year and is marketed in 38 countries, including Britain.

Roche decided the complex precautions needed to avoid the drug interactions could not guarantee that patients would not be affected. The company said in a

statement: "As patient well-being is of highest priority, Roche, the company has preferred to voluntarily withdraw the compound from all markets."

THE number of suicides in the Irish Republic increased by 14 per cent last year to a total of 433 - and included eight children between the ages of eight and 14, according to figures released yesterday.

Most of the deaths were among the young and mid-

dle-aged, and the vast majority, 355, were men. Earlier this year, a government-appointed task force that investigated the growing number of suicides recommended better training and education for doctors and health

professionals in recognising and treating those at risk and urged improved psychological counselling in schools.

LESS than half of children do the recommended

amount of exercise to stay fit and healthy, according to a survey published today. Children should spend at least 30 minutes a day and ideally seven hours a week in physical activity, but one in five does less than two hours a week.

The survey of 2,000 parents and their children carried out for Norwich Union Healthcare found that eight out of 10 parents think that physical exercise is as important as school work, but two in three believe children are less fit today than when they grew up.

VITAL SIGNS

BY JEREMY LAURANCE



Post-coital contraception can reduce unwanted pregnancies. But are there other health risks attached? By Heather Welford

Warning after the night before

Helen, from Newcastle, is 18 and currently in the middle of her A-levels. Two years ago, she had unprotected sex. "It was a mistake. I wouldn't let it happen these days. I knew I could get pills from the GP to prevent a pregnancy. He prescribed them, but he really glared at me and asked why on earth we hadn't used contraception. He made me feel like a little sinner."

It's experiences like these - not uncommon, according to health workers - that act as a disincentive to younger women seeking emergency contraception, "post-coital" contraception, or PC4 to give it its medical term.

Incorrectly tagged "the morning-after pill" by the media - in reality two lots of tablets are taken 12 hours apart, up to 72 hours after sex - the treatment is only available with a doctor's prescription. That could change if campaigners succeed in making it available over the counter.

Currently, say the campaigners, a programme in operation in Washington State in the US demonstrates that pharmacists can be given the appropriate training. On Thursday, the Birth Control Trust hosts a meeting at the House of Commons opened by Dr Jenny Tongue, a Lib Dem MP who also has 30 years' work experience in family planning. "Anything that helps us reduce the appalling teenage pregnancy rate is worth considering," said Dr Tongue. She points out that with 9,000 pregnancies last year among under-16s, the UK has one of the highest rates in Europe.

Certainly, the pharmacists are in favour. Spokesperson for the Royal Pharmaceutical Society, Beverley Parkin, said the professional body could work on protocols for confidentiality, privacy, and GP referral. "Pharmacies are accessible when other sources of help aren't," Parkin said.

Yet Schering Health Care, manufacturers of the only product currently licensed for use as post-coital contraception, are reluctant to sanction its use off-prescription. "We've got no immediate plans to make an application for this," said Carole Graham, a spokesperson. "The issue is not as simple as some campaigners think. We have no data to support its safety outside medical control. The issue of liability - who is legally responsible if there is a claim for serious side-effects - has not been resolved."

However, the consensus among doctors is that PC4 is safe, said Ann

Furedi of the Birth Control Trust. "Schering are dragging their heels about this. The main contra-indication is with women who have current focal migraine, as there's a risk of stroke, but there's no evidence of harm otherwise, and no evidence that when it doesn't work, the foetus is damaged. In fact, the biggest risk is it's not always effective, so it couldn't replace regular contraception."

According to figures from the Trust, 99 per cent of women who take emergency contraception won't become pregnant - but the figure drops to 75 per cent when sex has taken place mid-cycle, at or around ovulation. Anyone taking emergency contraception needs to know where they can discuss longer-term alternatives.

But teenagers complain that young people's advice centres - often preferred to the GP or the family planning clinic - are not open frequently enough. Newcastle's Streetwise, for example, has only one evening opening a week. "It's mainly open when we're at school," said Helen. "And a friend of mine was told to come back in a couple of days when the doctor would be there - but by then it would have been too late." Smaller towns and rural areas may have nothing at all.

It's not just teenagers who might need emergency contraception, either. Sarah Raynor, a senior nurse at London's Margaret Pyke Centre, says they have up to 60 women asking for emergency contraception on Monday mornings, and the majority of them are between 20 and 35. At Margaret Pyke, however, they don't have to be seen by a doctor.

"Here, we've noticed a large increase in the uptake of PC4 in the last three years," says Sarah Raynor. "We have appropriately qualified and trained family planning nurses working to protocols validated by our local NHS Trust. So they can issue emergency contraception to clients within the guidelines, and ensure confidentiality and information on longer-term contraception methods."

Nurses are, say some experts, in an ideal position to issue PC4. Professor John Guillebaud of the Department of Family Planning and Reproductive Health at University College, London, would like to see school nurses, midwives and others given complete freedom to prescribe it. "There are 300,000 nurses in the UK, far more than doctors or pharmacists," he said. "Nurses can provide the necessary empathy, privacy and counselling more easily than pharmacists. I'd also support the idea of availability

in pharmacies, as long as women had privacy, if there were protocols for the way PC4 is issued, if women had a user-friendly leaflet with the product, and there was adequate follow-up contraception." He's sceptical of the Royal Pharmaceutical Society's claim that 90 per cent of pharmacists can offer a "quiet area" for private consultation - "most of the chemist's shops I go into don't look suitable for this," he says. Leontine McLaughlin from Airtube's peer training programme outside Glasgow, which trains young people to go into schools, clubs and colleges to teach sexual health, said teenagers are still embarrassed and under-confident about contraception. While she supports easier availability of contraception, she doesn't see it as the whole answer. "We still hear stories from embarrassed teens about going into the chemist's for condoms, and coming out with a pack of paper handkerchiefs instead." She felt it was important to raise confidence

levels so girls and boys can make an informed choice about sex.

"Greater availability of PC4 would be a move forward," said Dr Diana Mansour, honorary secretary of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists' Faculty of Family Planning. "but it's only scratching the surface. There are lifestyle and health issues here. Some teenagers are risk-takers.



Ignorance is a factor in many teenage pregnancies. PC4s, below, are currently available on prescription only

'I'd hate to think of a teenager facing the red tape I did'

CAROL, a 33-year-old secretary from Scotland, had to resort to post-coital contraception after an accident with a condom.

Rather than risk an unwanted pregnancy, Carol and her long-term partner decided she should seek emergency contraception.

"Luckily I was aware that emergency contraception can be taken up to 72 hours after unprotected sex. As I was not working the day after the next, a Friday, I felt sure I would be able to pick up a prescription from Accident and Emergency."

It wasn't that easy. Her first call was the A&E department of her local hospital where she was told that, as it was not a bank holiday, no assistance could be provided and she should contact her GP. But there, she was told that there were no appointments available and she should try the family planning clinic. "The session had finished. Although the clinic was open for a full day on Monday, it was only open for a part of Friday."

Fortunately, the woman at the clinic was helpful and contacted the hospital, which still refused to help. The clinic then contacted Carol's GP and an appointment was secured for the end of evening surgery. It had been a six-hour trek.

Carol totally supports the move to make the morning-after pill, PC4, available from pharmacists: "The lack of assistance I received was disturbing. I would hate to think of a teenager facing the red tape I did."

IMOGEN was a single, 23-year-old medical student when she found herself in need of emergency contraception.

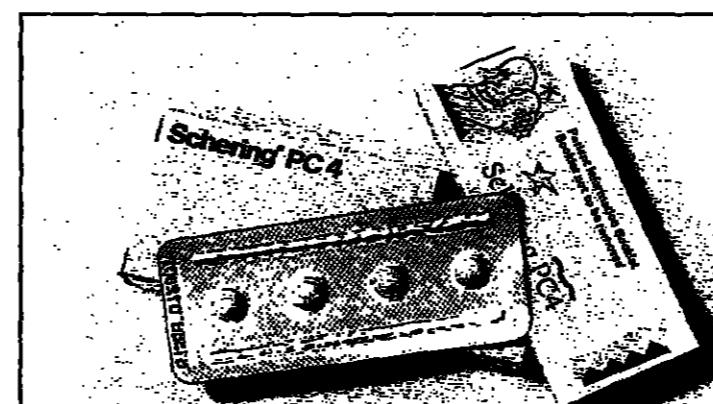
She had spent a drunken evening out, and ended up going to bed with one of her friends. "My first concern was unwanted pregnancy. Even though we may not have had penetrative sex, I couldn't take the risk."

At her local family planning clinic, she had to wait for two hours for an appointment with a nurse to register, then there was another wait before she could see the doctor. "The appointment with the doctor was very awkward, as I could understand everything she was writing down: UPI (unprotected sexual intercourse) with a CMP (casual male partner)."

Imogen admits: "I was a little ashamed, but I resented the bullying tone of both the nurse and the doctor - surely they should have been glad that I wasn't going to risk an unwanted pregnancy."

Imogen believes that the pill shouldn't become available over the counter from pharmacists. "It is important that a girl sees someone she can talk to. Perhaps a solution would be to allow nurses to prescribe PC4. The morning-after pill should be easily available, but girls should be well-informed before they take it."

Interviews by Sally Chatterton



You could have the contraceptives hanging from trees and they still wouldn't use them."

She says that it's not until the first pregnancy scare that some teens are propelled into considering contraception. "I'd like to see much more effective health education - girls still have a poor idea of their own fertility, and don't know when they're most likely to get pregnant. Social deprivation's a factor, too, and low self-esteem. Some girls want to get pregnant. It's what they feel they're born to."

Campaigning groups from the other end of the spectrum claim that extending the availability of emergency contraception will bring with it health risks and an increase in casual sex. "In our view, this isn't contraception, as it works by preventing implantation after fertilisation," said Josephine Quintavalle from the group Comment on Reproductive Ethics. "Women don't always understand this. We're also concerned that it may have as yet undetermined effects on women's health."

"They've got a right to their moral views," said Ann Furedi, "but we feel they're dressing up a moral argument inside an erroneous medical one. Emergency contraception is safe - a lot safer than many other things our society is quite happy to have on sale without a prescription."

Interviews by Sally Chatterton

Why mobiles could be the Rolls Royce of disease

BRITAIN ON THE COUCH



OLIVER JAMES

If microwaving can bake raw potatoes, what would you expect it to do to the neurones in your skull?

HAVING RARE access to a first-class seat on a train the other day, I was unable to get a moment's peace from the incessant mobile phone chatter. "Okay, so you tell Jan to tell Terry that the meeting's on Friday ... sorry, on Friday ... no, tell Jan and Terry it's on Friday ... hello? hello?" Tring, tring. "No, I was saying you should ring Jan ... and so on, ad nauseam."

Until recently the strategy that a good friend of mine used to deal with this irritant was simply to ask the source to move, in a firm and direct manner. But very soon he will implement a new approach. Each morning he rushes to see if the postman has brought his new toy, a mobile phone zapper which can cause a high-pitched squeal in the ear when pointed at a phone user.

My main worry about mobile phones, however, is not noise. It is that they may damage the brain, perhaps promoting brain cancer. As with all these health scares, in retrospect it seems common sense. If you deregulate without much

forethought and with scientific research priorities driven by profit, you should expect trouble.

It was, for example, easy for the tobacco industry to get away with deliberately raising nicotine levels in their products knowing that they will cause addiction and cancer. And it was altogether surprising that, after endlessly recycling sheep's brains containing scrapie, BSE broke out in cows? Or, after pouring organophosphates into the soil, that most of the population seems permanently under the weather, with weakened immune systems?

So you should not be surprised if microwaving the brain with a mobile turns out to be not a good idea. If microwaving can bake raw potatoes, what would you expect it to do to the neurones in your skull?

A recent Scandinavian study provides the strongest evidence so far. Mobile users are more prone to memory loss and headaches, and it may not be long before further research proves more malignant outcomes, more than 10 years too late.

I have a mobile and it is extremely helpful to me during the periods when I am making TV programmes, living a peripatetic life. I remember when they first came into mass circulation, in the late 1980s, and I was sent off to do a psychological interview with a man who had already made his first million out of the product.

He was a troubled, somewhat lonely person who may have been drawn to this particular field by a strong desire to be able to be in touch at any moment. Certainly, he was not in touch with his own feelings. Nor did he seem to have many (or any) intimate relationships. His desire to be able to call and be called at any time, anywhere, reminded me of an insecure toddler who fears separation from its parents.

But whatever his deeper motives, there is no doubt he was on to a good thing. Even without the huge practical advantages the mobile phone can bring, the increasing insularity of our lives, as

more of us live alone, separated from spouses, children and intimates, means that more and more of us feel desperately lonely and want to be in contact.

Whilst some people only use the phones to achieve practical ends, many others use them to feel connected emotionally. As work increasingly replaces authentic intimacy, endless chatter on the phone, ostensibly about important work-related matters, is often used to bolster self-esteem and fill an inner emptiness. An unnecessary call to a colleague can make you feel powerful, popular, even loved. The fact that it may also be giving you brain cancer is something you would rather not think about, and the manufacturers are not about to encourage that thought.

When I first heard of this danger a couple of years ago, I rushed down to my local shop only to be told that there was nothing in it. But when I returned a month ago, they had changed the pitch. Advanced capitalism has an amazing capac-

ity to make money every which way, so now the line was that I needed a new phone (£299.99) which would send the microwaves away from my head. Luckily I had already researched the solution: a £9.99 earplug with microphone which enables you to speak and listen without having the phone next to your ear.

This saga reminds me of the reaction I first had to Aids when I heard about it in 1986: how viciously unfair that its method of transmission should particularly put at risk already marginalised groups like gays. Of course, many people at the time argued that this was common sense. If you use parts of the body for purposes that the Good Lord did not intend them, what can you expect?

But what I felt was that it was deeply unfair that the virus had not been transmitted by the leather on Rolls Royce seats or by champagne corks. It was pretty random that it happened to be the way it was.

The mobile phone may turn out to be that champagne cork/Rolls Royce leather disease and, ironically, if it does provoke an epidemic of brain cancer, the most at-risk groups will be the insecure and wealthy people who first latched on to them to keep loneliness and insignificance at bay.

Usually, the people to suffer the worst consequences of advanced capitalism's exploitation of our instincts (eg to eat, to have sex and our weaknesses, are the poorest and most vulnerable. Could the mobile phone be the first exception to that rule?

If it is, my good friend - soon to wreak havoc with his zapper - will rejoice at the thought of train journeys and restaurants made more peaceable by the absence of the showy, insecure types most likely to die.

Oliver James's book 'Britain on The Couch - Why We're Unhappier Compared With 1950 Despite Being Richer' is published by Century.

Zen monks believe that controlling your internal energy, or chi, can make you healthier and happier. By Clare Garner

Look into my eyes and feel the power of chi

Walking into a Chi Kung energy healing session, you might think you had stumbled into a Paul McKenna show. Everybody is in a trance-like state, with their eyes closed and their arms flailing. But the man in charge insists that he is not a hypnotist.

Sifu Tony Leung is the official UK representative of Shaolin monks. He runs the Temple School in Islington, north London, the only Shaolin Zen Buddhist temple in this country. At the temple - a thinly disguised underground car park - Sifu "powers up" as many as 40 people in an evening, using his electromagnetic energy. The concept may seem alien to us, but there is nothing new about Chi Kung: the Chinese have practised it for the past 4,500 years.

"Watch at first because it might freak you out," Sifu advised newcomers. Those who were familiar with Chi Kung went first, one at a time.

Sifu held their hands for a few seconds, told them to close their eyes, and then let go of them. He pointed his first and middle finger at the client's forehead and then stood in front of them for about 15 seconds. No two reactions were the same.

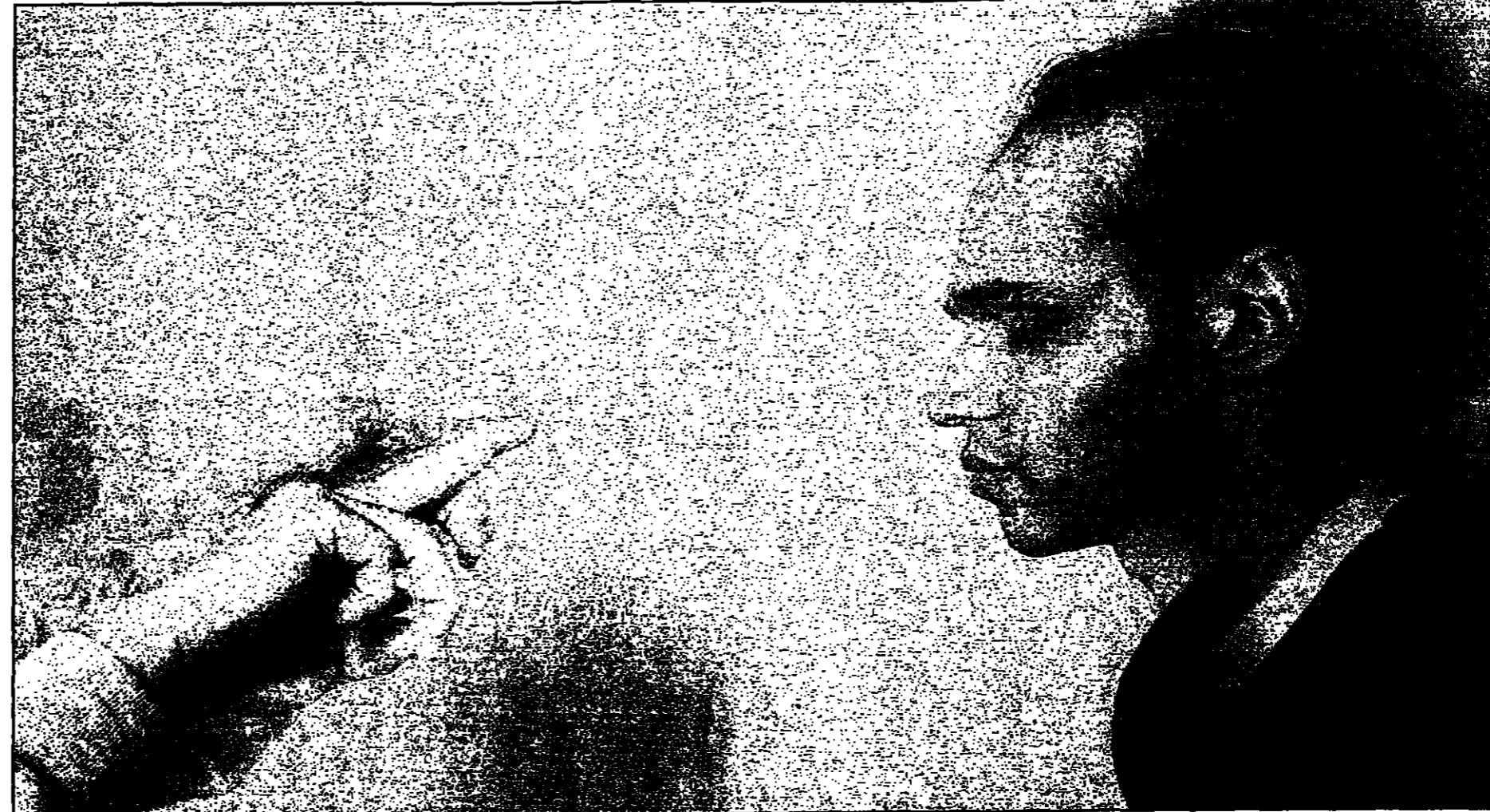
Some staggered, some swayed. Others threw their head forward and slapped their thighs. One man's arms flapped like a floppy-limbed puppet's; another man galloped on the spot as if he were playing ponies. Another man looked drunk, his knees giving way and his head rolling backwards and forwards. Someone grunted; someone else roared. A man at the front - one of the first to be "powered up" - curled up in the foetal position and cried.

A young guy cavorted across the room, dancing, it seemed, with his shadow. And another spread eagle his arms, rolling his eyeballs as if he had taken an overdose.

Indeed, it looked as if everyone had popped a pill half an hour earlier and the effects were just kicking in. But there were no drugs, just the wift of pungent incense and Sifu's potent cosmic energy.

There are more than 300 Chi Kung styles practised in China. Their common aim is to boost and regulate an individual's yin and yang energy so that the body can become its own healer.

The theory is that if one's energy channels are unblocked, good health and longevity will naturally follow. Sifu himself is a walking advertisement. With his smooth, unblemished skin and thick head of jet



Sergit Kumar receives the power of Chi Kung from Sifu Tony Leung at the Temple School in Islington

Nicola Kurn

black hair he looks considerably younger than his 45 years. Those who attend Sifu's healing sessions suffer from an assortment of ailments, including migraine, arthritis, sciatica, rheumatism, multiple sclerosis, frozen shoulder and asthma. Some are simply stressed out.

Generally, they have drawn a blank with Western medicine. Khelly Shaker, 33, a banker, was waiting in line: "I'm just worried I'll go back to work after one of these sessions and I will do the wrong transaction," he joked. "I'm absolutely astounded by what I am seeing here. Someone is shouting and you feel like you're going to be assaulted."

When it came to my turn, I stepped forward and closed my eyes. As Sifu held my hands I felt a burning sensation shoot up my arms, and an electric shock seemed to twang in the centre of my forehead. "You can forget about work

now," said Sifu. My mind drifted off as it does with a pre-med, and my body relaxed. My limbs seemed to lengthen and feel hollow. I started moving and dancing, feeling uninhibited but in control.

After what felt like several hours, but was in fact 15 minutes, I decided to return to Mr Shaker. He looked shocked by what he had witnessed.

"You looked like someone who is

enjoying a party, singing without words," he exclaimed.

"You looked at peace with yourself, unaware of anything around you. Just happy. It takes about three ecstasy tablets to achieve that result!"

Sergit Kumar, 30, was diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis last August. Shortly afterwards he took the advice of his wife and signed up for a healing session with Sifu. "The first time I thought: 'This isn't me. It's not working for me.' But after a

couple of weeks I ran up the stairs. I was thinking: 'If that works that time there's something there.'

Mr Kumar started going for a two-hour session twice a week. Now the tingling sensation in his legs has gone and his walking is "slightly better". He has faith in Sifu but regards Chi Kung as an "ongoing treatment" rather than a miracle cure.

Therein Ne Win, a fourth-year medical student at Guy's and St Thomas's Hospital, has followed Mr Kumar's progress at the Temple School. Mr Ne Win started out as a sceptic, but his own experience of a healing session blew his analytical medical mind.

He wrote a paper entitled: "A Medic's View of Chi Kung" in which he describes the treatment for himself and Mr Kumar. He wrote: "When you start to move with no conscious thought, you realise that there is really something there after all."

He described Chi Kung as a "being force" which had helped to heal an old sports injury of his. Sifu identified the clicking right shoulder and sent Chi into that part of Mr Ne Win's body. "I immediately had a feeling of real warmth and heat forming right inside the joint capsule...

a few more sessions resulted in a much smoother action, eliminating much of the clicking," he wrote.

"It is easy to dismiss unfamiliar concepts such as Chi Kung as worthless Chinese black magic or mumbo jumbo," he continued. "We should all bring things into perspective and realise that tunnel vision will only prevent you from seeing the glories of the bigger picture."

He advocates practising Chi Kung as a preventative measure. "If your energy is strong enough, how can any illness befall you?" he asks.

He believes Chi Kung can combat stress: "It places you in a state

of deep relaxation between full consciousness and sleep. The resultant change in brainwave activity and release of hormones helps to keep you in this state of total relaxation."

Regarding Mr Kumar, "every few lessons he seems to get better". But Mr Ne Win also strikes a note of caution: "It is very dangerous, as well as foolhardy, to say that Chi Kung has cured him of MS because he is not 100 per cent cured."

"And, importantly, MS is characterised by relapses and subsequent remittance."

The most striking impact that Chi Kung has had on Mr Kumar, in Mr Ne Win's opinion, is that it altered his outlook on life. "Whereas before there was bleak depression, there now appears to be a new vigour and urge to get his life back on track. You really have to see him run up and down the stairs smiling to see the beneficial effects it has had."

Last night a DJ ruined my life

Clubbing can damage your hearing, warns Emma Haughton

THREE YEARS ago Steve Jones, 32, left a Manchester club with deadened hearing. At university he had gone to discos every week; at 29 he'd started clubbing again and found the noise level had increased significantly. "There's much more bass in dance music now. I think I accumulated hearing damage until that night in a club just pushed me over a threshold. I didn't have problems until I went there."

Since then, Steve has found it difficult to follow conversation in a noisy room or to tell in which direction a phone is ringing. But it's the legacy of permanent tinnitus, or ringing in the ears, that bothers him most.

"It's a nasty noise like a spade scraping along the ground, and it's almost constant. When I got it, I felt angry and was frightened it would get

worse until I jumped off a bridge or something."

Although for many years studies looking for a link between leisure noise and hearing loss produced mixed results, recently more sensitive acoustic tests have uncovered worrying evidence that Steve is just one of many such sufferers.

Research at Keele University picked those most and least exposed to entertainment noise amongst 15 to 23-year-olds. Even amongst the youngest, those most exposed to noise showed evidence of loss of hearing acuity. "In the older subjects there were also very sharp gaps in hearing in the high frequency range," says Ted Evans, Keele professor of auditory physiology and vice-

chair of the British Society of Audiology. For many years Evans has also performed tests on undergraduates' hearing function. "These results have got worse - 50 per cent of students picked at random show signs of hearing damage. Clubbing is the new ingredient on the scene, and people seem to be exposed for longer."

Research by Professor Adrian Davis at the Medical Research Council's Institute of Hearing Research found that the proportion of people exposed to high noise levels at clubs has increased substantially. In 1980-1984, six per cent of 18 to 25-year-olds received noise doses in clubs exceeding safety standards; by the mid-1990s that rose to 18 per cent.

Club music can often reach 110-120 decibels, yet even at 105 decibels, the safe maximum exposure time is 15 minutes. Mark Anderson, youth service project co-ordinator at the British Tinnitus Association, believes that in 10-20 years clubbing and hearing loss will emerge as a serious issue. Indeed, after he developed tinnitus himself following a loud concert, he became so concerned that he produced an education pack warning of the dangers of loud music.

What seems certain is that young clubbers are storing up trouble for the future. "There is a big question over what will happen in 20 years' time when normal ageing adds to hearing loss," says Professor Evans.

For Steve Jones the damage has already been done, and although treatment has helped him cope, he has had to alter his lifestyle. "At work I've had to ask colleagues not to drop things or slam doors, and find out about fire drills beforehand. But my biggest change is not to go to clubs or concerts. I can't even go to the cinema or to the pub at night. They're just too noisy."

Advice for clubbers

- Get away from the music for 10 minutes every hour, to give the inner ear hair cells the chance to recover.
- Keep as far away from the speakers as possible.
- Ear plugs will keep potential damage to a minimum.
- Clubbing less often, and for shorter periods.
- Be extra careful if hearing loss runs in your family.



Even 15 minutes in a noisy club can lead to permanent ear damage Craig Easton

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Legal Notices

No. 002889 of 1998

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HOLDINGS PLC AND IN
THE MATTER OF THE
COMPANIES ACT 1985
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share premium account of the above
named Company as by the
cancellation of an amount
of £1,000,000.00 in respect of
the credit of the share
premium account.

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premium account and will
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hearing in person or by
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Announcements

THE GOVERNORS of the Yatudai Buddhist Temple have planned to announce the appointment of Malcolm Singer as Director of Music from September 1998. Malcolm Singer is the current Professor of Composition at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama.

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SICK NOTES

BY WILLIAM HARTSTON

THE ECONOMIC crisis in Indonesia has hit hospitals badly, not least because many patients have been fleeing from their beds before their treatment is finished in order to avoid

paying the bill. Cipto Mangunkusumo, the largest hospital in Jakarta, lost 350 patients in this manner in the last three months of 1997. "They escaped on average two days before they terminated the treatment," spokesman said.

RESEARCHERS at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, have found that about half the aphrodisiacs on sale in herbal medicine stores in Thailand, Hong Kong, China and North America do not contain the ingredients they claim. "They're selling penises under one name and in fact the source is something different," Professor Bradley White was quoted as saying.

While seal penis is traditionally regarded as an aphrodisiac (though there is no scientific evidence),

fakes have been found to be made from genitalia of dogs and bulls.

A RESEARCHER at the Ohio State University College of Medicine has called for a ban on the sale of trampolines for home use after an analysis of government statistics on trampoline accidents.

In 1995, American hospital emergency departments treated 58,500 children injured on trampolines, compared with 29,600 in 1990.

A REPORT in the current issue of the journal *The Physician and Sports Medicine* reveals that bungee-jumping is safer than had previously been thought.

In the first wide-ranging look at injuries in this activity, Dr Craig C Young and his team found that 42 jumpers had a total of 59 minor medical complaints, but all the injuries healed within a week, except for lacerations to one jumper.

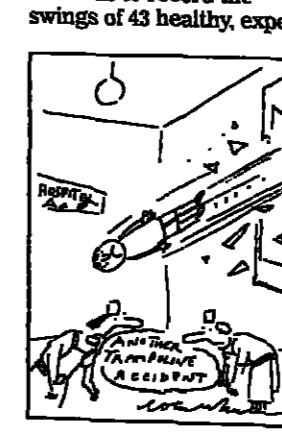
who changed his mind and tried to grab the platform on his way down. A total of 200 bungee-jumpers took part in the study.

A PAPER delivered at a meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons has identified a complaint that may be ranked alongside tennis elbow, jogger's nipple and runner's knee: it is golfer's spine. Using high-speed cameras to record the swings of 43 healthy, experi-

enced male golfers, researchers were able to identify deformation of the discs in the spine. Meanwhile, Japanese experts have performed X-ray and CAT scans of 26 male golfers and compared them with non-golfers.

The results confirm that golfing can damage the spine - but it is more likely to do so with modern steel shafts (which require more spine-twisting for optimal results) than old-fashioned hickory clubs.

ACCORDING TO a study published earlier this year in the *Journal of Applied Social Change*, lawyers in general do not have especially high levels of testosterone, but trial lawyers average about 30 per cent higher rates of the male sex hormone than lawyers who stay out of the courtroom. High levels of testosterone are generally associated with dominance, persistence and focused attention, as well as anti-social behaviour and competitive ness. The results applied to male and female lawyers.



مكنا من الارض

MEDIA

Why the 'Observer' isn't working

It is a long time since the 'Observer' hit the magic circulation figure of a million. Now it must face the prospect of dipping below the tragic figure of 400,000. By Peter Cole

It is five years since the *Guardian* agreed to purchase the *Observer* from Tiny Rowland's Lourho group. Five years of high ambition, too many editors, much internal angst - and falling circulation. In the five years of *Guardian* ownership it has lost some 20 per cent of sales, down from 500,000 to 400,000. It has also cost the *Guardian* a great deal of money - £26m to buy it in the first place, regular losses of £1m or £2m a year since then and, in all, towards £70m over the five years.

Last Sunday's edition of the paper proudly announced that the *Observer* was "the only quality Sunday newspaper currently to show a rise in its readership". There's a certain desperation in putting a six-month rise of 0.8 per cent on the front page, but you have to take comfort where you can, even from a statistic commonly exploited by those to whom circulation figures do not give the same opportunity. When the audited circulation figures are published later this week, it is believed that the 207-year-old Sunday paper will be even closer to the 400,000 threshold, and that nothing will prevent it dropping below that.

The *Observer* in the '300s' is the newspaper equivalent of Manchester City in the second division. A great club fallen on bad times; the long climb back a hard one. As always with newspaper circulations some perspective is needed. Aggregate newspaper sales figures are not what they were, but that does not mean that all sectors of the market are in decline. The Sunday broadsheet market is not. When the *Guardian* Media Group bought the *Observer* in 1993 the four titles in the Sunday "quality" market - the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Telegraph*, the *Independent on Sunday* and the *Observer* - were together selling some 2.682 million copies, of which the *Observer* accounted for some 19 per cent. Today, the same four titles are selling 2.880 million copies, the *Observer* about 14 per cent of them. So the size of the market place cannot be blamed. It has grown by nearly 200,000 copies, and still the *Observer* has managed to sell 100,000 fewer.

So we have an enlarging sector of the market with the most venerable title doing badly. Who is doing well? Not the *Independent on Sunday*, which has also lost sales in the five-year period we are considering. It follows then that the other two titles have enjoyed considerable success. The *Sunday Times*, consistently the dominant player, has powered on, up 120,000 or so on five years ago. The most impressive circulation growth has come from the *Sunday Telegraph*, up about 250,000 over the five-year period.

The marriage of *Guardian* and *Observer* appeared, on the face of it, to be a natural one. Both papers appealed to a predominantly middle-class, intellectual, left-of-centre audi-



ence. The *Guardian* saw great potential for economies of scale, for shared infrastructure between daily and newly acquired Sunday, and this has been realised. Unlike *The Independent* and the *Daily Telegraph* (for a short period), the *Guardian* never felt tempted by seven-day publication - though there were gestures in this direction. *Guardian* staff were appointed to responsible positions on the *Observer*. Foreign correspondents serviced both papers. Most significantly, the *Guardian*'s editor then Peter Preston, was editor-in-chief of both titles. Alan Rusbridger, who became *Guardian* editor in 1995, soon acquired a similar role. Preston had been respon-

sible (through the Scott Trust) for the appointment of the first two *Observer* editors after the takeover - Jonathan Fenby and Andrew Jaspan. Rusbridger delivered the third, Will Hutton. Two editors in three years, three in five. Now Hutton, in charge of policy and opinion, is supported by Jocelyn Tarrant, *de facto* operational editor.

Internal argument between the two titles has not helped, either. Editors have complained in public; *Guardian* staff speak freely of their resentment at the drain on "their" resources of the *Observer*; *Guardian* staff are moved to the *Observer*, and often return. There is none of the consistency of editorial management

that successful rivals in the sector demonstrate. In dismantling "old" *Observer* culture, the new management has not yet created a new one.

Caroline McCall, commercial director of the *Guardian* and the *Observer*, told a recent Guild of Editors conference: "When the *Guardian* acquired the *Observer* it underestimated how big the job was. It was a newspaper that had been in decline for 15 to 20 years. The Sunday market is a really difficult market. Readers' perceptions of the brand are taking a long time to shift. The *Observer* is [now] a much better paper ... But its circulation figures do not reflect its quality."

Circulation figures seldom re-

flect the quality of the product, certainly not in the eyes of those responsible for it. McCall is right to say that the Sunday market is difficult. Here are some of the difficulties. First the traditional ones: little news tends to happen on Saturdays. Sunday is a different kind of day. Readers look for a different kind of paper. And the modern ones: Saturday newspapers used to be the flimsiest and the lowest sellers of the week. Now the broadsheets have similar bulk to the Sunday papers, and are significantly cheaper; similar content; better value. Sunday newspapers used to have a monopoly on five sport. Now a significant amount of Premiership football and other big

sporting events take place on Sunday. Monday papers have big sports sections, as big as some Sundays'. Senior politicians prefer early Sunday television programmes to talking to Sunday newspapers - so their choice quotes run all day on radio and TV, and are still mopped up in Monday newspapers. Patterns of leisure have changed. Sunday is a doing day, rather than a day for lying in and reading newspapers.

But this doesn't let the *Observer* off the hook. Despite all the above, Sunday broadsheets sell more copies than five and ten years ago. The *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Telegraph* are both successful and profitable. Both these papers have

Saturday stablemates that are multi-section quasi-Sunday papers selling much more cheaply than their Sunday counterparts.

Interestingly, the two successful titles are Conservative newspapers that have flirted less with New Labour than most nations, while the *Observer* is left of centre and has never supported the Tories. Concentrating on the *Observer*, how can it be that over the past decade, which witnessed the end of Thatcherism, the interneceine divisions of the Major government, and the rise and success of New Labour, the newspaper that had so much to exploit, so much to gain, has done badly?

Quite simply, it did not know its readers. Worse, it thought it did. The consistent triumph of the *Guardian*, and the reason that, against all the odds, the *Times* price-cutting and the *Telegraph* give-aways had almost zero effect on circulation, was that the paper knew its immensely loyal readers so well. It has impressively developed a distinctive "brand" that permeates every aspect of its activities. While the Eighties should have presented the *Observer* with all the opportunities of opposition critique, it was unable to take on board the popularity of Thatcherism or the necessity for old Labour to change its agenda.

And when it seemed to catch up, by appointing the then guru of the chattering classes, Will Hutton, as its third editor in as many years, it failed to realise that New Labour had moved on again. New Labour was happy to use the chattering classes in the short term, to ensure coverage for their "project", to reinforce the message that the only worthwhile debate was taking place around them. But once they had power, the chatters were discarded in favour of "the people".

And what the *Observer* failed to realise was that you need a lot more readers than chatters, and that readers, even of the *Observer*, are interested in much more than politics. Trouble is, when the *Observer* isn't earnestly political it's just earnest. And when it isn't just earnest, as when it's dealing with lighter issues such as Ginger Spice and Dodi's dad, it's loftily earnest. While full of good things, it lacks the conviction the *Guardian* has when dealing with the less important things.

It could learn a lot from the *Sunday Times*, not in terms of the opinions it represents, but in its recognition that it doesn't need to represent those interests all the time. Trouble is, it hates the *Sunday Times* so much that it can't bear to look at it. If it looked at it, it could still hate it, but it could discover how much there is to the mix - to the inconsequential, to not having attitude about everything, to Sunday.

Peter Cole is professor of journalism at the University of Central Lancashire.

Just give them the facts

ANALYSIS

The Diana effect has revived the fortunes of the TV documentary. By Paul McCann

IT IS a truism hardly worth stating that Diana, Princess of Wales, was and is worth cold hard cash to the media. She sold magazines, newspapers and now it appears she can even help the more lofty world of current affairs television.

Last week's ITV programme on that crash (*Diana: The Secrets behind the Crash*) may have attracted a universal panning from critics and commentators for its reliance on the theories of Mohamed Al Fayed,

but it also attracted an audience. The 9pm documentary and discussion hour attracted an average 12 million viewers according to unofficial overnight BARB ratings. This gave ITV a 53 per cent share of the available audience, which is more than respectable for that slot on the commercial broadcaster.

The obvious logic is that the populist nature of this particular programme gave it the ratings it did and that otherwise current affairs would fail in that slot. Certainly the orthodoxy of the former ITV programming director Marcus Plantin was that the only thing to put on at 9pm was drama, drama and more drama. To squeeze past this mindset,

Mr Plantin's requirement seemed to be that factual programmes had to be about sex, crime or the paranormal. Which would explain the *Hollywood Women* style of factual programming. Current affairs, however, is solidly banished to after *News at Ten*. Here, worthy programming - like a John Pilger *News at First* - can safely be aired to satisfy the requirements of the Independent Television Commission.

Yet once upon a time ITV did schedule meaty current affairs at 9pm and, according to the guru of BARB ratings, the researcher and television historian William Phillips, they regularly achieved ratings of around 10 million. According to Phillips, the Diana programme's figure is not that exceptional.

And even in the 10.40pm slot there is a strong appetite for factual shows. ITV recently attracted 7 million viewers to *Savage Skies*, its proper science documentary about the weather. At 9pm this programme could easily have managed an audience of 12 million.

The kicking that ITV has received from advertisers because of its ageing, down-market audience prompted the management changes of last year that brought in a new chief executive and programming director in David Liddiment. His desire to attract more ABC1 viewers has already resulted in the continuing search for a peak-time one-hour current affairs programme. If ITV decides against moving *News at Ten*, and therefore cannot put the new show in that slot, it will most probably run at 9pm.

Of course the Diana effect was still felt for ITV. This is easily illustrated because the story of the Princess's death did similar things for Channel 4's *Dispatches* last week.

A much more hard-headed programme, *Dispatches* pulled apart the conspiracy theories aired by ITV and pulled in nearly 5 million viewers. The programme's weight means it usually achieves under 2 million viewers - even *Cutting Edge* can normally pull in three to four million.

WORRIES that the Sun's deputy editor, Rebekah Wade, would inject too much cuddly female influence on the paper have been dispelled by the outgoing editor Stuart Higgins. He was forced to pull her choice of headline for the story about deaths linked to the impotence drug Viagra. The sensitive young lady wanted to run with "Die Hard". For the George Michael public lavatories story she proposed "Under a wrist".

HIGGINS told the stories during a speech at Wade's 30th birthday bash at the Belvedere restaurant, in Holland Park, west London, attended by such tabloid glitterati as Alan Rusbridger of the *Guardian* and Peter Stothard of the *Times*. The rest of the speech was very waspish, about the need for long experience of the paper. Higgins, it was assumed, was trying to save his job from Wade, who has only been on the paper a few months. He had the wrong target, however, as the new Sun editor, David Tindall, was also at the party, sitting quietly in a corner having been flown in at News International's expense.

BBC NEWS management's hot new idea for its journalists is to group them together in their mammoth new Television Centre newsroom in clusters according to their specialism: science, education, legal, etc. Media, arts, and, for some reason, royal correspondents have been officially gathered into the "culture cluster", which, while it sounds like something to do with

Sellafeld, is an improvement on the *Sunday Times'* nickname for its fluffy types: the *slush end*.

MOVE OVER, Hello! - the curse of Channel 4 is upon us. It might be the vogue to blame a red-haired Virgin DJ for the relative tragedies of Gazza and Geri Spice, but in fact a far more malevolent force is at the root of all this distress. C4 decided around a month ago to schedule Gazza's Coming Home, a documentary about his years at Rangers, as a pre-World Cup repeat. Cue Gazza's deselection. For the double whammy, the unusual decision was taken two weeks ago to repeat TFI Friday's Spice Girls special just as, you guessed it, Geri quit. Warning to all celebrities: do not allow yourself to be "featured" by C4; pursue photo shoots in Hello! at will.

THE SELF-EFFACING *Guardian* is

by Scottish Courage, while Boddingtons is made by Whitbread. ITC rules will probably stop the two comedians being forced to drink the cream of Manchester. But don't look too hard for the bottles of Becks to make an appearance.

A SERIES of hectic job changes of late have clearly had a negative effect on the appearance of Andrew Marr, one-time editor of this organ. His new column for the *Observer* this week was flagged on the top of the front page in early editions alongside a picture of Keith Flint of the Prodigy. Keith's opinions on weighty issues like the single currency have never been revealed, so his column would have been worth reading. Mr Marr however was widely known for his bizarre haircuts and the black rings under his eyes, so the picture wasn't that big a surprise.

SOME confusion remains about the reason for the Mail on Sunday's front-page apology to Brooke Shields last week. The paper's editor, Jonathan Hofbrow, insists it was his personal decision to break with newspaper tradition and match the space given to the original story.

However an article in yesterday's *Guardian* claims it was part of Shields' lawyers' demands. Whether the front-page apology catches on in future may depend on whether it truly was a piece of one-off editorial largesse or won by the hard-nosed libel expert Keith Schilling.



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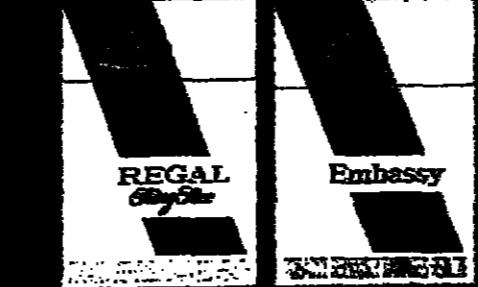
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Julie Welch, the doyenne of female football reporters. There were a lot of dinosaurs [when I started], and there are a lot of dinosaurs now

Mike King

Women are calling the shots in the commentary box. Naomi Marks meets football's female elite

For Scottish football fans following their team's fortunes in France on BBC radio and television, the main World Cup low-downs, updates, match reports and analysis will be delivered by the two women. Hazel Irvine will be reporting from the Scottish camp for the BBC network, with Rhona McLeod doing the same for BBC Scotland.

The BBC's head of sport, Bob Shennan, is keen to employ women sports broadcasters. He refers to those such as Irvine and McLeod as pioneers. And, no doubt alert to the commercial risks of alienating the growing ranks of female football fans, he speaks of "the danger of presenting sport to the public through 28-year-old white middle-class men called Peter".

Yet for McLeod, who will be reporting from a World Cup for the first time, it was very nearly not to be. A lover of sport since childhood, she first suggested that she might report on a football match while working for one of the Scottish Sundays. Her editor was delighted; it was about time football was covered from the woman's perspective, he said. Could she look at the catering arrangements? Perhaps talk about the toilets, too?

Not so delighted, McLeod opted instead for a subbing post on the sports desk, leaving match reports to male colleagues. She explains: "If I wasn't going to be able to do the job properly, then I wasn't going to do it at all." Such anecdotes illustrate the difficulties faced by women wanting to enter football journalism. Still very much in the minority in both broadcasting and print, they appear to encounter resistance neither from those in the sports industry nor from the punters.

This is something McLeod discovered when she finally got her chance to move



KATE BATTERSBY
Her presence in the press-box prompted a stinging letter in which a senior journalist complained that 'no woman ought to be allowed to write about sport'



RHONA McLEOD
The players are brilliant to deal with, the managers are fine. The only problem is other journalists who don't like the idea of a woman doing the job



ELEANOR OLDROYD
A sports presenter on Radio 5 Live, she believes that the world of broadcasting is more welcoming to women than that of print journalism

being another female journalist in the press box with her. Objections to her presence are rare, she adds, but when they come they are vociferous.

One senior journalist wrote to her first sports editor, saying: "No woman should be allowed to write about sport because everything they say about the subject is a deluge of piss."

She shrugs off such blatant bigotry, but remains irritated by letters congratulating her for putting across a woman's point of view. "That amazes me because all women are seen to have one lumpy view. Men, of course, are allowed to have individual points of view."

The Sun football reporter Vicki Orvice also dislikes being labelled. "You just have to be able to do the job," she says.

She points out that she has encountered little discrimination (though as a journalism student she was accused of having her father/brother/boyfriend write the match report that she handed in as a Christmas project). In any case, Orvice says, any woman who has negotiated the macho atmosphere of a newsroom has been well trained for the sports department.

Like Welch, she too remembers the first match she reported. It was Arsenal v Norwich, after she had persuaded the sports editor at the *Daily Mail*, where she was a news reporter, that she was serious enough about sport to handle it.

"People often say I must be hard," she says. "But I've just always loved football."

Not elevated enough yet to have her pick of the crop when it comes to choosing which matches she reports, she has just one game to cover in the coming football fest. Only England v Colombia will be hers.

But is she looking forward to it?

"Oh yes," she enthuses. "This is a dream job. It's wonderful."

TRIAL BY MEDIA

IN WHICH
DANIEL TOPOLSKI, FORMER COACH OF OXFORD'S BOAT RACE CREW, IS IMMERSED IN ROWING MAGAZINES

LOOK FOR a magazine on rowing amid the plethora of men's journals at your newsagents and you'll be disappointed. Golf, football, angling, bikers, health, laddish lifestyle and sex, no problem. Minority sports? Forget it. So it's strictly subscription-only specialist monthlies.

For most people, rowing is the Boat Race, Henley and Steve Redgrave. But for 30,000 British men and women rowers the groan is, "What about us?" Try 30 times that number in over a hundred countries and you have a gap in the market crying out to be filled.

The specialist magazines, all they've got, are filled with the eccentric, the medical, the sports-political and the ego-driven gossip. Training hints jostle with results tables from obscure regattas mixed in with those from international events and ads for 85-kilo racing boats, oars, riggers and heart-rate monitors. The letters pages, though, are a joy full of bitter arguments over the minutiae of the sport.

Compared to the men's health and fitness magazines, which focus on sex, muscle-building and diet - "Get lean, get serious, get a bigger chest", "Fat loss in a bottle", "Maximise your sexual performance" - the specialist mag makes solemn reading.



Daniel Topolski: finds few laughs in specialist mags

Not many laughs. Yet the fitness mags praise rowing as the all-round aerobic sport.

Regatta magazine, the voice of the Amateur Rowing Association, has a captive readership. Rowers get it free with their obligatory registration fee to the ARA. Without it they're not allowed to compete.

Regatta has elbowed aside the less glossy *Rowing*, which for 30 years was the only source of news about the sport apart from broadcast coverage of big events. Hilariously ungrammatical editorials and hopelessly spelling-distracted readers from the message, but it was an authentic voice from the riverbank. It is now deceased, victim of a quaint but effective price-cutting war. Who needs two rowing mags when one is "free"?

The German *Rudersport* is, as you'd expect, fact-focused, and America's the *Oarsman* carries long rambling essays. Edward English, a Californian-based aficionado, produces a fat handbook of world-wide news cuttings twice yearly.

But let's face it, none of these is going to give the editor of *Men's Health* any sleepless nights.

The standards police should act with less speed, more taste



The guardians of broadcasting standards presume that the majority view should rule. Jaclyn Moriarty begs to differ

THE BROADCASTING Standards Commission was established on April Fool's Day last year. Its brief to produce codes of practice, to do research, and to adjudicate on complaints, in relation to "standards" and "fairness". "Standards" means violence, sex, taste and decency, "fairness" means unjust or unfair treatment, or privacy infringements.

Last week it released a new set of guidance codes for broadcasters meant to take on board changes in public tastes. But even as it is trying to update itself, the question to be addressed is: should it exist at all?

The commission also rejects complaints. One about a lesbian kiss on a Welsh soap opera was not upheld - because it was not a "lingering kiss", and the audience had been well prepared. A complaint about the broadcast of a sex quiz early on the day of Diana, Princess of Wales's death, was

not upheld - because the broadcasters hadn't known of her death. The Watershed often pops up in the commission's decision-making, and complaints about programmes broadcast after 9pm are often rejected. But a programme on between 11pm and midnight on New Year's Eve received a wrist-slapping for jokes references to sex with pop stars, pregnant women and homosexuals, because "families expected to be able to watch television together to see in the New Year".

Looking over such decisions, a few basic rules emerge: humour is unacceptable if it is religious, touches on taboos like bestiality, or raises serious issues like drug abuse. Drama must provide appropriate moral messages (shoplift and you're finished) and suitable role models (serial killers won't do). Lesbian af-

fection has to smuggle its way into a middle-of-the-road position, somewhere between too leisurely and too abrupt.

Once news of a shocking national event is out, its media monopoly is compulsory. Children must not be allowed to know that pregnant women, homosexuals and (oddly) pop stars have sexual intercourse.

If such a body should exist, then it's too easy to pick and choose amongst decisions, and find things that seem ridiculous. But maybe it should not exist at all. What has become of "freedom of expression" when one small body is deciding what we can and cannot see and hear?

The commission would respond that it is not one small body, but the public deciding what the public see and hear. It reacts to "public" complaints, and it informs its reaction with research into "public"

attitudes. It upheld a complaint about Madonna using the word "Motherfucker", because research suggested that people rank this among the wickedest swear words.

But public opinion is not really what freedom of speech is about. It's meant to be about dissent, about breaching conventions, taking risks, shocking, and being in the minority. If the majority decide what we can say and hear, free speech is doomed.

We'd never put up with the "public" deciding what rude words we can read in our books, but we allow control like that over broadcasting. Unlike books, though, broadcasting frequencies are scarce and decisions must be made about what is broadcast - so why shouldn't the public decide? Unlike books, broadcasting leaps into the family home in a way that is difficult to control. If

something "harmful" springs on to the screen, the harm may be done before anybody can find the switch.

Violence and pornography on TV or radio may well be harmful to children, although the evidence is inconclusive. No such argument can be made in relation to taste. Much of childhood is spent wallowing in far more tasteless jokes than anything a TV producer could dream up.

The question of what is in good enough taste for us to watch (or what tastes good enough for us to watch being tasted) should be left to the remote control. At best the placenta-eating episode was a fascinating insight into minority culture. At worst, it was just plain silly - as are so many April Fool's jokes.

The writer is a researcher in media law at Cambridge University.

IF I RULED THE AIRWAVES

IN WHICH INDEPENDENT PRODUCER MICK PILSWORTH HAS HIS OWN WAY WITH THE TV SCHEDULE

SUCCESSFUL sitcoms attract huge loyal audiences, but untested sitcoms remain the riskiest genre for broadcasters and producers alike. The problem is that the very feature which pulls in big audiences, the attractiveness of the characters, is extraordinarily difficult to communicate within the first, or "pilot" episode. We don't know the characters and we have to know the characters to understand the jokes. It's comedy's Catch-22. Many series take years to catch on. Recent "slow burns" include *Last of the Summer Wine*, *Men Behaving Badly* and *One Foot in the Grave*.

For a sitcom pilot to hit its target immediately is very rare. My theme night would feature those first episodes which not only achieved high ratings, but also rate for years.

A good sitcom pilot has to have a great "hook" - an intriguing situation which sets up a strong plot and sets the

Produced by: Maxine Moore
Producer: Mark Hayman
Director: Julian Saul

19.30
The Mary Tyler Moore Show
20.00
I Love Lucy

20.30
The Likely Lads

21.00
Porridge

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Birds of a Feather

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Drop the Dead Donkey

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Babes in the Wood

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Gus Annetts, Optimedia UK, 84-86 Baker Street, London W1M 1DL

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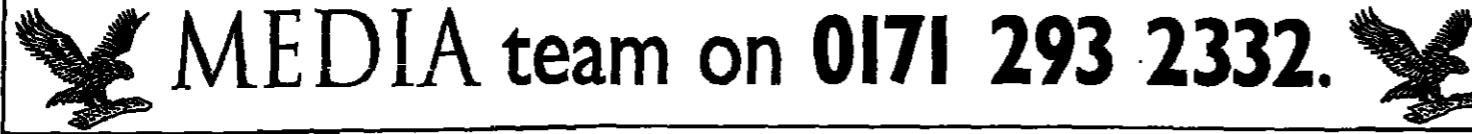
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هذا من الأصل

NEW FILMS

Nowhere (18)

Director: Gregg Araki
Starring: James Duval, Rachel True, Nathan Bexon, Shannon Doherty
One-man film factory Gregg Araki returns to the millstic landscape of *Totally F***ed Up* and *The Doom Generation* with another hallucinatory journey through an LA underground inhabited by young ambisexual drifters, sadomasochists, druggies, airheads - and, this time around, a few aliens for good measure.

It's good to see the elegantly wasted James Duval, as alienated teen Dark Smith, returning to his low-budget roots with Araki after a starring role in *Independence Day*. Intoxicating stuff.

Red Corner (15)

Director: Jon Avnet
Starring: Richard Gere, Bai Ling, Bradley Whitford
Richard Gere usually exercises a bit of discrimination when choosing his projects, but his very public pro-Tibet stance must have blinded him to the failings of this clunking piece of anti-Chinese propaganda.

In Beijing to sell trashy American TV programmes to a Chinese network, Gere finds himself framed for murder and railroaded by the brutal legal system. But the insights *Red Corner* offers into the Chinese brand of totalitarianism are swamped by the cliched depiction of ruthless party cadres (they practically say "We have ways of making you talk") and repetitive courtroom scenes, which mostly revolve around the issue of whether Gere can bear the simultaneous translation of proceedings through his headset.

Dad Savage (18)

Director: Betsan Morris Evans
Starring: Patrick Stewart, Kevin McKidd, Helen McCrory, Jon McFadden, Marc Warren
Patrick Stewart sheds his *Star Trek* image to play Dad Savage, a tulip-growing Country & Western-obsessed East Anglian crime boss who burns very nasty indeed when two of his employees try to run

off with his life savings.

Strikingly shot in the bleak expanses of the Lincolnshire fens by first-time director Betsan Morris Evans, this is an original stab at re-inventing the British thriller. There are strong performances, but a *Usual Suspects*-inspired structure of flashbacks within flashbacks conspires to make a raw, brutal little story frustratingly hard to follow.

The Taste of Cherry (PG)

Director: Abbas Kiarostami
Starring: Homayoun Ershadi, Adolhosseini Bagheri, Afshin Bakhtiar

The joint winner of last year's Palme d'Or has taken a year to get a release over here, and it's not hard to see why. In précis - an Iranian man drives around the outskirts of Tehran looking for someone to help him commit suicide - it sounds like the average multiplex-goer's worst nightmare of an art movie.

But thanks to highly naturalistic performances and the purity of director Abbas Kiarostami's shooting style, it's a hypnotic and ultimately moving experience, so long as you can adjust to the pace.

The Wedding Singer (12)

See Recommendation, right

Hurricane Streets (15)

Director: Morgan J Freeman

Starring: Brendan Sexton III, Shawn Elliott

Brendan Sexton III, who made an impression as the high-school bully in *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, is touchingly awkward as Marcus, a 15-year-old on the mean streets of New York, whose criminal lifestyle is offset by an almost saintly care for the no-hoppers in his gang.

But despite raw performances from the young unknowns, gritty detail and a streak of awards from the Sundance Film Festival - the film never steers sufficiently clear from the usual kids and crime clichés.

John Wrathall

GENERAL RELEASE

AFTERGLOW (15)

A novel by Ruth Rendell is the unlikely origin of Pedro Almodóvar's most accomplished film to date. The action has been shifted to Madrid and crammed with sexual symbolism so potent it leaves you reeling.

CANASTASIA (15)

In this new animated feature, all geographical identity has been jettisoned along with historical accuracy - and, for that matter, sanity, logic and good taste. *Anastasia* is as bullying and unruly as Disney animation at its worst.

THE BIG LEBOWSKI (15)

"Dude" Lebowski (Jeff Bridges) is a long-haired relic from the 1970s who spends his days bumming around Los Angeles getting stoned and going bowing with his buddies. But there's another Lebowski in the vicinity and a case of mistaken identity sparks off one of the most string-out mysteries ever.

BLUES BROTHERS 2000 (PG)

Eighteen years after the release of the startlingly unfunny *The Blues Brothers*, John Goodman and his co-writer Dan Aykroyd have contrived to resurrect the story of Elwood Blues (Aykroyd) who, after the death of his brother, re-emerges from prison and decides to put the old band back together. The film is certainly all-out stupid, but it is also rather endearing.

THE BUTCHER BOY (15)

Neil Jordan's film of Patrick McCabe's blackly comic novel about a manic, precocious 12 year old in 1960s Ireland has a macabre thrill about it that is genuinely seductive. Jordan's depiction of the world as seen through the deranged eyes of young Frankie (the astounding Eamonn O'Henry) is so rich and unsparing that it pulls you into the movie in the manner of a Grimm fairytale.

DARK CITY (15)

Alex Proyas, director of *The Crow*, returns with another over-the-top urban nightmare. Amnesiac suspected serial killer Rufus Sewell is pursued by dour inspector William Hurt, swinge-wielding psychiatrist Keefer Sutherland and Richard O'Brien as one of a sinister breed of aliens known as 'The Strangers'.

DECONSTRUCTING HARRY (18)

Woody Allen's most honest and intelligent film in more than a decade.

DEEP IMPACT (12)

A meteor the size of New York is on a collision course with the Earth unless superstar astronaut Robert Duvall and his team can intercept it. Ropey characterisation and the complete absence of wit or energy are only the worst things about this heavy-handed disaster movie.

FISTS IN THE POCKET (NC)

A new print of Marco Bellocchio's 1985 classic.

THE GENERAL (15)

John Boorman's best film in two decades charts the career of Dublin gangster Martin Cahill, who runs rings round the Gardai with a series of heists before the IRA put him out of business in 1994.

THE HANGING GARDEN (15)

The Gay hero, Sweet William, returns home for the wedding of his sister (Kerry Fox), who is marrying the boy that William once had a crush on, in this disarming drama.

HAPPY TOGETHER (15)

Giddy tour of modern urban life, structured around the violently unpredictable romance between two men who arrive in Argentina from Hong Kong, and fall into a cycle of breaking up and making up.

JACKIE BROWN (15)

In Jackie Brown, the slylyious flight attendant (Pam Grier) and mobster Ordell (Samuel L Jackson) whom she's moonlighting for take centre stage. But the movie's main focus is the desperation of each of characters to make something of their lives before it's too late.

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ABC Piccadilly 227 4322;
ABC Shaftesbury Ave 0870-
902 0402; ABC Swiss Centre
0870-902 0405; ABC Tottenham
Court Rd 0870-902 0424;

Barbican 638 8891; Chelsea
081-315 4216; Odeon Mezza-
nine 081-315 4215; Odeon
Swiss Cottage 081-315 4220;
Warren West End 081-315

315 4243; Curzon West End
081 1722; Empire Leicester
Sq 0890-388391; Gate Notting
Hill 727 4043; Metro 734 1506;

Notting Hill Coronet 727;
Odeon Camden Town 081-315
4229; Odeon Hay-
market 081-315 4212; Odeon
Kensington 081-315 4214;

Odeon Leicester Sq 081-315
4215; Odeon Marble Arch
081-315 4216; Odeon Mezza-
nine 081-315 4215; Odeon
Swiss Cottage 081-315 4220;
Warren West End 081-315

4221; Phoenix 081-444 6782;
Plaza 0890-388390; Renzo 837

8402; Richmond Filmhouse
0151-332 0030; Ritzy 733 2228;

Screen on Baker St 085 2772;
Screen on the Green 221;
S20; Screen on the Hill 435

336; Screen on UCI Whiteleys 0890-888
990; Virgin Chelsea 0870-907
9710; Virgin Fulham Road
0870-907 9711; Virgin Hay-
market 0870-907 9712; Virgin
Trocadero 0870-907 9716;

Warren Village 081-315 4200;
(+ Short Magic Moments)
Gate Notting Hill 081-315 4226;

Gate Notting Hill 081-315 4225;

Haymarket 0870-907 9716;
Warren Village West End
087 4343

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

Film Ryan Gilbey

Frank Capra might have loved *The Wedding Singer* (left) - those cosy small-town values, that sweet rapport between the waitress (Drew Barrymore) and the weekend crooner (Adam Sandler) so wrecked at being dumped at the altar by his previous girlfriend that when he is called upon to perform Madonna's "Holiday" he has to snarl the words through gritted teeth. The movie is prickly in places, charmingly goofy in others, and peppered with delicious cameos from, among others, Steve Buscemi and Alexis Arquette.

On general release.

Neil Jordan's second feature *The Company of Wolves* is an over-ripe adult fairytale whose eerie timelessness has prevented it from darning - the movie's daring can still make you giddy. Look out for the Ballet Rambert dancer Micha Berger as the big bad wolf and Terence Stamp appearing briefly as the Devil rolling through the woods in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

Ultimate Picture Palace, Oxford (01865 245288)

charmingly goofy in others, and peppered with delicious cameos from, among others, Steve Buscemi and Alexis Arquette.

On general release.

The play that took the Edinburgh Festival by storm last year finally arrives in the West End today. *Disco Pigs*, Ende Walsh's exuberantly performed tale of a pair of teenagers out on the razzle-dazzle in Pork City - the twin twin of Walsh's native Cork - is as beguiling as it is baffling. Pig (Cillian Murphy) and Rum (Eileen Walsh) communicate in their own oinky baby language and dream of a Tamworth Two-style escape from the deadly adult world that awaits them.

Arts Theatre, Great Newport St, London, WC2 (0171-836 2132) 8pm

The Playhouse has struck gold with Steve

Brown and Justin Greene's *Spend, Spend, Spend*, a musical based on the life of Viv Nicholson, the Castleford housewife who honoured her pledge to "spend, spend, spend" after she won the first Pools megajackpot in 1962. It might be a heavy-handed cautionary tale for these Lottery-crazed times, but the cracking tunes and cheeky lyrics pay due homage to the complexities of a woman who dared to live for the day.

West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds (0113-213 7700) 7.30pm

John Wrathall

Pop Tim Perry

Just for the record, *Scott & Tim* (right) have only three core members, but tonight they appear as a nine-piece with fiddle, pedal steel, flute and synth added to create their topsy-turvy vision of urban versus rural music. Fronted by Scott Bixen (a man who can carry off wearing a Stetson and Dr Kappa at the same time), these north London cowboys will be appearing at the major festivals and have the fine swaggering "Your Kingdom to Dust" single released later this month on V2.

100 Club, London W1 (0171-636 0933).

The current wave of neo-ska bands in the USA owe much to California's Rancid, who have been combining their passion for old-skool ska and power-punk since 1990. A product of the underground scene in Berkeley, from which Green Day and Mr T Experience also come, Rancid as ever promise a hard-hitting and colourful show. Tonight's gig is one of only two UK appearances and they'll be playing material from their upcoming *Life Won't Wait* album.

Rock City, Nottingham (0115 941 2554).

Comedy James Rampton

Compering live comedy is an underrated art. You have to be funny - but not so funny as to detract from the performer you're introducing. Arthur Smith is just about the best in the business when it comes warming up an audience without stealing the thunder of the rest of the bill. He will be displaying these talents tonight at the London Regional Final of the BBC New Comedy Awards.

Cosmic Comedy Club, London W6 (0171-381 2006)

To no one's surprise, Steve Coogan (right) last month picked up a Bafta for his exquisite performance as Alan Partridge, the former TV chat show host trapped in travel-lodge hell. In Coogan's first live show for some years, Partridge is joined on stage by the comedian's other deathless inventions, the endlessly student-hating "bag o'shite" Mancunian yob, Paul Calf, and his slapper of a sister, Pauline, and the slimy Latino Lothario singer, Tony Ferrino.

North Waller Theatre, Llandudno (01492 872000)

CINEMA

WEST END

CINEMA

WEST END

LOLITA (18)

Virgin Haymarket 8.15pm Warner Village West End 11.40pm, 2.25pm, 5.20pm, 8.20pm Odeon Kensington 6.10pm, 9.15pm

MARTHA - MEET FRANK, DANIEL & LAURENCE (15)

Warner Village West End 12.20pm, 2.30pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 9.15pm Odeon Kensington 7.20pm, 9.35pm Odeon West End 4.05pm, 8.30pm

MY SON THE FANATIC (15)

ABC Swiss Centre 1.20pm, 5.20pm, 9.10pm

AMISTAD (15)

Odeon Canaries Town 1.55pm, 5.15pm, 8.30pm

NOWHERE (18)

Metro 3pm, 7pm, 9pm

AS GOOD AS IT GETS (15)

Virgin Falstaff Road 3pm, 9.10pm ABC Pantom St 2pm, 5pm, 8pm

THE BIG LEBOWSKI (18)

Warner Village West End 1pm, 3.40pm, 6.50pm, 9.15pm UCI Whiteleys 6.10pm, 9.15pm

DAD SAVAGE (18)

Warner Village West End 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm ABC Piccadilly 2pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm

LOVE ETC (15)

Warner Village West End 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (15)

Scream 2.4.15pm, 8.40pm Sliding Doors 1.15pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm. The Wedding Singer 1pm, 3.30pm, 6.40pm, 9pm Wishmaster 2pm, 6.45pm.

SIDCUP ABC (051-555131) BR. Sidcup Deep Impact 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.15pm The Wedding Singer 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm.

STAPLES CORNER

VIRGIN (0870-9070171) BR. Cricketwood Dark City 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.10pm, 9.30pm Deep Impact 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.30pm Red Corner 3.15pm, 6.30pm, 9.15pm The Replacement Killers 2pm, 4pm, 8.45pm, 9pm Sliding Doors 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 5.45pm, 8.30pm. The Wedding Singer 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 7pm, 9.15pm.

STRATFORD (NEW) PICTURE HOUSE (555 3366) BR/TV. Stratford East 1pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9pm Liar 1.30pm, 6.30pm Shall We Dance? 4pm, 9pm. The Wedding Singer 2.50pm, 5pm, 7.10pm, 9.20pm.

STREATHAM

ABC (0870-9020415) BR. Streatham Hill Deep Impact 2.10pm, 5.40pm, 8.40pm Red Corner 2pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm Sliding Doors 2.30pm, 5.35pm, 8.35pm.

ODEON (0181-315 4219) BR. Streatham Hill/Brudenell Common The Big Lebowski 12.30pm, 5.30pm. The Blackout 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm Dark City 3.45pm, 8.45pm. Deep Impact 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm The General 3.30pm Red Corner 3.15pm, 9pm. Scream 2.30pm Sliding Doors 4.15pm, 9.45pm Star Kid 4.45pm Washington Square 7pm The Wedding Singer 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm Wishmaster 8.30pm.

SUTTON

UCI 6 (090-88890) BR. Sutton/TV. Morden Blues Brothers 2000 2.45pm Deconstructing Harry 6.30pm Deep Impact 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm The General 3.30pm Red Corner 3.15pm, 9pm. Scream 2.30pm Sliding Doors 4.15pm, 9.45pm Star Kid 4.45pm Washington Square 7pm The Wedding Singer 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm Wishmaster 8.30pm.

TURNPIKE LANE

CORONET (0181-888 2519) BR. Turnpike Lane, Dad Savage 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm Dark City 3.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm The Wedding Singer 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm.

UXBRIDGE

ODEON (01895-813139) BR. Uxbridge Deep Impact 3.0pm, 5.20pm, 8.20pm The Wedding Singer 1.15pm, 4pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm.

WALTHAMSTOW

ABC (0870-9020424) BR. Walthamstow Central Deep Impact 3.20pm, 5.20pm, 8.20pm The Wedding Singer 1.25pm, 3.40pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm Wild Things 1.20pm, 5.40pm Wishmaster 3.30pm, 8.40pm.

WALTON

THE SCREEN AT WALTON (01932-253912) BR. Walton on Thames Sliding Doors 3.15pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm. The Wedding Singer 2.25pm, 4.30pm, 6.35pm, 8.50pm.

WELL HALL

CORONET (0181-850 3351) BR. Eltham Deep Impact 3.20pm, 5.55pm, 8.25pm The Wedding Singer 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm.

WILLESDEN

BELLE-VUE (0181-830 0822) BR. Willesden Green The General 4pm, 6.30pm, 8pm.

WIMBLEDON

ODEON (0181-315 4222) BR/TV. Wimbledon/TV. South Wimbledon The Big Lebowski 2.10pm, 5.10pm, 8.25pm Dark City 1.25pm, 3.20pm Deep Impact 2.30pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm Martha - Meet Frank, Daniel & Laurence 3.30pm, 8.45pm Sliding Doors 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.45pm The Wedding Singer 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.45pm.

WOODFORD

ABC (0181-989 3463) BR. South Woodford The Big Lebowski 8.10pm Deep Impact 2.10pm, 5.40pm Sliding Doors 2.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm The Wedding Singer 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.20pm.

WOOLWICH

CORONET (0181-854 5043) BR. Woolwich Arsenal Deep Impact 3.15pm, 5.50pm, 8.20pm Red Corner 3.20pm, 5.35pm, 8.25pm.

CINEMA REPERTORY

LONDON CINE LUMIERE AT THE INSTITUT FRANCAIS (Quai des Célestins) Place SW7 (0171-638 2144) Quiches Jours Avec Moi 7.30pm.

EVERYMAN Hollyhock Vale NW3 (0171-435 1525) Spike Marriage 1.35pm, 6.20pm + The Cameraman (U) 3.05pm, 7.30pm + The General (PG) 4.35pm, 9.20pm.

ICA The Mall SW1 (0171-920 3647) Nowhere (18) 5pm, 9pm Pain Is... 8.30pm Football Stars 1pm.

INFY South Bank SE1 (0171-633 0274) The Woodlanders (PG) 2.30pm Star Spangled Rhythm: Veronica Lake 6.15pm Balkanizer (Valkanizer): Contemporary Greece 6.30pm Swallows And Amazons Part 4-6: Television 7.30pm No Pain, No Gain 8.30pm The Beast With Five Fingers 8.45pm.

PEPSI MAX The Trocadero, W1 (0171-494 4153) Everest (U) 11.15pm, 1.20pm, 3.25pm, 5.20pm, 7.35pm, 9.40pm Across The Stairs Of Time: A New York Adventure (U) 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.35pm, 10.40pm.

PHOENIX High Road N1 (0181-883 2233) Smilla's Feeling For Snow (15) 1.15pm Afterglow (15) 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm The Big Lebowski (18) 6.15pm.

PRINCE CHARLES Leicester Place WC2 (0171-437 8181) White (15) 1.30pm Gattaca (15) 6.30pm Oscar And Lucinda (15) 9pm.

RHO Kingsland High Street E8 (0171-254 6677) George Of The Jungle (U) 4.15pm Happy Together (18) 6.15pm.

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS Crisp Road W5 (0181-741 2255) The Blue

Angel (PG) 6.45pm + The Threepenny Opera 8.45pm

WATERMANS ARTS CENTRE High Street, Brentford, Middlesex (0181-568 1176) Les Voleurs (18) 4.45pm Washington Square (PG) 7pm Sliding Doors (15) 9pm

BRIGHTON DUKE OF YORK'S CINEMA (01273-526261) Junkt Mall (Buddhagro) (15) 2pm, 7pm Live Flesh (18) 4pm, 9pm

BRISTOL WATERSHED (0117-925 3845) The Hanging Garden (15) 6.05pm Washington Square (PG) 5.45pm Welcome To Sarajevo (15) 8.10pm Happy Together (18) 8.15pm

CAMBRIDGE ARTS CINEMA (01223-504444) Gattaca (18) 12.45pm, 7.20pm Live Flesh (18) 3pm, 9.30pm Number And Son (15) 5.10pm

CARDIFF CHAPTER ARTS CENTRE (01222-399566) Live Flesh (18) 7.30pm Shall We Dance? (PG) 6pm

CHICHESTER NEW PARK FILM CENTRE (01243-786550) The Big Lebowski (18) 3.30pm Sliding Doors (15) 6.15pm Shall We Dance? (PG) 6pm

IPSWICH FILM THEATRE (01473-215544) Kundan (12) 2.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm Live Flesh (18) 6pm Out Of The Past (PG) 8.15pm

NORWICH CINEMA CITY (01603-622047) Nowhere (18) 2.30pm Good Will Hunting (15) 4.55pm

PLYMOUTH ARTS CENTRE (01752-206114) Jackie Brown (15) 8pm

CINEMA COUNTRYWIDE

BRIGHTON ABC EAST STREET (01273-327101) The Wedding Singer (12), Sliding Doors (15), The Little Mermaid (U), Deep Impact (12), Six Days, Seven Nights (12), Mad City (15)

ODEON (01273-207977), Loftia (18), Six Days, Seven Nights (12), Dark City (15), The Wedding Singer (12), The Little Mermaid (U); The Butcher Boy (15), Wild Things (18); Houseplant (PG); Six Days, Seven Nights (12); City Of Angels (12); Soul Food (15); The Replacement Killers (18)

VIRGIN CINEMA (0541-555145); The Castle (15); The Wedding Singer (12); The Replacement Killers (18), Red Corner (15), Star Kid (PG); Mad City (15); Washington Square (PG); City Of Angels (12); Staff Upper Lips (15); Mousehunt (PG); Sliding Doors (15); Six Days, Seven Nights (12); Dark City (15); Wishmaster (18); The Little Mermaid (U); Mimic (15); Deep Impact (12); The Object Of My Affection (15); The Replacement Killers (18); The Land Girls (12); William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet (12); The Little Mermaid (U); Mimic (15); Red Corner (15); Titanic (12); The Object Of My Affection (15); Anastasia (U); Casper (PG); Mousehunt (PG); Soul Food (15); Dark City (15); The Wedding Singer (12); GLOUCESTER VIRGIN CINEMA (0541-555174); Deep Impact (12); Star Kid (PG); Mousehunt (PG); The Replacement Killers (18); Anastasia (U); Red Corner (15); The Wedding Singer (12); Sliding Doors (15); Paws (PG); Six Days, Seven Nights (12); The Little Mermaid (U); Mimic (15); Deep Impact (12); The Object Of My Affection (15); The Replacement Killers (18); The Land Girls (12); William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet (12); The Little Mermaid (U); Mimic (15); Red Corner (15); Titanic (12); The Object Of My Affection (15); Anastasia (U); Casper (PG); Mousehunt (PG); Soul Food (15); Dark City (15); The Wedding Singer (12); NORWICH ABC CINEMA (0541-560567), Blue Brothers 2000 (PG); Mimic (15); Desperate Measures (18); Sliding Doors (15); Star Kid (PG); Paradise Road (15); Deep Impact (12); The Castle (15); Spiceworld - The Movie (PG); Wishmaster (18); Mad City (15); Red Corner (15); Mousehunt (PG); Six Days, Seven Nights (12); The Little Mermaid (U); Mimic (15); Deep Impact (12); The Object Of My Affection (15); Anastasia (U); Casper (PG); Mousehunt (PG); Soul Food (15); Dark City (15); The Wedding Singer (12); GLOUCESTER VIRGIN CINEMA (0541-555174); Deep Impact (12); Star Kid (PG); Mousehunt (PG); The Replacement Killers (18); Anastasia (U); Red Corner (15); The Wedding Singer (12); Sliding Doors (15); Paws (PG); Six Days, Seven Nights (12); 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